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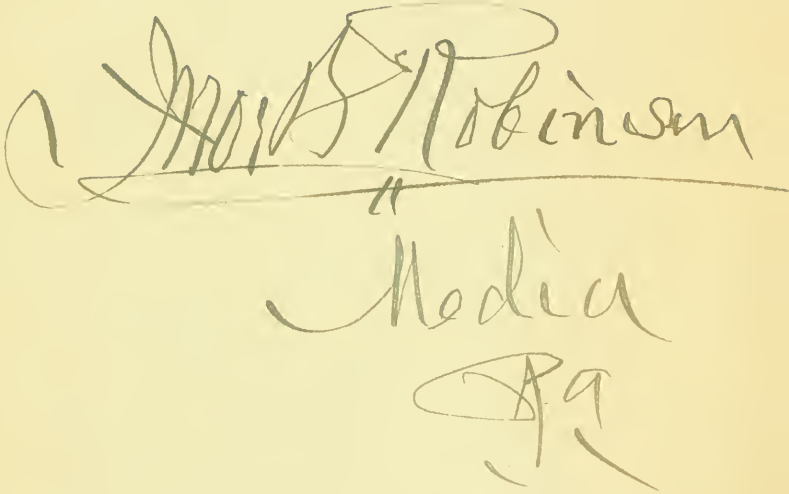

Midshipman to Congress

By

The Hon. John B. Robinson

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FOREWORD

As a man approaches his seventieth year he begins to "Stop, Look and Listen," so far as his interest in this world's affairs are concerned. It is the great climacteric, and by the Psalmist there is very little of active life left in him. Many men live far beyond this milestone and do a great deal of work in the little time they have over the three-score and ten. Still, with the great average of persons at seventy their life has been lived and the good or bad they have done in their sojourning on this planet is "shoved behind them," as Kipling says. To a man who has had a good deal to do with public men and affairs, as the writer of this book has had, in summing up his past he must of necessity seem more than egotistical in relating his own experiences and his own intercourse and relations with events and public men. Yet I have found, and think it is the experience of all men who have held public places and mingled with passing events of importance, and especially those who are great readers and interested in intellectual books, that they like personal matters and that which relates to men personally better than anything else.

We like very much indeed to read about those persons we have known and their actions, their history and life work. It is this which appeals to us. Such is this work, and I submit it to my friends in Delaware County and the State at large and my friends out and beyond the Keystone State—of whom I have a good big lot and who are a very warm-hearted and dear—to me—set of fellows.

"This is the place. Stand still, my steed!
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy past
The forms that once have been."

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MIDSHIPMAN JOHN BUCHANAN ROBINSON, AUGUST, 1864
AFTER ADMISSION TO THE UNITED STATES
NAVAL ACADEMY, THEN AT
NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

CHAPTER I

ANCESTRY AND EARLY IMPRESSIONS

> There may be, and there often is, indeed, a regard for ancestry which nourishes only a weak pride.
>
> But there is, also, a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors, which benefits the character and improves the heart.—*Daniel Webster.*

My ancestors were of true blue Scotch-Irish Presbyterian stock, coming from "that part of Scotland which lies in the north part of Ireland."

The people on my father's side were in this country much earlier than those on the maternal side. My father and mother were distantly related in the old country, it having been traced up by the family at one time.

My mother did not change her name when she was married, this giving rise to many obligations to her in her early married life, by reason of people of a superstitious turn, who came to her for the reason that she did not change her name when she wedded and asked for some little trinket, which was supposed to be a palliative against diseases of children.

My father's father, William Robinson, Jr., was the first male white child born on the north side of the Allegheny and Ohio Rivers at a spot near the end of what is now the Federal Street bridge. A copy of the old log cabin in which his mother lived is the present seal of the city of Allegheny, now Pittsburgh, North Side. There is a tradition that there was a female child born prior to his advent into the world, but of this I have no verification. However, it is well authenticated that he was the first among all the inhabitants of that vast and teeming territory north and west of the Ohio River stretching to "where rolls the distant Oregon and the lone wolf howls on Unalaska's shore."

My mother's mother was a Buchanan, of Fintona, Tyrone County, and her people were linen drapers and

well-to-do for their day. Her dowry consisted of materials coming from her father's looms and mill to her husband, Samuel Robinson, who was a jeweler and goldsmith and emigrated to this country, in 1817, with his wife and four children, two boys and two girls, the second son, John B. Robinson, being the one for whom I was named.

The following is a copy of the notice printed at the time Samuel Robinson sold out his goldsmith business in Cookstown, the county seat of Tyrone County, Ireland:

"To be sold by Auction.
"(for ready money)

"At the house of Samuel Robinson, watch-maker, Cookstown, on Friday, the third of July. All his household furniture, consisting of mahogany drawers, chairs, tables, bedsteads, etc., china and Delf; an excellent barometer; an eight day time piece; with kitchen furniture and watch and clockmaker's tools.

"Several watches long left with S. R. for repairs will be sold for the expenses if not previously called for.

"DEVLIN,
"Licensed Auctioneer.

"WILLIAM CANNING,
"Printer, Duncannon.

"COOKSTOWN, June 26, 1818."

When he emigrated, this, and the sales of other little properties which he had, netted him a few thousand dollars, and he put this money in silver watches, bringing with him three gold watches—one which he wore and one for each of his sons. These watches, made in Liverpool, England, are still in my possession and are very good specimens of the workmanship of that period. A gold watch was a very rare thing for a man to wear in this country as early as that time. Even a silver watch was considered a valuable asset to any one who could

afford to have one. These watches he disposed of when he arrived in this country at a considerable profit and invested the money in land and property in Pittsburgh and around the forks of the Ohio River, the bulk of which, since much improved in value and built upon, is in possession of the family to-day. That he was a man of strong character and athletic build goes without saying, as after he arrived he walked from Pittsburgh to Youngstown, Ohio, to visit his brother, who had preceded him to this country, a distance of fifty miles, and thought nothing of the jaunt, as I have often heard it told. His wife, whose maiden name was Letitia Buchanan, was the elder, and was reluctant to leave the old country and never was quite reconciled to the new. Although a strong, sturdy specimen of north of Ireland strain, both could take their "toddy," as I remember it in my boyhood, and this was thought nothing of in those days, as liquor was then on nearly every sideboard of those who could afford it, but they were all temperate people notwithstanding their disposition to take a nip when they felt they needed it. I have often myself taken up to my grandmother her nightcap, mixed by her husband, and got her blessing as I handed it to her, while she was reading her Bible, as she always did nightly before going to bed. In fact, they both were devout Presbyterians of the strictest type and never missed attending the service, no matter how inclement the weather, as long as they were able to walk to the church. Both died within a week of each other in March, 1851.

William Robinson, Jr., my father's father, was not inconspicuously connected with the early history of Pittsburgh and particularly his native town of Allegheny and Manchester, the suburb. He was the first Mayor of that city and the first president of the Exchange Bank of Pittsburgh. He was a member of the Legislature early in the '30's and was a Commissioner in 1842, with Charles McAllister, of Philadelphia, to go abroad under a Commission appointed by Congress and the Secretary

of the Treasury—then a Pittsburgher, William Forward —to borrow the small sum of five million dollars ($5,000,000) for this Government. Their report after returning to this country, after a futile attempt to secure the money at The Hague, La Bourse, in Paris, in Threadneedle Street, London, showed they were turned down on account of the then theory of this Government that the States were separate sovereignties. Although accredited on their commission with full faith and credit of the United States, the bankers of the Continent and England would not loan this money unless each one of the twenty-six States, then composing the Union—or Confederacy, as it should be called—was on the bond by Act of their Legislatures.

William Robinson lived until 1868, and before his death saw hundreds of millions of dollars borrowed upon the face and credit of this Government through its bonds sold in Europe, because we had become, through the mighty struggle of 1861 to 1865, a nation.

My paternal grandmother was Mary Parker, of Yellow Springs, near Carlisle, a daughter of "Old Mother Cumberland." She was a daughter of Captain Alexander Parker, of the Pennsylvania Line, who, with Rochambeau, Hamilton, Denny and other patriots, stormed the parallels in the victory at Yorktown. For this service in the war of the Revolution he received the whole site of the present city of Parkersburg, West Virginia, which passed to her upon his death. This tract, now immensely valuable, and the terminal of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad lines, was sold by my grandfather in 1850 for about forty thousand dollars, which money he put into the stock of the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad, then being exploited from Allegheny town along the banks of the Ohio to Beaver, Brighton and east Ohio. I recall going on the first excursion when this line of railroad was opened up, and the cards of invitation were similar to those which would be issued to-day for a railroad excursion party or opening. My grandfather was the first

president of the road, and signed these cards, as will appear from the fac simile here inserted:

"RAILROAD EXCURSION

"Office Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad Co.,

"Pittsburgh, July 23rd, 1851.

"An Excursion will take place on the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad, from Pittsburgh to Rochester and New Brighton, and back on Wednesday, July 30th, 1851.

"The cars will leave the Federal Street Station at ten o'clock in the morning, and will return to Pittsburgh in the afternoon. The distance to New Brighton is twenty-eight miles.

"You are respectfully invited to be present on the occasion.

"W. Robinson, Jr.,
"President.

"N. B.—Please present this note to the Conductor of the Train."

He continued at the headship of this road for three years, and was succeeded by George W. Cass, a graduate of West Point and a civil engineer of distinction. The first year that the road was opened to Crestline, Ohio, the Ohio River was very low and freight rates by water correspondingly high, consequently the road did a big business; but the next year the season was wet and the river was at flood nearly the whole time, and in the early spring of that year my grandfather, anticipating a similar rush of traffic, on his own responsibility ordered another locomotive, their being only one, which, by the way, bore his name, and also two new freight cars. This was about equivalent to double the present rolling stock of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. The following year the business fell off considerably, on account of the rates by the river being better, and the board of directors,

in a fit of economy, removed the president for his rashness in expending so much money in the purchase of new stock. However, it soon was seen that the road would be profitable, and it afterward passed into the hands of the bankers, Lanier & Co., of New York, who subsequently had it incorporated with the Pennsylvania line, and it became the through road, as it is to-day, to Chicago. The opposition to the building of the Ohio and Pennsylvania line was very great, especially among the farmers. They thought the locomotives would set fire to their grain and barns, and did not like the idea of giving away their land for the road. It was through the efforts of my ancestor, the president, that the objections were overcome, and he secured the co-operation of the Economite Society, which gave a large subscription to the stock of the road. He also, in company with others interested, made addresses in western Pennsylvania and east Ohio favoring the projection of the line.

To go back a little, there was quite a romance connected with the marriage of my paternal grandfather and grandmother. She, a young slip of a girl, started from Carlisle on a visit to some cousins in Kentucky, but this visit did not come to fruition, as she stopped in Pittsburgh to meet some relatives there and met my grandfather, who was then a young and not a bad looking man of about twenty-five years. They fell in love and were married, as engagements in those days were never long continued, and the wedding took place at "The Old Denny Mansion," which formerly stood out beyond the Round House near the Union Depot, Pittsburgh, and was only torn down a few years ago. The union proved to be a very happy one. They were blessed with many children and lived to celebrate their golden wedding, in 1860. Both died in 1868, within a few weeks of each other. Like my ancestors on the maternal side, my grandfather and grandmother were very strict Presbyterians, attending faithfully the old First Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh, conducted by the Rev.

Francis Hearn, a relative, by the way, of the wife of ex-President William Howard Taft. When, by reason of age, Dr. Hearn retired, he was succeeded by the Rev. William Paxton, a Princetonian, who took a wife from the congregation, one of the Dennys, and with her received a very handsome fortune. Dr. Paxton's successor was the late Dr. Sylvester Scovel, many years president of the University at Wooster, Ohio.

William Robinson was born, lived and died upon the same spot at the end of the Sixth Street bridge, on the North Side, where in early days his father had conducted a ferry and kept a small inn at the same time. This ferry was superseded by the wooden bridge which was in use for many years until the present fine suspension bridge was erected. My grandmother was a very devout Christian and noted in all the charitable work in her environment. For a number of years she presided over the Orphan Asylum in Allegheny and was very active in all the duties connected with this work for the young, and at her death the little orphan children came in a body to attend the funeral. So different are the surroundings at present from those that were in the early days in Pittsburgh and Allegheny that one could hardly believe it possible that people lived as they did then. There never was anything cooked in the home by my grandmother on the Sabbath day. The roast was always prepared on Saturday and eaten cold on Sunday. Family service was always held in the evening, and all were called in; even the servants, maids and colored porters, with grandchildren, would have to listen to a long and very devout prayer by our grandfather; and while we did this, I remember, we used to amuse ourselves by changing places when we were kneeling down, and there were four of us who entirely changed the position from which we were in when we first went into the room. I think sometimes that the old gentleman noticed the diversion, but he did not mention it, although quite stern in his admonition to the grandchildren for misbehavior,

and it is only fair to say that they did misbehave quite a considerable part of their time. In fact, the boys of Allegheny and that neighborhood of what was called Lower Allegheny and bore the euphonious title of "bare-foot square," were about as mischievous a set of boys as well could be produced, but they all grew up into more or less pretty good citizens. Among those who lived near, and like myself and brothers were a large family of boys, were the Olivers, the present Senator George T. Oliver being one of them. They started with absolutely nothing, whereas we were led to believe that we would inherit something in the shape of property, and the result was that we had to spend our patrimony before we became aware of the value of a dollar. The Oliver boys, on the contrary, all started in to work from the beginning and arose to wealth and position. The elder one, Henry W. Oliver, after whom Oliver Avenue is named, and which thoroughfare was suggested and made possible by him, was connected with many of the most enterprising manufactories and industries in the city of Pittsburgh and surrounding country.

Our family attended the Associate Reformed Church in the southeastern part of the Diamond, and were regular pewholders, myself and brothers attending the Sunday school. The Rev. John T. Pressley, a very dignified Associate Reformed preacher of the old school, who had come to the town from South Carolina, was the pastor. He certainly inculcated the Shorter Catechism into those who attended the Sunday school. There used to be a considerable division between the old and new churches over the question of music at the services, the Associate Reformed Church believing in vocal music without the accompaniment of any instrument or choir. Dr. Pressley was very decided in his opinion in this respect. The Psalms were always sung by the congregation and the tune raised in the church by Mr. Donaldson or Campbell Herron.

My father died in 1855, when I was scarcely nine.

years of age. Dr. Pressley officiated at the funeral. It was a bleak February day, and I recall among the carriers one stocky man with a heavy black beard and large eyeglasses. I was told that this was the lawyer Edward M. Stanton, who afterward became so famous in the Lincoln cabinet. Father was a graduate at Harvard College in 1833 and practiced law in the city of Pittsburgh, his office being with a Mr. Hepburn on Fourth Street. His business was mainly in the office, and he seldom went into court to try cases. He was of a quiet, studious nature and very much inclined to books and reading. He was well versed in all classics, and my recollection of his teachings to me of Latin and Greek are yet very vivid, and while it is over a half-century ago, my remembrance of him is bright and clear. He was United States District Attorney for the Western District of Pennsylvania under John Tyler. I have his commission from this President, signed by the latter, in my library to-day. After the old homestead was broken up in southern Allegheny, to where my father's papers had been removed after his death, and after the time I was in the United States Navy, I found this commission of my father's and also the commission of the Hon. Cornelius Darragh. The latter was a very prominent Whig politician and served in Congress one or two terms. He was a brilliant orator and very popular with his party. He came very near getting the nomination for Governor, and I have been told that it was on account of some conviviality prior to the convention that caused his failure to secure this prize. He was, I think, Attorney General for Governor Johnston.

The Darragh family and my father's people were very intimate. Peggy Darragh, as she was familiary called, the mother of Cornelius, was a fine old lady of the type of that day and lived to quite an advanced age, well known to all the older Pittsburghers. Her husband was a cabinetmaker, I think, and some of his handiwork is in the family connections to this day. Mrs. Dr. Rogers,

of Pittsburgh, a daughter of Cornelius Darragh, who was quiet prominent in social affairs of the old town, received the commission of her father from me. She was greatly pleased with it and wrote me a very pleasant letter. Outside of the personal interest in it to her, it had the signature of President William Henry Harrison and also that of Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, upon it.

William Robinson, Jr., my grandfather, was a graduate of Princeton College and a classmate of the Hon. Theodore F. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, who was a candidate on the ticket with Henry Clay in the 1844 campaign. Like Clay and Frelinghuysen, he was an old line Whig and a strong admirer and advocate of the Kentucky statesman. After his graduation he studied law with James Ross, one of the first United States Senators from Pennsylvania and a prominent citizen of Pittsburgh. He did not practice the profession very steadily, as he inherited a great deal of land from his father. Most of his life he was land poor, and would generally pay a bill by deeding a tract of land to his creditors, and in this way some of them, by holding it, acquired considerable wealth. Among these was the Hon. James L. Graham, whom many old residents will recall as a butcher in the old Allegheny market, and an excellent butcher at that, and when behind his stall with his white togs on presented a fine address. He, too, went into politics and was elected to the Legislature and the State Senate, and served for some time as speaker of the lower House at Harrisburg. He was distantly related to our family. Toward the latter part of my grandfather's life the rapid increase of value in land in Allegheny City made him very well off, and when he died his entire estate was left to his wife, whom he spoke of in his will as "the joy of his youth and the comfort and consolation of his declining years." After her death the estate was divided between his children and grandchildren.

At the time Aaron Burr organized his project to found

MARY PARKER ROBINSON

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS THE DEVOTED
WIFE OF WILLIAM ROBINSON, JR.

an empire in Mexico my grandfather was a young man full of enterprise and naturally taken with the opportunity in a design of this character. The whole boundless West and the Mississippi Valley were scarcely known beyond a few points and a trail here or there to Mexico or across the plains. Whatever Aaron Burr's idea was, he succeeded in enlisting quite a number of young men in it, and among them was my ancestor. I have heard him talk of Burr and describe his wonderfully fascinating characteristics. He was a very fine looking man, with a wonderful conversational gift, and a highly educated Princetonian, which, of course, appealed to my grandfather. The expedition, as the history gives it, did not culminate in any more than the arrest of Burr and the dissolution of the project. It was one of those incidents which, like the whisky insurrection at the close of the eighteenth century, flared up and flashed in the pan, but petered out when the mailed hand of the Federal Government, then beginning to exert its original strength against those who were infracting its laws or appeared to be doing so, closed on it. My grandfather and grandmother had a very happy reunion on the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, and there were many guests from all over the State and neighborhood who came to the affair. Among the distinguished people at the event, whom I remember for their fine appearance and from the history connected with their marriage and career, were Mr. and Mrs. Schenley. As we Pittsburghers all knew, she was a school girl when this young British officer ran away with her from New York. She was an heiress through the inherited landed estates of her father, Colonel Croghan, and prospectively very wealthy. The elopement created a great deal of excitement in western Pennsylvania, and the Legislature was even appealed to to try and sever the match, but it proved in the end to be a very happy one and the couple lived for a long time in London. Mrs. Schenley died only a few years ago. Her vast estates covered all portions of Pittsburgh and some

parts of Allegheny. As I remembered him at the wedding he was a typical bluff old "John Bull" with white side whiskers and imposing corporosity.

WILLIAM ROBINSON, Jr.
THE FIRST WHITE MALE CHILD BORN
NORTH AND WEST OF THE
OHIO RIVER

CHAPTER II

OLD PITTSBURGH AND ALLEGHENY TOWN

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my childhood, in my joyful school-days,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.
—*Charles Lamb.*

THE point at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers where they join and make the Ohio, and which was the site of Fort Duquesne, was perhaps in the anti-Revolution and early colony days the most strategic point on the Continent. General Braddock, with a British force, in 1755 attempted to capture it, and would have done so had he taken the advice of Colonel Washington and the colonists and fought the French and Indians in the same way as they did him; but he was too inbred in the old military ways of his country to depart from them, and with the courage and bravery that could have been shown better on another field, fought the enemy by companies and platoons until he was forced to retreat by the withering fire of the French and Indians with their rifles from behind the trees and in ambush. He was mortally wounded on the retreat and was buried near the site of Uniontown. Only a short time ago the United States Government erected a fine monument to General Braddock's memory in the city of Uniontown, and the English were represented at the dedication by officers of the old regiment to which courageous General Braddock belonged. I can recall one summer Sunday afternoon when my father took me over the old wooden bridge at Federal and St. Clair Streets and down Liberty Street to the point where the Pennsylvania Railroad was excavating for their freight depot terminal. The timbers of the old wooden fort of the French were being dug out, and a number of persons were there seeking relics for the purpose of having canes and other mementos made of the same. I remember my father and myself securing a number of pieces of this wood.

There is nothing now left of this formidable French fortification save the old Colonial Bouquet House, but it was built of brick and is now in very good condition, owing to the care and attention it receives from the Daughters of the Revolution, who have it in charge. The fort and surrounding country passed into the hands of Great Britain in 1758, when General Forbes and his army made their long and tedious march to that point, the French retreating down the river with their munitions and what they could save. There was a tradition that some of the guns of the fort were taken with them and thrown into the river at or near McKee's Rocks, there being a very deep hole in the river at that place. After General Forbes took the fort the name was changed to Fort Pitt, and the site has ever since borne the name of Pittsburgh, after the great British premier of that day. Forbes did not complete his military journey without some slight reverses, and one especially, which was a surprise to the Scotch Highlanders under Colonel Grant, at or near the hill upon which the court house now stands. This was the last stroke the French gave the British crown at this point. The hill, which in my boyhood was of considerable eminence, was always known as Grant's Hill, and I recall in the address of welcome to General U. S. Grant when he came from the West through Pittsburgh to assume command of the Union Armies in 1864, my grandfather, William Robinson, received the famous general and alluded to the names and their similarity and contrasted the many victories of the one with the drubbing that the British colonel under Forbes received at Grant's Hill just before the evacuation of Fort Duquesne. Latterly the hill there has been called "The Hump," but it has almost entirely disappeared, the city having assumed the task of removing it, the engineering part of the work being attended to by Colonel Thomas A. Symons, who, by the

way, married the granddaughter of William Robinson, so that the personal episode is not uninteresting.

Allegheny was little more than a small country town with unpaved streets, mud everywhere in the fall and winter seasons and dust in the summer, pigs running through the streets. The business now done in one square in the city of Pittsburgh of to-day is more than was done in the whole of Allegheny in those days. The borough of Manchester was not incorporated in the town until the war period, and only within the last few years Allegheny has become a part of greater Pittsburgh, being known now as Pittsburgh North Side. Many of the citizens, especially the older ones, were opposed to the incorporation of the town with the greater city and desired that it preserve its identity the same as those of Manchester wished to keep their borough separate. I can recall the borough line in the early fifties, which was marked by two wooden posts at the western corner of Fulton Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, the latter then a lane; possibly some of the older people there will remember these marks. Allegheny and Manchester were very primitive places then.

One of the mental feats we have all at times attempted has been to try to see how far back we can carry our memory in our own early life. My recollection goes back to 1850 and one or two incidents I can recall prior to that year. I can recollect a visit made by the President, General Taylor, to the city in 1849. I think this was the year. I could not have been more than three years old, and the fact was impressed upon my mind by the reason that "Old Rough and Ready" was entertained with other dignitaries at my grandfather's residence. Many of the most distinguished men of the country then coming to the front in the growing West, in going to and from the capital and passing through Pittsburgh, stopped over at the residence of my grandfather, William Robinson, and as children we remembered many of them very distinctly. Before 1850 our residence was at

the present site of the round house and depots of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, then the Ohio and Pennsylvania, and I can recall distinctly the construction of the road through our farm. It cut it almost diagonally in two. One day there was a fire in the residence. There being nobody at home but the women folk, the Irish laborers on the railroad track were called up to put out the fire. This cutting up of our farm and residence by reason of the railroad line necessitated the sale of the property, and we removed to the lower part of Allegheny, taking the first house in "Old Colonnade Row," the adjoining house to the residence of my grandfather, William Robinson. All old Alleghenians will remember this row of houses. The second story porches were fronted by a line of iron railing in which there were animals chasing each other, and it was a distinctive mark of the lower part of Federal Street near what was then called the "Bridge." There were very few houses on Federal Street north of this row, and here and there a prominent store. Sam Dyer's grocery store will be well remembered; so would Siddon's, although this was later. Mercer & Robinson's store was on the upper bank not far from where Schwartz's drug store was located. This latter was a noted spot. The former firm removed to the location opposite the depot. This depot was just above the old Pennsylvania canal and was built on the site of the old jail or lock-up of the town. When the jail was torn down for the erection of the depot we all played as boys around the old and certainly very dirty cells where the misdemeanants of that day were confined pending hearings. The city buildings or city authorities removed their headquarters to the Upper Diamond as the Ohio and Pennsylvania got into operation. Lee Beckham's drug store in the middle of the square above Leacock Street will be recalled, and was headquarters for many of the young blades in society of that day, who made it a kind of loafing place; and probably there was more

than the usual medicine sold in the rear end of this drug store some of that time. Beckham was a Virginian and related to the first families of the Old Dominion. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was suspected of leaning to the South, and when Sumter was fired upon and when a wave of infuriated patriotism swept over the whole country Beckham was called upon, as were other citizens, to put "Old Glory" out from their residences. Beckham refused to do this, or at least did not do it at the time that they called at his house, and during the next day or so he departed quietly for Virginia. He went into the Confederate Army and I think was killed in action. He was a fine looking man—a type of the real old Virginia gentleman and business man. The expression of "going to" or "being at" Lee Beckham's was equivalent to taking a drink or having had one. The feeling for local option or prohibition had not then become quite so acute; in fact, at that time it was not unusual for a man of good standing in the community to be seen on Federal Street going and coming to and from Pittsburgh perceptibly under the influence of liquor.

One of the great changes in the old town since those early days has been on what was then known as the "Commons." This was all the open territory around the central part of the city which was made public by the terms of the incorporation, and on the east of the western "Commons" was the old Western Penitentiary, a fine type of building, of those early days, of semi-Gothic architecture. I can recall the warden, Major Bingham, a rugged specimen of the old official of the times, with ruddy cheeks and white hair, as he used to stand on the stone steps at the front entrance to the old prison. The west "Commons" were used then for political gatherings, parades and drills, mass meetings, and cricket matches. Baseball had not then become anything of a game, and we played town ball and shinney instead, and these latter were very strenuous recreations for the boys. The stream running from Butcher's Run meandered

through the west "Commons." Many of the best residences surrounded the western and southern parts of these public grounds. The old colonial residence of the Marshalls will be recalled at the foot of Seminary Hill, an unsightly eminence in those days crowned by the old Presbyterian Theological Seminary, the destruction of which by fire one winter's night about 1854 or 1855 is a vivid recollection. Of course, since then there have been many changes and improvements, the first being the removal of the Western Penitentiary, which added greatly to the extent of public grounds. Then the city took hold of it to beautify it and lay it out in walks and lakes, and the fine conservatory donated by Mr. Phipps and other horticultural improvements, with the growing of the trees planted there since the war, have made this part of the new town a beautiful spot. Before the exodus of the richer class and the multi-millionaires to the east end, the fine residential section of the city was around these "Commons" of West Allegheny Town—the Joneses, the Caldwells, the Olivers, the McCleans, the Woods, the Byers, the Wilkins and the Pattons. The eastern "Commons" was little more than a resort for stray horses, cows and pigs, a mud heap in the spring and fall, and an eye-sore in the summer time. It was the scene of many a fight between the boys of lower and central Allegheny and those of old "Dutch Town." This portion of the old city never received any other name than this when I was a boy.

One of the annual occurrences of early days and up until even the last few years were the floods on the Allegheny River. In the spring there would be an influx of rafts coming down from the upper Allegheny. These would be tied up along the banks below the old bridge, and they were great resorts for boys at that time, who used them for swimming quarters until they were torn up by the raftsmen and taken to the lumber yard. One of the sports that paid as well as amused us boys of that period was picking "pavers." The river being low in

the summer and its bed being covered with round paving stones, which were used by the municipal authorities of the old town and set for street purposes, all of us who were good swimmers and divers could very easily dig enough in the afternoons diving and swimming to give us spending money for a week. Another source of revenue was found in tramping along the line of the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad, the iron rails of those days splitting off and the cars and engines breaking pieces of iron, which were gathered or broken off the rails. There was no law against trespassing on the tracks. This iron we sold at old junk shops and divided the money.

Nearly every prominent citizen who did business in Pittsburgh and lived in Allegheny town passed by our residence on lower Federal Street twice a day, and they all became familiar personages to us. One such was Coloney Harvey Bollman. He wore an enormous seal ring, carried a fine gold cane, tied his beard in a knot, and more than once on his way back toward night would find himself pretty well tied in a knot caused not by the beard but by something that was imbibed over it. All will remember Gray, "the tailor." He was a fine looking man, six feet tall, elegant address and manner, and of course wore the best of clothes. He lived in Colonnade Row; so did Howard, the paper manufacturer, who had his mills in Manchester. These latter were burned down almost every year, he seeming to have exceedingly hard luck in this direction. Colonel Milner Roberts also lived in this row, and Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell and sons and daughters. The boys were all prominent business men, the girls intermarried with the leading people of the town. Nellie, the youngest and prettiest, married Dave Smith, and lived on the northwestern "Commons" for several years. Letitia married a Mr. Holmes, a wealthy gentleman, and I think her descendants are still residing in the city. Mr. Caldwell died and was buried from his residence in this row, and I remember very well as a boy carrying in the chairs to their house next door, it being

a common thing at that time to borrow from your neighbors chairs to make up the seating capacity for those who attended a large funeral such as this was, as he was a very prominent man.

Among many others of the daily throng that went to and fro over the old bridge were Tom Marshall, the lawyer, "Glorious Tom," as he was called, and Felix Brunot, who lived on the corner of the east "Commons" and the upper bank. He was a remarkably striking personage and could not pass a stranger without attracting attention. He was famous in all philanthropic work, and I think served on the Indian Commission under General Grant. He was also a delegate to the convention that formed the present Constitution of the State in 1872. Dr. Bachop, a dentist, lived opposite Colonnade Row. He was a good dentist, but did not get along very well in his family relations, as we often used to see him running out of the house and his wife chasing him with some implement or other. After the domestic war was over he would go back and resume his work at the chair. Lewis Bradley, a school teacher, kept an academy at the southeast corner of Federal and Robinson Streets. He was very proficient in his line, and many of the boys who afterward turned out to be noted men were educated by him, and a number of them were prominent in the Civil War. "Dick" Dale, the son of Dr. Thomas F. Dale, our family physician, and a noted member of his profession, lost his life in the Wilderness, and his body never was recovered. It was supposed to have been burned in the brush set fire to by the gun fire. My oldest brother, who also attended at this school, helped to raise a company of First Ward boys at the old town and engine house in the "Diamond," and was taken prisoner at Fair Oaks, being then a corporal in the Sixty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers. After his release from Salisbury prison in North Carolina, and Libby Prison, where he served for several months, he received a commission from Governor Curtin in the same regiment, and was

captain of Company D when Grant started for his last effort against Richmond, in May, 1864. On the 6th of that month he was killed in the Wilderness. The late Colonel Green, of the same regiment, and Prothonotary of the Supreme Court in Philadelphia for many years, told me that he was close to my brother when he was shot, and he would not have been struck had he lain down as he commanded his men to do, but was walking up and down in front of his command when struck by a grape shot. He was carried to the hospital in the rear and lived for about an hour after he was wounded. James Patton was a grocer, and had one of the largest stores on Upper Federal Street. His son, Harry Patton, many Pittsburghers will recall, and his daughter married James A. Chambers, the prominent glass manufacturer, now a member of the New York and Lake Erie Canal Commission.

All famous parades and celebrations went over the route on Federal Street either going or returning from Upper Allegheny. I remember a ludicrous incident which occurred to Colonel R. Biddle Roberts, afterward the head of the First Pennsylvania Reserves and then District Attorney of the county, I believe, who commanded the Duquesne Grays. This was the crack military company of the two towns. Annually they had a swell parade, and in their spick and span clothes, with burnished muskets and Roberts at their head, and the best band in town and drum major flourishing his baton, were going down Federal Street on one of these events in the fifties, as I said, when a large pig, bewildered with the music and the crowds, ran out of an alley to cross the street and struck the company just behind Colonel Roberts. It went diagonally through the whole three or four platoons and created more consternation than if a battery of the rapid-fire guns of to-day had been playing upon it. The whole multitude lining the streets to view the parade were in an uproar of laughter, and it took some time for Colonel Roberts to reform his command

and get them under way again to cross the old bridge. The pig disappeared in one of the side alleys of the opposite side of the street. It should have had the order of the Iron Cross or some other decoration suited for swine that could make such a famous attack. John F. Jennings, who lived on West Robinson Street, was a prominent citizen of the old town, and took a great part in getting the soldiers to the front in the early sixties and attended to those who were wounded or invalided at home. He had three sons—Benjamin, William, and Dale, the latter named after Dr. Dale. These boys, with the Olivers and the Grays, James Webster and Clinton, with the Howard boys, Tom and Levi, were my playmates, and for years we were daily companions and in all the mischief and tricks of the old town. We had great fun when "Johnny Triangle" would come into the neighborhood or old Dr. Stevenson or Pat Murphy, three of the noted cranks of those days. Our usual haunt in the summer was the river, where we went in swimming on the rafts, and in winter enjoyed skating on the old Pennsylvania Canal. The bed of this canal and the basin down by the Kennedy Flour Mills all reverted to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company after the line was connected with the Ohio and Pennsylvania.

On lower Western Avenue there were many fine residences of the best people of the town, among them the Bagaleys. He was a prominent wholesale grocer, and his wife was the leader of fashion and society for many years prior to the war. Annually she gave a large mask ball and all the prominent people and highbrows of that day attended in costume. I remember one of my uncles —Frank, a very handsome man—going to one of these affairs as Don Cæsar De Bazan, and he certainly looked the part. His sister, Mary, the youngest of my grandfather William Robinson's children, who afterward married William H. Shoenberger, of Cincinnati, attended this ball as Ceres, and made a beautiful appearance. Adjoining the Bagaleys' residence was that of Mr. Brewer,

a very handsome place, always laid out in parterres of splendid flowers in season; also the Logan residence and that of Byron Painter. This latter residence was a fine stone structure of later date.

The Painters were a prominent family, the head of which, Jacob, came to Pittsburgh in early days and engaged in the iron business. The descendants of this man are noted to this day in the business of the city. A. E. W. Painter, or Gus Painter, as he was called, was the head of the firm in latter days and with his brother became quite wealthy. He married a beautiful woman from Troy, New York, whose maiden name was Blair, I think, and they were a very distinguished looking couple. Their residence, as were those of the Rev. Dr. Pressley and the Husseys and those of a number of other people of wealth and distinction, was on the upper bank of the canal on the east side of the East Diamond. It was a part of the residential portion of old Allegheny town. All of this is very much changed and the bed of the canal is now occupied by the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad.

I spoke of the Hon. Thomas M. Howe. He was a man who took the foremost position in civic affairs in early days prior to the war and lived on the upper bank, as it was called, east of Federal Street, where there were a number of fine residences—that of John Dean, the foremost dry goods merchant, who I think started his business in the town with selling from his pack; James Marshall; the Tiernains, prominent in the Roman Catholic Church, old Mrs. Tiernain being very devoted in her work for this church. She had a fine aviary, and as boys we were always very glad to get a sight of it and see the birds flying around in the large cage or room she had provided for them. Her sons were all well-known townsmen, and John lived until a few years ago; everybody almost in the two towns knew him. Their old homestead is still standing. There was also the residence of John Morrison, ex-Mayor of Allegheny.

Thomas Howe's residence was next to this. Then there was that of Dr. Dale and the Kramers, of the banking firm of Kramer & Rahm. The Allegheny Hospital occupies a portion of the site of this old residence. The Second Reformed Church was on this upper bank, and in early days this was presided over by Dr. Rogers, who often exchanged pulpits with our pastor, Dr. Pressley. Rogers was a Scotch divine of the old school and delivered his prayers and sermons in the broadest kind of dialect. Both he and Pressley were pious and devout to the last degree. I remember a story told of Dr. Rogers. His daughter, who had not inherited such a strong Scotch tongue, was somewhat irritated at her father's pronunciation of some words, and offered one day at the table to correct the old gentleman for his use of the word "difference." The doctor called it "dufference," and the daughter said to him, "Father, why do you not say difference and not dufference?" The old divine, a little miffed perhaps, said, "Hut, tut, lassie, what's the dufference between dufference and dufference?" Notwithstanding their peculiarities, these preachers of the old school were all faithful to their tasks and went about their daily avocation doing nothing but good. The Rev. John B. Clark succeeded Dr. Rogers and was not only a preacher but a soldier, and raised a nine months' regiment of the best blood of the town which went to the front during the middle of the war. Many of these fine fellows never came back. Some sleep in Southern prison holes, where they died, others on the bloody battlefields of the war, and many of them were brought back by their families and buried in either the Allegheny or Mount Union Cemetery. Mr. Howe's daughter, Mary, who married James Childs, of the noted shoe firm of Childs & Son, was an intimate companion of my aunt Mary, and the latter was her bridesmaid at her wedding. Her husband, James Childs, was killed at the head of his regiment of cavalry at the battle of Antietam. Among the other daughters of Hon. Thomas M. Howe, one mar-

ried the late Hon. James W. Brown, the manufacturer and well-known citizen who a short time ago served a term in Congress. Jim Brown, as I always knew him, was a classmate of mine at Professor Smith's school. Another daughter intermarried with the Hon. George W. Guthrie. The latter is at present United States Minister to the Empire of Japan, and is one of the most prominent lawyers and public men of the State. He was a strong advocate of the nomination of President Wilson and a reorganizer of the Democratic party as it is controlled to-day in the State.

Allegheny was incorporated in 1840 into a city, and William Robinson was the first Mayor, and my father, William O'Hara Robinson, the first solicitor of the city. Manchester was always a pretty little adjunct to Allegheny, and a number of prominent citizens lived in that borough, it being more rural. One of the foremost citizens of old Manchester was Judge John E. Parke, whom all the older persons remember. The last few years of his life he devoted to publishing a book which gave considerable history about the old place and people. Squire Sampson was a well-known resident of Manchester and had a beautiful place; so also were the Halls, manufacturers, who made a great deal of material for the *quasi* war with the Mormons in 1858, when General Albert Sidney Johnston was sent on an expedition to punish them for the Mountain Meadow massacre. Colonel Anderson had a fine place adjoining the residence of my mother's father, Samuel Robinson, and was quite a learned and interesting character. He had a fine library, and Andrew Carnegie mentions him with great praise for his kindness in allowing the young men at that time the facilities of the books.

There was in the lower part of Manchester a summer garden and park, in which there was a labyrinth built of shrubbery, and as boys it was one of our interesting trips to go to this building and see the many beautiful things around there, as it was kept in fine condition horticultu-

rally and the labyrinth afforded us amusement and pleasure. In the lower part of the borough there was a place where we used to go to have picnics, called Sugar Grove or Sugar Camp, where there were a number of sugar maple trees, and in the spring when the sap was running it was our habit to visit this place and collect the material for making maple sugar and syrup. Still further down near Wood's Run was a famous hotel kept by a German-American called Hartman. He had a fine arbor and grapery connected with his garden and made quantities of good grape juice, such as would have tickled the palate of our former Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan. On the bank of the Ohio River, south of this and opposite McKee's Rocks, was the old House of Refuge, afterward the Riverside Penitentiary. Besides the Manchester people I have mentioned there were the Townsends, who lived on Pennsylvania Avenue, the Motherals, the Updikes, and the Phelps. The famous authoress, Margaret Deland, spent her early life, I think, in Manchester. All of this part of Allegheny City now has entirely changed with the growth and progress of the greater city of Pittsburgh, spreading out far back from the hills to the north and west, where when a boy I could go out and take a muzzle-loading single-barrel shotgun and kill all the pheasants, partridges, gray squirrels and other game one desired in a day's hunt. The outlying wards now extend far back, and many country residences are located on the beautiful new highway built to Sewickley and beyond. George W. Cass, who succeeded my grandfather in the presidency of the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad, lived in Sewickley, as did Deacon White and Dr. Thomas Dickson, a famous doctor, and other prominent citizens. Hayesville, a small place this side of Sewickley, was quite a summer resort in the early fifties, and our family spent several summers at that place, the hotel being kept in the best man-

ner by Colonel Hayes, after whom the place was named. He had a number of interesting sons and daughters.

Speaking of Hartman's Hotel at Wood's Run, this was a great place for outings in the early days and what people now call in this automobile age "joy rides," by sleighs in winter and good teams in summer over horrible plank roads. There were two other quite well-known and very liberal hostelries; one was Keating's, about ten miles out on the old Perryville plank road, and Beitler's, at East Liberty. Many of the older Pittsburghers will remember with pleasure the parties and the chicken and waffles and other dainties of the table which were served at these admirable taverns in their early days. I think they have all passed away with the marks of time, but beyond a regard of them as it remains in the memory of a few of us there is no vestige left of these famous inns for the entertainment of man and beast.

In the early days of the present century, at one corner of the Pittsburgh Diamond stood the tavern of John Seetin; not far away was the Black Bear Tavern, kept by George McGonigle. Taverns were a rule in the early days. The famous Green Tree Tavern stood on Water Street. The genial Boniface was Major Tannehill, a Revolutionary soldier. On Fifth Street, adjoining Dr. Holmes' residence and close to the Diamond, stood the old Iron City Hotel, a later day structure.

McKee & Graham's hat store faced the old market and court house. John Graham's partner in this house was one of the early presidents of the Bank of Pittsburgh. Matthew Dalzell's green and dry grocery stood on the corner of Diamond Alley, up and down which narrow thoroughfare and around the square rose and fell such business as the growing town afforded. For a long time but one barber, Pratt by name, was known to the town of our ancestors, and he was on full equality with all the other burghers. At Seetin's, at George Beale's on Third Street, and at Molly Murphy's still earlier—she was the relict of one Paddy Murphy, the first in all probability to

sell rum west of the mountains—the young bucks of the early settlement had their bouts. Here they would play old sledge—the great American game was then unknown —get staving full and pass the social and political gossip of the days of postchaises, of couriers, and of mail coaches and canal boats.

THE BIRTHPLACE AND RESIDENCE FOR EIGHTY-THREE YEARS
OF WILLIAM ROBINSON, Jr.

BORN DECEMBER 17, 1785 DIED FEBRUARY 25, 1868

CHAPTER III

SCHOOL DAYS AND OLD TEACHERS

> Let the soldier be abroad if he will, he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage, a personage less imposing in the eyes of some, perhaps insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array. —*Lord Brougham.*

Our school days are always a very interesting portion of our life experience, and now, when there is a school teacher at the head of the Republic and also a distinguished one at the helm of the Government in this State of Pennsylvania, there seems to be much more of interest in the profession than formerly. My earliest recollection of schooling was attendance at the Academy conducted by two maiden ladies, the Misses Creighton, both excellent teachers in primary work. None of the scholars at this school could have been more than from six to ten years of age, and we were an interesting colony. The school was located in the basement of the old First Associate Reformed Church of Allegheny, in the East Diamond, and part of the time in a building in the North Diamond. Of course, as we grew older we passed from this primary education to a more extended curriculum. I had a number of teachers, but of them all, I recall with the greatest pleasure and with a knowledge that he did more to impart education to me than any other teacher that I had, William H. Wakeham—"Billie" Wakeham, as we called him. He was an Englishman by birth and came from Devonshire, near Portsmouth. His brother was, I think, the first superintendent of the schools of Allegheny town. The very best young men of the town attended this school prior to the war and during the early days of that portentous struggle. The school was in the basement of Dr. Crumpton's Episcopal Church on the east "Commons." Wakeham had a

manner of imparting knowledge that was peculiar to himself and ingratiated himself into the good will of all his scholars. While he was stern and sometimes severe with those who were very mischievous or really bad, his methods were such that he succeeded in bringing the most recalcitrant of the scholars to his way of thinking. He was an admirable story teller, and his reminiscences of early days and life around Devonshire, England, were very much relished by the scholars, and sometimes long after school hours had expired in the afternoon he would entertain us with incidents of his boyhood days on the other side. He was a good Latin and Greek scholar and finely versed in all English letters.

Among the boys most prominent who attended at the same time as myself were the Irwin boys, Jack and William, who lived on the west "Commons." Jack was a musician, and would sooner play the violin than eat his meals or study his lessons, but as Mr. Wakeham was also fond of music, he overlooked Jack in this direction. These two boys were famous cricket players, as was Harry Bughman and others who lived near the west "Commons." The Irwins appeared in all the amateur matches of that day. The Morganstern brothers, prominent Hebrew boys, whose father for many years kept a large clothing store on Wood Street and Fifth Avenue, were attendants and among the brightest of the scholars. Gardiner McCandless, who was afterward secretary for a number of years for Andrew Carnegie, went to this school; so did the Jennings boys and the Grays. The annual exercises at the commencement time at the close of the term were always very interesting and attended by the parents and relatives of the boys of the school. Wakeham would take part in all the active plays and physical exercises of the boys, and had a fine gymnasium attached to the academy. At the outbreak of the Civil War he formed the school into a military company and put us through the drills of that day, so that many of us were ready a year or two afterward to go to the front,

as quite a number of the boys of this school did. Some of them never returned. The Lewis Bradley of whom I spoke in the previous chapter was more noted as a scientific teacher than any of those of that time. When the observatory was first erected, through the generosity of Mr. William Thaw, the father, by the way, of the noted Harry Kendall Thaw, Bradley was appointed the head of the institution and did a great deal of very valuable astronomical work while there. Prior to his work at this institution he had been an amateur astronomer and had become noted over the country and beyond by reason of his work in that direction.

After my tuition at the Wakeham School I attended for a short time the Western University, which was then located near the present court house in Pittsburgh. Many of the most prominent men of Pittsburgh and the surrounding country were educated at this institution and graduated there. Another noted school was that of Professor Smith, whose place of instruction was opposite the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Pittsburgh. Most of the attendants at this school were Pittsburghers. The late John B. Jackson, president of the Fidelity Trust Company, was one of the boys who went to school there with me, and the Hon. Alexander G. Cochran, now the head counsel for the Gould Railroad Company in St. Louis. The latter had a very fine mind and was an excellent debater. I remember, just prior to the outbreak of the war, when the slavery question was rampant, of a debate on this subject, where Cochran took the pro-slavery side, he being of Democratic persuasion, and I the anti-slavery side. I might have had the best of the subject, but I hardly thought I had the best of the argument against such a brilliant and able debater and scholar as Cochran then was. Leonard, the son of a big lumberman, also attended there. Of the few who came from Allegheny town with myself to attend was Jimmie Little, who was in the Sixty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers and

was killed at Fisher's Hill, in the Shenandoah Valley, about the close of the war.

Smith was a very stern and strict instructor. He had a way of catching you with one hand and swatting you with a ruler in the other that certainly made you tingle all over for quite a while. I never got this application but once, and then I did not deserve it. I was sitting in part of the room where the whispering which was going on, and not permitted, appeared to come from me, and the professor, who had once called us down for this, was very angry, and before I could explain or give my side of the question he had caught me and administered the ruler correction. Sometime afterward I explained it to him and he was very profuse in his apologies for his mistake. I forgave him because of the fact that he certainly was the best of the Latin scholars that instructed me, and imparted more information in the classics than any of the teachers to whom I had gone. Billie Wakeham gave me whatever foundation I might have had to upbuild any capacity I have to write English to-day, and I am sometimes given credit for being pretty fair at putting my thoughts on white paper. Those days we thought nothing of walking a mile or a mile and a half to school, and at no time did I go to any of the teachers mentioned whose school room was less than a mile from where we lived. Wakeham, although not, I believe, a naturalized citizen, took a great interest in the politics of the days before the Civil War, and at the outbreak of it he took such of the scholars as desired to go to meetings and other public assemblies where we could hear some of the big guns of the day discuss the questions that were at issue; and the slavery question at that time being very acute, the meetings were always very interesting, and it gave us an early insight into politics that we could not otherwise have had, as he always explained the next day and questioned us about matters that had been discussed the day or night before.

In 1860, in the big campaign which elected Andrew G.

Curtin Governor of this State in October and Abraham Lincoln President in November, there was a mass meeting of the Republicans on the west "Commons." There must have been twenty thousand people there, and among those who spoke was the candidate for Governor, Curtin. I had a position not far away from him, owing to a relative of mine taking me near the platform. He was a splendid specimen of manhood at that time, at least six feet tall, as straight as an arrow, slim and wiry, and with a piercing eye that seemed to flash fire, and in his brilliant speech he denounced the slavocrats of the South. His voice was as fine toned as a silver flute, and persons said that he could be heard at the outer rim of the vast crowd. My earliest experience in politics was in the parade in 1856, when John C. Fremont was a candidate for President. I was only ten years old then, and many boys paraded with the older citizens of the Republican party, and we wore red, white and blue sashes. The slogan of that year was "Free Soil, Free Speech, Free Men, and Fremont."

I had a very useful experience while attending the Western University. The old court house was near the building. During the recess hour and the noon hour, as I did not go home on account of living on the other side of the river, I would spend a good deal of my time over in the court room listening to the lawyers discussing cases before the juries. I remember many of the brilliant and eloquent lawyers of that period pleading in criminal and civil cases—Tom Marshall, Hill Burgwin, Bradford Todd, Judge Fetterman, Marshall Swartzwelder and others. The information and knowledge I gleaned in the attendance at these trials were more useful to me than the schooling at the University, as I took a special course in the classics in Latin and Greek, which were my principal studies. While very useful to me in my literary and newspaper work, they were of no account to me during my naval service, nor at the United States Naval Academy.

I believe all these teachers and lawyers I have mentioned have passed away, but my knowledge of them and acquaintance enabled me to write an article for the centennial number of the Pittsburgh *Gazette,* which was well received by the old Bar of Allegheny County. This number was issued in 1885. The *Gazette* was founded in 1785 by a man named Scull, who came from Somerset County. This paper was in our family from my earliest recollection and I believe that the *Gazette* and its successor, now the Pittsburgh *Gazette-Times,* has had the name of our family on its list of subscribers longer than any other in or around Pittsburgh. It is now owned by the Oliver family, the present junior Senator and his son, and is one of the very ablest papers of the Republican stripe west of the Allegheny Mountains.

During the war times I spent a portion of my life in attending the drills of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Militia, an emergency regiment that performed home service, and there was hardly a day or a week that we did not have to turn out to attend a funeral of some prominent officer killed in action. In 1862 the regiment went down to Harrisburg, and thence to Greencastle, on the line between Pennsylvania and Maryland. At the time of the battle of Antietam it was drawn up in line in that town, and all who wished to go over the line were requested to step up and say so. I noticed that the younger members of the regiment seemed all very prompt in marching to the front, but the older and gray-headed ones remained stationary. Under the terms of the enlistment a regiment could not be ordered outside of the State.

In 1863, when Lee came into Pennsylvania and Gettysburg was fought, we were in camp nearly all that summer in the East End. The encampment was named after Hon. Thomas M. Howe, who owned a great deal of property out where the regiment was. It was in a beautiful grove and field where now are all the many residential places of the well-to-do people of the city.

East Liberty was but a small borough and few houses at the time of the battle of Gettysburg. There was considerable consternation in the State, and old men and boys were sent out to the outlying hills to throw up fortifications. I remember acting as a guard on Herron's Hill. There were some vestiges of these earthworks on that hill remaining the last time I was in Pittsburgh. Our company was commanded by Captain Riddle, of Allegheny, and the colonel was a well-known citizen named Galway. While we were in Camp Howe, in the summer of 1863, the Confederate cavalryman, General Morgan, made his celebrated raid from Kentucky into the Northern States, and crossed through Ohio and was captured at or near Salineville. Some of the troops that were in camp at that time with us were sent to assist in this skirmish to stop this noted raider.

To revert to schooldays, among other young men who attended Professor Smith's institution with me were James W. Brown and his brother, William Brown, Alexander and Tom Johnston, sons of Governor Johnston, and William Bissell. The latter went to New England after he left the school and only revisited the old town at certain times where his property was located. Jim Wade, whose mother was quite a celebrated philanthropist and school worker, was a student there, and also went to New England and, if I am correct in my facts, became prominent in politics in the Old Bay State and was Speaker of the House of Representatives there. After Lee left Pennsylvania and Gettysburg sealed the fate of the Confederate Army, there was a much better feeling throughout the Commonwealth. The excitement and scare that had been aroused by his entrance and the actions prior to Gettysburg threw the people of the whole State into a great fright. Many of the wealthier people of Pittsburgh and those institutions which had large assets were said to have secreted them or sent them to Canada. I got leave to quit camp the latter part of August, and in September, with Robert Stewart Morrison,

a playmate of mine and son of ex-Mayor John Morrison, of Allegheny town, went for a special term to Amherst College, Massachusetts. This was a very pleasant part of my boyhood career. Amherst was a distinctive institution and presided over by the celebrated educationalist, Julius H. Seelye, who succeeded the noted Dr. Hitchcock, whose work upon the geological footprints of the antediluvian animals and sea monsters made his name known all over the world. Professor Moses Tyler, the great Greek student and author, was one of the professors, also Professor Hitchcock, the son of the ex-president. Professor Montague was at the head of the department of French and belles-lettres. We spent a very pleasant year at this institution, taking a special course in French and German and in English letters. We were not connected with any class, but subject to the rules and regulations of the college. Its fame, like that of Dartmouth, Harvard, Yale and others, was long established. The great preacher, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, was a graduate of this college. The venerable buildings are on quite an eminence overlooking the Connecticut Valley to the west, with the Connecticut River flowing like a silver streak through the passes, with Mount Tom and Holyoke on the west side, making a beautiful landscape. The town of Northampton was visible in the distance some ten or twelve miles away. Amherst was a typical New England town, nearly all the houses being of frame, white in color with green shutters, and broad streets shaded by ancient elms. I boarded with my chum at the home of two old maiden ladies, whose names I cannot recall, but they certainly had the real Yankee characteristics, and the only oasis on the desert of their austere and economical regulations as to meals and outgoings and incomings was a visit occasionally of a very pretty niece of theirs from Boston. In fact, as I remember it now, Morrison, my chum, and myself were both very deeply smitten with the beauty of this young Bostonian; but of course we were school boys with very little pros-

pects ahead, and there was nothing doing but the usual college flirtation.

In the winter of 1863 and 1864, during the vacation allotted by the college, in company with Morrison I secured a commission from John G. Holland, the celebrated author and publisher of Springfield, Massachusetts, to go into New York State and take subscriptions for the sale of albums. These books for the preservation of photographs had just lately become the vogue, I presume on account of the death of so many people in the war and the desire to have copies of those friends and relatives who had enlisted. The necessity brought forth the books. We each had a pack of three different sized specimen albums, a large, a medium and a small one. We went to Montgomery County, New York State, and covered all the territory in that county and Fulton and some of the adjoining neighborhood. The albums sold well and we took many subscriptions that more than paid our expenses. The orders were sent in as fast as we could secure a sufficient number of names. In one large mill that I went into at Gloversville I was nearly all day taking subscriptions from the young women and foreladies and the men in charge, who were anxious to secure our goods. The country over which we tramped (as there were no conveyances that would have suited us, nor could we have afforded them if there had been) was most interesting, as much of this Mohawk Valley region near Fonda, Amsterdam and Johnstown was historical ground, and in our leisure moments after the day's work was done we would study up the colonial and pre-revolutionary history of this neighborhood. This sojourn at Amherst was a great benefit to me, as I got a good grounding of French and German the year I was there.

In the spring of 1864, shortly after Grant started for the Wilderness, I was called home by notice that my older brother, Captain William O'Hara Robinson, had been killed in the Wilderness. I returned by way of the New York Central and Cleveland to Pittsburgh, and all

along the line where we stopped, and the stops were more frequent in those days than in these of fast fliers and cannon ball expresses, from bulletin boards and from boys shouting the paper would be published lists of the killed and wounded in the bloody struggle that Grant kept up on his way to Appomattox. When I arrived home the death of my brother had been confirmed by a second brother, James, who was also at the front and who arrived at my brother's grave after his interment in time to mark it, having gotten leave from his regiment to do so. I made up my mind that I would enlist myself, not knowing the danger as well then as I would now. It was the effort I made to carry out this project to go to the front that secured my entrance to the Naval Academy. But this is another story and will be told in the next chapter.

GRADUATING CLASS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY, 1868

Taken in front of the Herndon Monument in June of that year. Among those in the picture are a number of persons in the United States Navy who are Rear-Admirals on either the active or retired list. Some of the class became quite distinguished—Richard Wainwright, for instance, at the battle of Santiago, when in command of the yacht *Gloucester;* Admiral Ingersoll, Admiral John A. Rodgers, Raymond P. Rodgers and Col. Robert M. Thompson. It was customary for the members of each graduating class to have a class picture taken at the time of graduation in front of this monument, and our class was taken as in this picture. Of course, it did not include the whole class, but most of those who graduated that year

CHAPTER IV

APPOINTMENT TO UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

Uncle Sam's webfoot.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

In May, 1864, enlistments to the army had grown somewhat slack. The patriotism that was rampant in the early days of the great struggle for the integrity of the Union had waned, bounties as high as fifteen hundred and two thousand dollars and even greater sums were offered for recruits, and large sums for substitutes under the drafts. Afterward the reports of Grant's progress toward Richmond and the terrible loss of life caused a temporary increase in the number of enlistments. Without consulting anybody I went to the "Diamond," which was a public square in the center of Allegheny town, where the municipal buildings are now located and where the old town hall and engine house and old market house were then, and took the necessary steps for enrolling myself at one of the recruiting offices. But this was as far as I got, for the next day my mother, grieved beyond expression by the loss of her oldest son on the 6th of May, and not knowing what day she might hear of the loss of her second son, as he was in one of the provisional regiments with Grant, went to my grandfather, William Robinson, who called me to task for attempting to enlist without his permission or my mother's. I told him I had fully determined to go to the front, and if I could not go there I would go somewhere else. He said to "wait a while," and in a few days he thought something could be done to obviate the necessity of my going into the army. Fortunately for me, but very much against my wishes at that time, in a few days the Hon. Thomas Williams, the then member of Congress from that district of Allegheny, was at my grandfather's residence, and in the course of the conversation told him that there was a vacancy in his appointments to the United States Naval Academy. As he

was my grandfather's attorney and a very prominent man, not only in legal but in national affairs, being afterward one of the managers on the part of the House of Representatives for the prosecution of President Andrew Johnson after his impeachment, it was an easy matter for me to secure the appointment desired by my grandfather. I was notified and told to come to one of the recruiting offices near Sam Dyer's store. The next day I went there with my grandfather and met Congressman Williams, who asked me if I would like to go to the Academy and into the navy, and I told him I did not care to do so, that I preferred to go to the army, but if my mother and other relatives desired it I would accept the appointment. He told me that several of his appointments prior to that at both the Naval Academy and West Point had failed to pass the examination or to graduate, and that he was a little chagrined at the outcome. I said that I would do my best to reflect credit upon him and upon his appointment. He said he would notify me and in a short time the department would send me the necessary papers in the matter.

I remember the Congressman very well. He seemed to me to be a very big man in my estimation at that time, never dreaming that in a quarter of a century I would be in the House of Representatives at Washington myself. Tom Williams, as he was familiarly called in the district, was widely known all over the State and nationally. He was a very able lawyer, and it is said by those who were judges of the affair that his argument in the impeachment trial was one of the best, if not the best, legal and constitutional presentations of the case against the impeached President. Williams served, I think, in the Legislature at Harrisburg prior to his career at Washington. His predecessor in Congress from the Allegheny district was the Hon. Robert McKnight. McKnight won the nomination in 1858 over my grandfather, William Robinson, in a heated contest. He intermarried with one of the Dennys, who had large land holdings in the town,

and I believe that he was president, at the time of the campaign, of one of the branches of Council. The Williamses lived on the Upper Bank, West Side, in a house adjoining where the Yeagers lived. The latter was a prominent merchant of Pittsburgh in novelties, toys and fancy goods. Quite a number of old residents lived on this as well as upon the other bank, as previously mentioned. The old Bell homestead will be remembered for its quaintness. There was the Miltonberger home, one of whom—Mary—married my uncle, Francis P. Robinson. Then there were the Stocktons and the Hartmans.

Thomas Williams married a Pemberton, a relative of the general of that name in the Confederate Army, who was in command of the forces at Vicksburg when they surrendered to Grant on July 4, 1863, after his celebrated campaign in that vicinity. One of the Congressman's sons entered the army, graduating at West Point. Another, named after his father, Thomas, was a lawyer, and there were two daughters whom I knew very well, and in the seventies, when after my marriage I visited for several years the watering place at Cresson Springs, on the summit of the Allegheny Mountains, then a noted locality for a colony of Pittsburghers who spent the summer there, I renewed my acquaintance with them. Among those who had handsome cottages was Andrew Carnegie, who lived with his mother and maintained a very open and cordial hospitality. The Williams girls were very fond of riding, and one afternoon in August Andrew Carnegie and myself, with the two girls, started out on a horseback ride from the Springs to Hollidaysburg. We went down the old Kittanning trail that led to the famous Horseshoe Bend. Where the reservoir now is there was a country turnpike, and, following this, at night we became lost, and it was quite a long time before we reached the county seat, Hollidaysburg. Starting back, we did not arrive at Cresson Springs until almost daylight. I remember that it was the night of the August fall of shooting or meteoric stars, called, I think,

"St. Lawrence's Tears." The whole heavens at times were lighted up with these blazing bolts in all directions. The sequel was that we were too long in the saddle, and, very unfortunately, one of the young ladies for a long time was crippled and in ill health by reason of this horseback journey. Mrs. Williams, after the death of the Congressman, with her daughters removed, I believe, to Philadelphia, where other branches of the Pemberton family then resided. Their Allegheny residence for some time after leaving the Upper Bank was on Western Avenue at the corner of what was called Bagaley's Lane. The mansion was afterward occupied by Dr. Hostetter, the famous manufacturer of the bitters of that name.

In a few days after my interview with Congressman Williams I was notified by the United States Navy Department of my appointment as a cadet midshipman from his district, and was told to report in July at Newport, Rhode Island, for the preliminary examination. The academic year commenced on the 1st of October. It will be remembered that the United States Naval Academy was founded in 1848 by George Bancroft, the historian, who was Secretary of the Navy under President Polk. In the early part of the Civil War, owing to General Butler's seizure of Baltimore and the railroad from there to Washington by his *coup* in landing Massachusetts troops at Annapolis, this latter place became untenable for the Academy. The archives and all but the buildings were packed up in the ships and the midshipmen and sailors then in that locality removed to Newport, Rhode Island. At that place the two upper classes occupied quarters ashore in the town square in the old Hotel Aquidneck, not far from the old tower made famous by the poem of Longfellow. The junior classes were stationed at Goat Island, a small island in the middle of the harbor, and the wooden frigates *Constitution* and *Santee* were moored to wooden piers extending out from the littoral of the island. Upon these vessels the midshipmen when they first entered the academy were

housed, sleeping in hammocks by night and studying on the gun deck by day and going through the various drills on the island. Although I disliked the idea of entering the navy from my desire to go to the front, I took some little pride in having received the nomination for the place from so distinguished a man as the Congressman from that district, and was congratulated by all my relatives and friends. There were no competitive examinations in those days and the appointments to the Naval Academy and to West Point went entirely by favor of the Congressman and the United States Senators from the States and districts. I spent the two months prior to going on to the examination at Newport in preparing for the latter ordeal. My knowledge of the classics was very little help to me, as I found by the circular sent me by the Department that the examination and the first year's course at the Academy comprised simply the English studies, geography, history, mathematics and a little French. My appointment was signed by Gideon Wells, then Secretary of the Navy in the cabinet of President Lincoln. The examination consisted of both physical and mental, and while I looked forward to it without any fear, as I was pretty certain I could pass the requirements, yet naturally I had some little trepidation.

When the time approached for me to go on to Newport, my grandfather and grandmother accompanied me on this trip, which was via New York, but we stopped off at Allentown, which place the railroad at that time passed through as the shortest route to the metropolis. The stop was made to place my younger brother, Alexander Parker, in a semi-military school at that place. While in Allentown I was pleased to meet with a cadet, Henry C. Longenecker, the nephew of the Congressman from the Lehigh district of the same name, and a Republican, who had been appointed by his uncle and who was going to Newport at the same time. It was very natural that we became chums and our acquaintance and intimacy existed for many years. After his leaving the

Academy he went on the retired list and became a noted dentist in Philadelphia. I believe he is still practicing his profession there. In New York City we stopped at the St. Nicholas Hotel, on Fifth Avenue, then the finest and most elaborate hostelry in the city. During the time we were in the metropolis news came of the explosion of the mine at St. Petersburg and Fort Stedman and the assault in which General Hartranft, afterward Governor, won great distinction at the head of his division. I had a rather sad personal interest in looking over the list of the killed and wounded, as posted or in the papers, as I knew that my brother James was then attached to General Ferrero's staff and I had had a letter from him sent me from home a short time before. Fortunately for him, however, General Ferrero, on account of my brother's aptitude at writing and at figures, detailed him as his secretary, and this kept him from going into action up until the surrender at Appomattox.

Newport was a beautiful place in 1864, but by no means covered by such splendid edifices and residential properties of the multi-millionaires as it is to-day. The town was a little old and a very quaint place. Many of the stores and houses gave evidence of their colonial origin, and there were other indications of the good "Old Colony Days." The temporary location of the Naval Academy at the place no doubt helped to add greatly to the revenue of the thrifty and more enterprising "Yankees" of the locality. We stopped at the Ocean House, a celebrated watering place, the largest hotel, I think, in the town and not far from the beach. It was crowded with boarders and everything gave evidence of lavish expenditure of money and spread of fashion and gaiety of dress. In the evening the ballroom was crowded with dancers and fashionable folk from New York and Boston, who, notwithstanding the war times, were enjoying themselves, it seemed, to the utmost. This was the last journey I think that my grandmother and grandfather took to the seashore. They had always

been in the habit of going every summer to Cape May or Newport or some other of the Atlantic watering places. They were both well up in years at this time, although strong and vigorous in mind and body, and believed that I would be getting what they thought was a great career in the navy.

The examining board held its session in the Aquidneck Hotel, and I went before this body in the last days of July. It was composed of several of the professors of the Academy, the head of it, I think, being Chief of the Department of Mathematics, Professor Coffin. I was very much surprised when I was being examined to find that the questions asked me were very elementary indeed. Expecting to go through a rather severe examination in the higher branches, I had studied up on arithmetic, algebra and some trigonometry, but the only interrogatives were about notation and enumeration and the simplest sort of questioning. In geography and history I had little trouble, as I was pretty well up in these matters. The day after the examination was held I was notified that I had passed and was ordered to report at the Academy to the Commandant, George B. Blake, October 1, 1864. This gave me August and September at home. I got measured for my uniform before I left Newport and received it some days afterward, and felt very elated when I donned this raiment of Uncle Sam for the first time, and was quite proud of it among my companions and friends in the old town. I continued my studies and worked very hard, as I knew that the four years' course that I had to undergo at the Academy would grow more severe every year. Shortly before October 1st I went on to Newport and reported to the commodore in charge of the station. I was sent with the other midshipmen of my class aboard the *Santee,* where I remained until the following June. There were no examinations until February, and when the results of these were posted, I found that I stood very well with the rest of my class, which contained over one hundred and

thirty members. Our duties the first year at the Academy were very arduous. There was hardly a moment outside of the time when we were asleep in our hammocks or at our meals that we did not have some kind of a drill or exercise, either with the guns in the battery or with the military companies in the battalion ashore. These companies and the battalions were commanded by the senior classmen. In this senior class was a son of Dr. Reiter, of Pittsburgh, now Admiral George C. Reiter, of the retired list, United States Navy. He took a great interest in me, and it was through his tuition and instructions in seamanship and other matters connected with the service that enabled me to get along so well.

The first year there was nothing very exciting excepting in the winter months, when there was a report that the *Alabama,* the Confederate privateer, was off the coast, and we were suddenly hustled aboard the United States sloop of war *Marblehead,* and went out one stormy night to look around for her. It probably was a good thing that we did not find her, as she would have been a good match for the vessel we were on, although we were all eager and anxious for a sea fight. April 9, 1865, we were all greatly gratified at the knowledge that Lee had surrendered at Appomattox and the long and bloody struggle of four years had ended with victory for the Union, and Grant and Lincoln the great triumphant personages emerging from the war.

Shortly after this, one Saturday morning on the 15th of April, while we were drilling aboard the practice ship, pulling and hauling on the ropes and doing the work of ordinary sailors, as we had to do all the time, we heard the news of the assassination and death of Abraham Lincoln. The country, which had been filled with joy at the news of peace of the few days before, was now plunged into sadness and grief at the loss of our President, the great Emancipator. In June, 1865, the vessels then stationed at Newport were all fitted for sea, and the papers, books, archives and all other matters pertaining to the

Academy were placed aboard them, and with the midshipmen as sailors and a complement of regular blue jackets and petty officers we went to sea, first cruising around Long Island Sound, and at Gardiner's Island going through all the maneuvers of an old-fashioned sailing ship of the navy of that day. Everything was transferred to the *Chesapeake,* and thence we went to the old location at Annapolis, arriving there in the early part of September. The large wooden frigates *Santee* and *Constitution,* the latter the celebrated man-of-war that captured the *Guerrière* in the war of 1812, were I believe towed by the steam sloops of war and tugs to Annapolis. After our arrival at this latter place the class was given leave of absence, with orders to report October 1st at the old academic place.

I had a very pleasant vacation and returned to my studies of the second year at the appointed time, still occupying quarters aboard the vessels moored at the end of the dock extending out into Severn River. I passed the examinations in February and June of that year successfully, and in the summer of 1866 we went aboard the sailing vessels *Macedonian, Savannah* and *Marion,* and took the usual summer cruise along the coast, going up as far as Portland, Maine, where we arrived shortly after the disastrous fire which destroyed a great portion of that city. We had the regular work of sailors to do at all times, pulling on the ropes and going along unfurling and reefing the sails, hoisting and lowering the smaller yards, and generally doing all the work in company with the best blue jackets of the navy of that day who were alongside of us as the petty officers and first-class sailors. The first classmen were permitted to take charge of the decks and to maneuver the ships in fair weather, and the more experienced of them who showed aptitude for the service and good qualities of seamanship were permitted to handle the vessels in stress of storm. The command of these ships was in the hands of men who in these latter days of the modern navy became many of them fa-

mous all over the country and the world. Admiral Dewey was a lieutenant and one of the professors, and so was Winfield Scott Schley and Admiral Sampson and Captain Ryan, who lost his life in command of the United States ship *Huron* off the coast of North Carolina. He was one of the finest navigators in the old navy, and there was great surprise expressed when the news of this disaster and the loss of many officers and men was heard. All of these officers were lieutenants at that time, and few of them had attained the grade of lieutenant commander. Commodore George B. Blake was in command of the Academy while we were at Newport, but on our return to Annapolis Admiral David D. Porter, then fresh from his exploits of the Civil War, became superintendent and retained the headship of the Academy until after I graduated in 1868.

On return from the practice cruise of 1866, in September, we were granted a short leave of absence, again returning in October for the next year's sojourn, and this found me in the old brick quarters ashore. These were much more comfortable, as they faced the parade ground where we drilled and were close to the recitation hall and the mess hall. The latter hall was in the place where it had been first erected at the time the original halls were building at the Academy, and the Commissary Department was looked after by Colonel Swan, who was known to all the older officers of the navy, many of whom had attended their meals under him during their four years at the Academy. He was a fine rubicund looking type of commissary, and with a large white apron on and a butcher knife and fork in his hand always presided at the head of the mess table and did the carving. He had a son who graduated from the Academy and was in the navy during the war time. Admiral Porter introduced many new ideas into the régime of the institution, and we were often visited by delegations from Washington of the prominent men of Congress, both of the House and the Senate, and at the time of the examination and

graduation of the senior class in the latter part of May and early in June of each year the drills and exercises, with the giving of the diplomas to the graduates, were interesting incidents which brought many persons from all over the country to view them, together with the relatives of a great many of the graduates and those who were then cadets at the school. Although the four years seemed long to look ahead when I entered at Newport, they seemed to roll around very quickly, and in 1867, having gotten into the second class, my position was more gratifying, although no less strenuous, as the work at all times was severe, and nothing was left undone to fit us for the duties of officers by the officers of the old school such as some of these I have mentioned, the very best qualified in the service.

The practice cruise of 1867 was made to Europe, part of the class going aboard the *Macedonian* and the others on the *Savannah.* These two vessels were almost equally mated and were kept very much together during our trip across to the English Channel. It was the year of the French Exposition, and when we arrived at Cherbourg, the fortified harbor of northwest France, we were given leave of absence of two weeks to go to Paris and take in this marvelous world's fair. As it comes back to me it certainly was a wonderful exhibition of the world's best productions, and we were all much pleased to note that the United States exhibit was far ahead of many of the countries exhibiting at that time. Many highly interesting visits were paid to all the numerous sights and historic places of Paris, and there was hardly a moment of the time we spent in that most artistic city of the world that was not instructive and a real pleasure. During this leave we saw a great review on the field of Mars where the French reviewed their army. The German Emperor, the grandfather of the present Emperor William, was then visiting the Exposition. He was being received by the Emperor of France, Napoleon the Third, and his beautiful wife, the Empress

Eugénie, and with all their glittering staff and pomp of that day. There was a magnificent turnout on this field, and nothing was spared to make it one of the great events of the time, and yet it was scarcely three years until these two countries were in a bloody struggle for existence and the German troops crossed the line and in time captured and entered Paris. The Emperor himself and eighty thousand troops laid down their arms and were made prisoners at Sedan, the most terrible disgrace that ever fell upon the French.

This war was a great victory for the Germans. Bismarck, a wonderful genius, with bitter feeling toward the French, caused the defeat to be more poignant and severe. Paris was the gayest of gay cities at this time, the Empire being at the very height of its glory but rotten at the core, as it was just after our Government had directed the French troops to be removed from Mexico and the veterans under Grant and Sheridan had been ordered to the Rio Grande. This action was taken by Secretary Seward immediately after the close of the Civil War, and was in pursuance of our rights under the Monroe Doctrine. These rights were in abeyance from 1861 to 1865, as Lincoln said, "One war was enough to have on our hands at one time." Officially we were treated with formal courtesy, but below the surface we could feel here and there while in France that our action in Mexico had rankled them. The French under Bazaine left Mexico and the Maximillian Government he had set up toppled, and Maximillian himself was shot like a dog in a ditch at Queretaro, and his lovely spouse, Carlotta, on learning of the event, lost her reason and spent the remainder of her life in an insane asylum. Such was the result of the overwhelming commission of this nephew of the great Napoleon, whom we saw nearly every day of the visit to Paris riding out with his staff or at some of the reviews or in the Exposition itself. Our return to the vessel at Cherbourg was very pleasant, as we passed through an exceedingly delightful part of France, the

lovely Normandie, the chimes of which have been embalmed in a beautiful opera.

In returning to the capes of the Chesapeake and Annapolis the two sailing vessels ran a race. I was aboard the *Savannah,* and we were fifty-eight days from our leaving England to sighting Cape Charles, both vessels taking the southern passage in the brave trade winds of that part of the Atlantic. For many days we hardly touched a rope or trimmed a sail or rounded up a yard aboard the ship, so steadily and robustly did these winds —the same which took Columbus in his original voyage of discovery over and which his superstitious sailors thought would never allow them to get back—blow. Toward the last few days we ran out of nearly all sorts of provisions excepting hard tack and pork, or "salt horse," as we called it. The vessels arrived within forty-eight hours of each other, although one of them sailed many hundred miles more than the other, but, going farther south, met stronger trade winds. As was the custom on getting to Annapolis, we were given leave for a short time to visit our homes, returning then for the work of the last year of the Academy.

I found on my return that our standing was posted on the basis of the reports made by the officer and of the work done and conduct of the midshipmen aboard. I was given command of one of the companies of the battalion, which was quite a cadet honor, allowing me to wear a double gold-laced diamond on each sleeve and to have charge of a company of the under classmen. I retained this position until the February examinations, when at that time, during the night of one of the balls which it was usual to give then, myself and some other classmen, putting blankets up at our windows, played cards in our room, contrary, of course, to the regulations. While engaged in this pastime the inspecting officer came in and we were all caught *flagrante delicto.* The result of this escapade was my being reported and given a number of demerits. These latter in the gradu-

ating year counted as much as any of the more important studies, so that it reduced my general standing in the class and I was besides deposed from my position as a cadet and as a company officer and put in the color guard of the cadet battalion.

Shortly after this event I was saddened by receiving word from Pittsburgh that my grandfather, William Robinson, had died February 25, 1868. One of my regrets was that he did not live until I graduated in the following June. Our class graduated that year, and some members of it, by reason of the fact that they had an excess of demerits, were not permitted to receive their diplomas at the time, but were ordered aboard the practice cruise. This was a disappointment to a number of us, but in the long run it aided me, as it gave me better knowledge of seamanship and the duties of an officer, as I was permitted to have command of the sailing vessel at stated intervals during the cruise. This year we went to New York and up the Hudson to West Point. We had a competitive drill at that place with the West Point cadets and acquitted ourselves with great credit. They entertained us with a handsome ball in the mess hall, and before we left we had the three ships—*Savannah, Macedonian* and *Marion*—moored together to give a return ball aboard them. It was a very brilliant affair and novel in its characteristics, as the ships were lighted up with lanterns and large sidelights, electricity not being then in use.

On our return to Annapolis the Superintendent of the Academy handed us our diplomas, complimented us on our good behavior during the cruise, and the half-dozen or so of us, including myself, who took this extra cruise were allowed to go to our homes for a few days' leave. I visited my aunt, Mrs. Blair, then occupying the old homestead, No. 1 Federal Street, my mother having given up the house adjoining and living at that time in the lower part of Allegheny with her brother Eccles Robinson. This sojourn at home after graduation with all

my honors fresh upon me, such as they were, was very pleasant, and I remained in the old town until the early part of December, 1868, when I received orders from the Navy Department to join the United States store ship *Guard,* then at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, New York.

CHAPTER V

IN EUROPE AND OTHER CRUISES

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home!

—*Lord Byron.*

I JOINED the United States store ship *Guard* at the Brooklyn Navy Yard the early part of December, 1868. She was in command of Captain Henry A. Adams, of Philadelphia, an old officer whose father had been in the service and who had seen severe fighting himself in the Civil War. The executive officer was Lieutenant Commander Henry C. Taylor, who was just returning from a cruise at Panama, where he had contracted the fever and was convalescing. Lieutenant McKenzie, of the class that graduated the year that I entered the Academy, was one of the watch officers, and several of my classmates were also attached to the vessel. She was an old wooden tub used for store ship purposes and with the double topsails of a merchant vessel and all the other rigging and appointments of that type. On the 15th of December we left Sandy Hook for Lisbon, Portugal. We had hardly gotten out of sight of land when we were struck by a terrific northeast gale and snow storm. The weather was intensely cold. The sails were stiff and wet, covered with ice and snow, and also the ropes. I had charge of the forecastle and the reefing of the sails forward. The howling of the storm was so great that the word had to be passed from the deck aft to the waist and thence to the forward part of the ship. We were over two hours reefing the topsails and making the vessel as snug as possible for the winter blast, which certainly was a "corker." My first experience afloat in command after graduation was anything but pleasant. The next day the storm blew itself out and we ran into milder weather and pleasanter

skies, and in a little while after passing the Azores reached the mouth of the Tagus, passed Belem Castle, and when we dropped anchor off Lisbon it was like a rare day in June. In fifteen days we had passed from the depth of winter to midsummer.

We spent nearly three months in Lisbon, the capital of Portugal. Although a large and dirty city, it had about it a great many localities that were of absorbing interest. On New Year's Day we were received by the King, Dom Luis Primero, and his wife and the officers of state at the Royal Castle. It was the usual official call of the day. We were always very pleasantly entertained by the governing powers in Lisbon, and invitations were sent to us to all events of any size or importance either at Court or in the city. The people were a very musical set, the very best operas were produced there, and we had these entertainments to fall back on, with an occasional bull fight for another diversion. We made a short trip to Cintra—"Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes in variegated maze of mount or glen"—where the Court spent its summer, a lovely spot, and to other points of interest in the neighborhood. I also ran up to Madrid and had an insight into the Spanish people and their characteristics, the great museum there, the magnificent pictures of Velasquez, Murillo and others, and the beauties of that grim and sombre pile of buildings called the Escorial, built by Philip the Second as a tomb for the royal people of Spain and where a number of them were buried. It was quite a study and took us some time to thoroughly examine, but the monks who escorted us around and all the officials treated us with the greatest courtesy and kindness. The Escorial is built in the shape of a gridiron. It is said this was done in honor of St. Lawrence, the patron saint of the place, who was roasted on a gridiron, a martyr to Christianity.

While at Lisbon our vessel took in a full cargo and a lot of olive oil for the Navy Department. The midshipmen were active in storing this in the hold and in attend-

ing to their duties of fitting the ship for the return voyage. We received orders, however, to distribute some stores around among the fleet in the Mediterranean, and about the latter part of March, 1869, we got under way. After paying our final calls to the officials and firing the salute to the American minister, who came aboard to pay his respects before our departure, we made sail and left the mouth of the Tagus for Gibraltar, that wonderful fortress of British military power and strength. We arrived safely and spent a few days visiting the American consul and the British officials of the place (they always called it the "Gib"), and were shown over the rock, which resembled at a distance a *"lion couchant."* We entered and went through a number of galleries with which the rock is undermined, but we could easily see that a subordinate and other officers in charge did not show us every detail of the wonderfully constructed spot. It was unquestionably impregnable to any of the missiles or vessels of that day. Whether the monster dreadnoughts of this time and the powerful guns they carry could make an impression upon it is a question for military and naval engineers who know these things much better than I do.

From Gibraltar we had a very pleasant run up the Mediterranean as far as Naples. It is a lovely harbor and the season of the year was propitious and the country around in its prettiest garb. Vesuvius, at the end of the semicircle which formed the bay, was smoking and gave evidence of its sullen and internal fires. On the south side were the hills of Sorrento and Castel Mare; the excavated sides of Pompeii and Herculaneum north and the hills above the park in the city made an enchanting picture. The sight of these rambling and uneven houses, some tall and slim, others flat and squat, others old and dirty, brought to my mind the adage, "See Naples and die," but we were rather inclined to turn it around to "Die and see Naples afterward," if we could There were many handsome places, however, within vis-

iting distance, and we took occasion to see them all. Sorrento and its fine hotel on the bluff overlooking the sea the grotto of Capri, the ancient site of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and Vesuvius itself, which we made an ascent of one day, going up about half-way on a mule and being pulled up the rest of the way by a guide. The earth was so hot under our feet that we had to move about quickly when near the crater, and you could not stand the fumes of smoke excepting on the windward side. One look into the awful crater with the molten lava fuming and sizzling hundreds of feet below was enough for any person. Surely it was a glimpse of hell itself with the lid off. From Naples we went up to the Island of Sardinia. thence to Corsica, and thence to the harbor of Spezzia This is a landlocked and fortified harbor with a strong navy yard used by the Italians as a naval storing place We remained there quite a while, and our captain was very liberal in permitting us to make a number of visits in the interior, all of which were quite interesting. On these I went at various times to Rome, Florence, Venice. Milan, Turin, and a number of other unimportant small places.

The American consul at Spezzia was a fine old gentleman by the name of Rice. He had been there for a long time; his hospitality was of the very best, as he in the olden times had kept the stores for the naval fleet then maintained by this country in the Mediterranean. He had a number of them left, among them a few barrels of famous old navy whisky that was given out to the men in the days when grog was served and when men were flogged at the same time for misdemeanors aboard the ship. During the return part of the Civil War, when the course of arms seemed to be going against us, there was quite a sanctimonious lot of people in the United States who thought we would never be able to make any headway against the Confederates unless we abolished whisky in the navy and put "In God we Trust" on our coins. Both of these things were done. Perhaps the

former was not an unwise act, but the latter did not seem to have any particular effect one way or the other on the fate of the Republic. This old Monongahela rye whisky was never excelled, and, with the old black navy tobacco which was issued in those days aboard the ships, was better than gold or silver or any coin of the realm for purposes of exchange with the natives of any of the countries we visited abroad. Particularly the tobacco. The little urchins would dive for it if we threw it into the sea; men and women would beg for it to crush up and use for their cigarettes and pipes, and in every way it was a very desirable article.

We left Spezzia for Genoa, where we stayed a few days and then went to Villa Franca, the harbor of Nice, France. Villa Franca is around a promontory a few miles from Nice, and there we remained for several weeks and had a most delightful time. The American colony at Nice was very kind to us and we were frequently entertained by members of it and reciprocated it aboard our vessel so far as we could do so in our limited quarters. Monte Carlo was only a short distance away by rail or over the beautiful Coniche road and the Riviera. Of course, we midshipmen, as well as some older officers, tried hard at times to break the bank at Monte Carlo, but naturally without much success, owing to the fact of our limited exchequer. It was, however, a pleasant spot to visit. Fine restaurants there, with the best appointment and service, and the music in the club house was of the very best, unexcelled anywhere in Europe. Built on an eminence overlooking the blue of the Mediterranean, the magnificent Italian sky above, the symphonies of Verdi and oratorios of Mendelssohn ringing in our ears, with the jingle of the gold and silver as the croupiers handled the money on the roulette tables, was a sight to be long remembered, and comes back on the memory with the Italian dreams of youth. A great many titled people and wealthy English, French and Russians were there, and the club house was crowded

day and night with the most fashionable people. Some men and women were palsied so that they could hardly hold the money in their hands, and were wheeled in chairs by attendants, still playing at the game of chance, hoping that Dame Fortune would come their way. Our stay at Villa Franca was exceedingly delightful in every way, the weather being perfect and the associations ashore and in the harbor congenial and intimate. There were several yachts and a number of naval vessels of different powers at anchor. At the same time our old store ship was in the harbor the United States steamer *Richmond,* Captain Rush R. Wallace in command, was there. For a while the Duke of Hamilton, one of the British nobility and a genuine sport, with his yacht, was a daily visitor to Monte Carlo.

As the weather grew warm we received orders to return to Lisbon and the United States. Our voyage back to the capital of Portugal was uneventful, and we remained there only long enough to finish up the placing of our cargo of olive oil and other things to bring to this side. A number of midshipmen of the European squadron were ordered to join ours at Lisbon and return home with us. This made the steerage, where the midshipmen lived aboard the *Guard* adjoining the quarters of the commissioned officers in the wardroom, overcrowded. I think there were from fourteen to sixteen men of my class in the steerage. We were glad when our homeward bound pennant was flung out to the breeze and we bade good-bye to Lisbon and Europe. Our voyage across by the southern route was slow and tedious, as our vessel was by no means a fast sailer, and when we had heavy weather, as we did off Hatteras and Bermuda, and she rolled in the trough of the sea, it was enough to turn a man's constitution, let alone his stomach. We got to New York and were given leave of absence. There were orders to report to Annapolis for examination for promotion to the grade of ensign, the next grade above that of midshipman. It was a pleasant return to the old quar-

ters for a few days. Our examinations were based as usual a good deal upon the reports made upon our conduct and aptitude for the service during the late cruise on the *Guard,* and in a few days I received notice that I had passed the examination successfully and received my commission.

I returned to my old home at Pittsburgh and spent some time there among my friends and relatives, and on the first of that year was ordered to the Philadelphia Navy Yard, the old navy yard at the foot of Christian Street. I had applied for this duty on account of having relatives in Philadelphia—an aunt, Mrs. Alexander Parker Robinson, and her brothers, the Hon. Titian J. Coffey, ex-Assistant Attorney General and ex-State Senator, and the Hon. George Coffey, who was United States District Attorney for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania during the early part of the Civil War. I lived with my aunt on Walnut Street, West Philadelphia, during my service at the navy yard and used to walk from there and back every day, thinking nothing of the trip. My cousins being young ladies in society in Philadelphia at that time made my sojourn there during the winter very agreeable. I attended many parties, banquets and other festivities with them. They were always glad to have me go, especially when I wore my uniform, which navy and army officers rather disliked to do except on official occasions.

About the 1st of April, 1870, I was very much surprised to get a big envelope from the Navy Department advising me to report immediately to the United States man-of-war *Colorado* at New York City, Brooklyn Navy Yard. "Immediate orders" in naval parlance means that you must report within forty-eight hours. As I knew the *Colorado* was commissioned to bear the flag of Rear Admiral John Rodgers, who was going to assume command of the Asiatic fleet and was ready to sail for that station, it was rather a quick notice to go around the world. Fortunately for me, and which enabled me to

make full preparations, one of the pivot guns forward on the *Colorado* was out of order. It required some time to fix it. This detained her off the Battery for a number of days. In the meantime I had wired to my mother in Pittsburgh and she came on with my younger brother, Alexander Parker, to see me and bid me good-bye. The *Colorado* was one of the old frigates of anti-bellum days and was a stanch and noble ship of her kind. Her complement was nearly a thousand men, and everything aboard of her was in the most excellent condition and shaken down for a long and tedious voyage to the other side of the world. The executive officer of the vessel was Commander Silas Casey, a son of General Casey, of the Army of Engineers, U. S. A.; the navigating officer was Henry F. Picking, a classmate of Casey's. I believe the watch officers were all lieutenants of the class of 1863-64. The senior lieutenant was Lieutenant McKee, of Kentucky. After taking aboard our powder at the magazine station below the Battery, off New York City, "swinging ship," and going through other operations necessary before so long a voyage, we set sail for the Orient. Although the *Colorado* had fairly good engines and propellers, she was not a fast vessel under steam, and the orders from the Department were strict in those days to save all the coal possible, so that steam was seldom gotten up except before going in and out of harbor or in some place where it was necessary to have auxiliary control of the ship. We made our easting more than half-way across the Atlantic, and from there ran to the westward to double Cape San Roque, this being the usual route for sailing vessels to South America, and the easting was covered in order not to get "back strapped" on the north side of this cape, where, if without steam, a vessel would be in a very bad condition, as it would have to make the voyage almost all over again. We were successful, however, and cleared the cape and made the harbor of Rio Janeiro, passing into this beautiful haven, opening up as it does when you pass

Mount Corcovado into a landlocked bay that would float the navies of the world. We remained at anchor for several weeks enjoying the hospitalities of the Brazilian Government, and were entertained at Petropolis, a mountain resort north of Rio (where the nobility and the ministers and other officials went during the hot season), by the Hon. Henry C. Blow, of St. Louis. We had official interviews with Dom Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, and his cabinet, and received invitations to all the official functions usual at the capital.

We left Rio in the latter part of June and ran across in about thirty days to the Cape of Good Hope. As the harbor of this place is an open one, our vessel went around to the better harbor of St. Simon's Bay. We visited Cape Town a number of times, riding over by horseback or other conveyance, and had an agreeable sojourn in that noted southern city. Table Mountain bears out its name and fame, as does the famous mutton of the cape and the Constantia wine, made at the vineyards. There the British flagship *Galatea,* in command of a flag officer of the British navy, and with the Duke of Edinburgh aboard, then going through his career as a naval officer, was in the harbor at the same time as ours. Going home late one night from Cape Town, and stopping at a road house about half-way between that place and St. Simon's Bay, where our ship was, we met the Duke of Edinburgh and his flag lieutenant and chums. Both parties were feeling the effects of the genial Constantia wine, as well as the noted French brandy of those southern climes, and the result was that the semblance of royalty was thrown aside in our intercourse with the duke and he sang and danced with us, and we all had a pretty good time until daylight told us that it was time to return to our ship or be reported for overstaying our leave. A few days afterward we hove anchor and prepared the vessel for making it snug and taut for the long trip across the Indian Ocean. We left St. Simon's Bay about the first week in July. A day or two afterward we had

quite a heavy snow storm and gale of wind. When I relate these facts to my friends in this Northern Hemisphere they forget the fact that the climate changes with the places and cannot at first understand why there should be a snow storm in the middle of July.

Following the sailing directions for crossing the Indian Ocean we made what is called our "southing" of five hundred or a thousand miles due south; then pointing her nose to the rising sun, with the brave westerly gales and the tremendous seas of those oceans, we ran almost twenty-five hundred miles on one degree of latitude before we turned to the north'ard and made our landfall again at the entrance to the Straits of Java. We passed through these straits, stopping a while at one of the stations to buy fresh provisions, as we had been a long time without them. We crossed over and anchored at the Peninsular town of Singapore. Java Head was the point we made at the southern entrance to the Straits, where there was then a fine lighthouse. I was sent by the navigating officer to make a sketch of this and the places of importance around. In going through this arm of the sea, it will be recalled that about a decade later the most tremendous cataclysm that probably ever occurred on this earth took place around these localities at and near the island of Krakatoa. This island disappeared from the effects of an earthquake, tens of thousands of people perished, and the tremor and shock was felt all around the world. The fine cosmic dust that arose from the island and was thrown up by the volcanic action of the earthquake filled the atmospherical spaces, and for many days at sunset afterward the heavens were lurid, as if a gigantic conflagration was taking place at some point on the far distant horizon. At Singapore we first learned the news of the Franco-Prussian war, and, of course, being a neutral country, as we are now, we had to be careful in all our relations with the European powers then in a struggle for supremacy.

Singapore, while lying under the equator, has yet a

very salubrious climate and was a very populous and cosmopolitan city, all nationalities being seen on its streets. The flagship of Admiral Daniel Ammen, the *Piscataqua,* was in the harbor, and our flagship relieved Admiral Ammen, John Rodgers then becoming the commander of the Asiatic fleet.

Before leaving New York the men of the *Colorado* had a fine whaleboat prepared and built at the Brooklyn Navy Yard and had been practicing rowing as well as they could on the outward voyage, as the sailors of the *Piscataqua* had beaten everybody on the Asiatic squadron; consequently our men were anxious to have a trial of speed rowing with them. So our anchor hardly had been down when they were challenged. In a few days the race took place, and all the officers of the fleet and other vessels in the harbor witnessed the contest with great zest. It resulted in favor of our boat, and we took the pennant for the time being and were very proud of it. A good deal of money that we had accumulated on the voyage out changed hands on these races. A few days later the flagship of Admiral Ammen bade us farewell to return to the United States, and the admiral afterward became the head of the Bureau of Navigation at the Navy Department. He was a great friend of General Grant's, and I think they were both appointed to their respective academies—Annapolis and West Point —from the same home town in Ohio. The sloops of war *Benecia* and *Alaska,* fine vessels of their class, were on the squadron with us, and a number of other smaller ships, including the double-enders *Monocacy* and *Ashuelot.* We did not meet these latter vessels till we went north, but the *Benecia* and *Alaska* made the voyage out from the same course that we did, via the Cape of Good Hope and Indian Ocean, and a number of my classmates were aboard the two latter sloops of war. It was very pleasant to have a reunion with them after these vessels came into port.

MUTSUHITO, EMPEROR THE SECOND OF JAPAN
SON OF MUTSUHITO THE FIRST

CHAPTER VI

CHINA AND JAPAN

If you've 'eard the East a-calling,
Why you won't 'eed nothing else.
—*Rudyard Kipling.*

Our first experience with the great Celestial Kingdom of China was after our vessel left Singapore and arrived at the second Gibraltar of the British Empire, Hong Kong. It is a fortified rock situated at the mouth of the Canton River and is a high strategic point. There is a flag and signal station on the summit of the hill, and on the side where the town is overlooking the harbor there are many fine buildings, stores, banks, commission houses, club houses and residences. There were a number of foreign vessels in the harbor of Hong Kong when we arrived. We remained for quite a little while, and during that time I had an opportunity to visit Canton, the most popular city in China next to the capital, Pekin. It swarms with a race of Chinese, most of whom are the kind who come to this country—small of stature, eyes keen and bright, very intelligent and industrious. A large portion of the population of the town is located on boats in the river. They are called sampans, and the Chinese are very expert at handling them, as they are very big junks. Thousands of Cantonese are born, live and die on these boats without ever going very far away from home. The junks have great big eyes at the bow, and when you ask a Chinaman why these are placed there, he will say, in "pidgin English"—the language that is spoken between the European and the Chinese, being a kind of mongrel Chinese and English—"No have eyes, no can see; no can see, how can do?" There was a very extended commerce up and down the river. We noticed a great many of the children on the boats in the river had large gourds tied around their necks, and on being asked the meaning of it were told they were boys, and if

they fell overboard this would save them from drowning, whereas the girls were less important and were not so provided with these preservers.

The vestiges of the Taeping rebellion, in which Chinese Gordon made his mark, were not obliterated, and we saw many evidences of it in the environs of Canton. We did not go far out from the city, as we were warned it was not safe, especially after nightfall, for foreigners to be found in localities away from their concessions and consulates. We could hear at times the children calling after us, "Fank-wei," "Fank-wei"—"Foreign Devil," "Foreign Devil"—which showed the animosity yet remaining among some of the populace toward us. The commander, or Tao-Tai, and all the official classes treated us with great formality and courtesy.

An interesting place we visited when in Hong Kong was the Portuguese settlement of Macao, across the bay from the town of Hong Kong. It is a hybrid city in population and subject to the Portuguese Government, the main trade being opium, hemp, rice and the other commodities of southern China. It was there that I and other officers were first introduced to the great Chinese gambling game of "Fan-Tan." It is played with a pile of cash or brass pennies with square holes in the center of them that the banker gathers into a large heap before him, and each player takes out a lot of them and bets are made as to the number remaining after the banker counts off the pile one, two, three or four, as the case may be. Some of the large gambling hells here at night were crowded with sailors, officers and Chinese compradores, or buyers for the big tea houses, and in spite of the chatter of all languages of a dozen different nationalities and the click and clink of the cash on the gaming tables, the halls otherwise are very quiet, as the Chinese, as a rule, are not very demonstrative at a loss or gain of fortune. We also visited the opium dens of Macao for the first time, where we could see the dire effects of this drug upon the populace. Nearly every

Chinaman of any consequence who can afford it "hits the pipe," as the saying is, once or twice a day and possibly oftener if he is older or is a confirmed victim. There are bunks around these rooms and dens, and in nearly all of them were Chinamen lying in various stages of anesthesia produced by the insidious drug. There is a small pipe in which they put a pellet of gum opium prepared in various stages of strength, and this is lighted as a cigarette or cigar and the fumes inhaled, and in a few moments the victim is at peace with all the world and tumbles over in his bunk until the effects pass away, when he gets up and goes about his usual avocation.

We hove anchor on the flagship shortly after our return from Canton and proceeded up the coast past Formosa to Shanghai. This is one of the most enterprising and best cities of the kingdom, the foreign concession extending along several miles of the quay, or bund, as it is called, and many fine buildings were erected by the large tea houses, who employ a great number of Americans and Englishmen in the business. There are quite a number of banks, and most of the current business is done in Mexican dollars, there being three different qualities of these, those not abraded at all being called "first chop" dollars, and the others second and third chop. We were always paid in Mexican dollars while on the Eastern squadron. Of course, we could not carry much of this kind of money about with us, and there is a system there which obviates the necessity of it. You sign an I. O. U. or chit, as it is called. At the first of the month these are all presented to you from various tradesmen, or if your vessel is about to depart you are expected to pay at once in full, and as a rule there is very little defalcation in the payment, those who do default never getting the benefit of the system again. The Chinese town of Shanghai is distinct from the European settlement and is on the west side of Yang-King-Pan Creek, which divides the two places. A visit to the Chinese city is interesting, but one or two would suffice.

The streets are very narrow, not more than six feet in places. The gutter runs down the center of the thoroughfare and all the filth and offal is thrown into this depository. There were no white wings or street cleaners that we ever saw. These streets were lined with stores, in which an immense amount of business was transacted, and you brushed along on both sides, rubbing up against Chinese men, women and children always while you were in the town. The number of dogs running about mangy, cadaverous and hungry looking were beyond count. Many of the Chinese, one noticed, had elephantiasis, a disease which swells up the limbs to an enormous size and they break out in sores, and we saw other verifications of what we read in Holy Writ of the dogs licking the sores of the diseased Chinamen. In Cologne, as Coleridge says:

> I counted two-and-seventy stenches,
> All well-defined, and several stinks!
> Ye nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
> The river Rhine, it is well known,
> Doth wash your city of Cologne;
> But tell me, nymphs, what power divine
> Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?

But of all the stinks that the human olfactories could possibly imagine or derive an odor from, the smell arising from a Chinese town like this is the most intense and abominable that I ever came across.

On account of the Flagship *Colorado* drawing too much water she was unable to go up to the harbor of the city of Shanghai and anchored some ten or fifteen miles below at the mouth of the Woosung River. We visited the city by steam launches. While at this place I was detached from the *Colorado* and ordered to report to Commander McCrea, of the United States steamship (double-ender) *Monocacy*. This latter vessel was at the time in the repair shop being overhauled, and I, with the other officers, took quarters ashore, formed a mess, and

lived in a house at Portland Place not far from the heart of the city. As it took several months to repair the *Monocacy,* we had very little to do in the way of official duty, one of the officers being detailed daily to supervise the work being done upon the *Monocacy.* While at Shanghai I met quite a number of very interesting people from the United States and England who had come out in years previous as young men and had taken places in the big mercantile houses. The intercourse with these gentlemen was at all times very pleasant. We had the entrée to one or two good clubs, and also were invited to nearly all the official and social entertainments given by the prominent people of the city. The *Colorado* left us some weeks after I had been detached from her and sailed to the north to communicate with our minister at Pekin. The admiral was also the bearer from our Government of some sort of communication to the Government of Corea, which at that time was a closed kingdom and, although nominally belonging to China and paying tribute to the latter kingdom, was in many senses an independent Government. Very little was known of it, and they were very jealous of the Europeans on account of an expedition which had been made some years before from Shanghai to that country for the purpose of ransacking some of the graves of the kings, in which it was supposed valuable treasures were secreted or buried. This expedition did not amount to anything, but aroused the hostilities of the Corean people, and they were quite suspicious of any approach of foreigners to their isolated kingdom.

Early in the spring of that year the repairs on the *Monocacy* were completed, and we ran down and anchored at the mouth of the Woosung River for the purpose of making a survey and verifying some of the charts of the mouth of the Yang-Tse-Kiang. This river is the largest in China and is navigable for hundreds of miles, and the smaller sloops of war, *Benecia* and *Alaska,* both made visits far up the stream to Nankin. Among other

things these officers saw were the remains of the celebrated porcelain tower, which beautiful structure was destroyed during the Taeping rebellion. A line of steamers similar to those large ones that ply between New York and Albany, and built in the United States and sent out there, ran between Shanghai and the interior cities of the kingdom on the Yang-Tse River. They were very liberally patronized by the natives. The speculation of taking them out to that country and establishing the passenger traffic paid very handsomely to those who initiated it. One of our pastimes while we lay at anchor at the mouth of the Woosung River was to go ashore hunting. The whole of this country around the mouth of the Yang-Tse and surrounding Shanghai is low and covered by rice fields, thickets and hedges of bamboo. In these thickets the game, partridges, pheasants, etc., would hide. They were very plentiful, but quite wild, as the Chinese never hunted them at all. The golden-tailed pheasant is a magnificent bird. The first time one flew up and I drew bead on it to shoot I had what might have been synonymous with the buck fever that those who shoot deer for the first time have, the noise and flutter of the bird arising created such a racket. Its plumage and size make it an object of curiosity to those who have never seen one. We soon got accustomed to them, however, and we knew how, after a little while, to shoot them. Among the places where we would find these birds and other game would be in and around the thickets that grew up where the Chinese buried their dead; that is, the more wealthy of the Chinese, as it is only the latter who can afford the coffins, which were made of a kind of wood that is as hard as iron and comes from Che-fu I think. Many of the well-to-do Chinese mandarins have these coffins ready made in their houses for use in case of death, and there is an adage in the language which says, "It is well for a Chinaman to die at Che-fu, as he can secure one of these coffins at a moderate rate." At death they are put in these coffins and

hermetically sealed. These burial caskets are from four to five feet high and eight to twelve feet long, sometimes larger. Burial is made by simply taking these coffins out and putting them upon the ground in a place outside of the city limits. The whole country around for miles is dotted with these ironwood relics and departed Chinese, and the winds and rains and storms of many years have bleached the tops of them so that they are as white and clean as a good housewoman's kitchen floor or the deck of a fine man-of-war. While out shooting on these expeditions we would sit down on these boxes and eat our lunch.

The business of surveying the mouth of the large and turbulent Yang-Tse was no easy task, as we would be away from the ship at times for hours, and the fog coming up would shut it out and we would be alone in the boats, not knowing exactly where we were until the weather cleared up the mist. However, we made some very useful corrections to the old charts and rectified some important lines that were erroneous on those furnished to us by the Navy Department.

Visits were paid up the Gulf of Peechili, to Tien-Tsing, and the mouth of the Peiho River. Short leave was given to such of us as desired to visit the capital at Pekin. The Chinese of this part of the kingdom are quite different from the southern or Cantonese Chinese, being much taller and larger in stature and apparently more vigorous and enterprising. The climate is much colder in winter and snow and ice are not infrequent. Most of these rich Chinese wear very beautiful furs of the very finest quality coming from Siberia and the far North. Pekin and its environs are of the greatest interest. It is surrounded by a moat and wall with very heavy gates. The foreign legations were all in one section of the capital. The great wall and the cemetery or burial place of the kings, emperors and empresses of the Manchu and Ming Dynasty were a very curious study, and one could readily imagine what enormous work was

done upon the former, and what wealth, labor and expenditure it took to build and erect the tombs of the dead rulers of this kingdom. But all this matter has been written up so frequently in books and read about that it would not be worth while to go over it here.

About June, 1871, the *Monocacy* was ordered to proceed to Nagasaki, in Japan, across the Yellow Sea. As I have stated, the *Monocacy* was a double-ender; that is, she could go either forward or back, being built during Civil War times, with her class, to be used in the rivers of the South, where they were so narrow that it would be impossible to make a turn. The decks are low except forward, and this class of vessel is by no means a good sea boat. In crossing this Yellow Sea we ran into a most terrific gale. It was as much as we could do at times to keep the old vessel from foundering, as the water would go over her bow in a solid wall five to seven feet high and could not be carried off in the scuppers fast enough. Some of it would go down in the engine room and create quite a consternation and fright among the firemen and coal heavers. The gale abated, however, without any serious accident except the loss of one or two of our boats, and we got into the harbor of Nagasaki safely, where we found the flagship and other vessels of the squadron. They were preparing to go to Corea, and in a short time did so. The sailors and marines with these vessels and the flagship had quite a little fight with the Coreans, which was caused by the latter firing upon a boat party of our men who were surveying the River Kiang-ho, and demand was made by Admiral Rodgers for an apology and a limited time given for it. None coming, however, the smaller vessels went up as near to the fort as they could get and a battalion of sailors and marines landed and attacked the fort on the land side, it being situated on an extremity of a long peninsula. The fort was thoroughly shelled, with great loss of life to the Coreans, and after the bombardment a charge was made by the land force in command of Captain Schley, Cap-

tain Casey and others. The *Monocacy* was useful in this attack on the fort because she could approach it closer, drawing less water than the other vessels. The charge was successful. The Coreans could not resist the onslaught of our blue jackets and marines. Those who remained alive fled down the side of the fort and tried to swim across from the peninsula to the mainland, and many were shot in this endeavor. They fought fiercely until they were completely destroyed. Their weapons were spears and a sort of old-fashioned gun called a jingall. Three of our men were killed and several wounded. Among the killed was Lieutenant McKee, of the *Colorado,* who was a son of Captain McKee, who was killed at Buena Vista in the Mexican War. He was a splendid officer, and as on the cruise to the East he was on the same watch with me, being aft while I was on the forecastle, we became very intimate. When the weather was good he would call me to the quarter deck and we would chat there together for hours during the night watches. He seemed to have a premonition that he would never return home, although this Corean fight was not then foreseen or expected. He was the first man from the parapet in the charge, and was struck in the breast by a jingall ball. He was carried aboard the *Monocacy* and died there about sunset. A marine and a sailor were also killed. Hundreds of Coreans were found in the interior of the fort after its capture dead and torn all to pieces by the shot and shell that the vessels had poured into the structure before the charge.

I was ordered from the *Monocacy* to join the United States store ship *Idaho* in Yokohama harbor, and took passage on a Pacific mail steamer and had a very pleasant voyage through the Suwo-Nada, or "Inland Sea," to Yokohama. These Pacific mail steamers were large side-wheeled, commodious vessels, fitted up in the very best style. All the appointments and the table meals, etc., were very good, and I enjoyed this voyage very much. We stopped at Kobe and Osaka. Before leaving Naga-

saki I took a trip in the interior to visit the noted tea gardens, and saw this latter plant in all varieties of culture, and also the article as a finished product in the "go downs," or storing houses, where there were thousands of boxes put up as we see them in the stores here and representing a great deal of money invested by the big Japanese merchants. The steamer *Republic,* in which I went to Yokohama, carried an immense cargo of these tea boxes for shipment to San Francisco and the United States.

The trips I made to the interior of Japan were of the highest interest, as at that time the country was still in an unsettled state and had not fully passed from the old feudal system to the imperial Government. We were warned that it was dangerous at times to make these visits, but at no time were we molested, and the men, women and children all seemed to view us as curiosities, and some of them would even come and put their fingers on our faces, thinking that the color was artificial rather than real, so different was it from their bronze features. Many of the temples and old ancestral trees surrounding them, and the bonzes, or priests, "shaven and shorn," who attended upon them were a study, and much more time could have been spent in gathering information about them, but the steamer's time was limited at the various ports we stopped at. However, leaving Osaka the voyage is by open sea to Yokohama harbor, and the entrance to this and the bay, which is a magnificent harbor with the truncated cone of the mountain Fuji-Yama looming up for fifty miles in the distance, making a beautiful picture. All the hills were clad in verdure, dotted with the quaint Japanese bungalows and cottages or occasional castles of the Diamios or rulers of provinces, and the highly cultivated state of the country round made it a panorama of entrancing beauty long to be remembered. The climate was mild and warm, as the weather had not yet begun to fill with the summer heat. After our landing from the mail steamship I donned my

uniform and, hiring a boat from a Japanese boatman, was taken out to the United States store ship *Idaho,* anchored or moored in the harbor, where I reported for duty to the late Admiral J. Crittenden Watson, of Kentucky, the same person who was staff-lieutenant for Farragut at the time of his famous victory at Mobile Bay in August, 1864. I was received cordially by the officers of the *Idaho,* who were few in number, as were the sailors, as she was moored in the harbor and had a wooden house all over her. William K. McGunnegle, of my own State, from Meadville, was executive officer. I was navigator and in charge of the stores of that bureau. The late Paymaster Torbert, of that noted family of the Delaware State, was one of the officers, also Dr. J. Rufus Tryon, who afterward became head of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery at Washington.

The duties aboard the vessel were very light, and while discipline was kept up the watches were allowed to be passed over to the quartermaster in the day time and we could go ashore quite often, the only inconvenience being that the *Idaho* lay at some distance from the wharf, and in heavy weather it was disagreeable and sometimes dangerous to go out to her late at night.

In covering these reminiscences of China and Japan I have tried to give them a more personal turn, believing that the experience that I observed myself and went through will be more entertaining than a rehearsal of many things that can be read or have been read in books. Yokohama was a scattered lot of stores and houses along the sea front, and on the block above were the residences and offices of the ministers and foreign representatives. The consular agents had their offices in the town. It was but a small place when Perry first made his treaty with Japan, and the country was opened to Europeans, but when I arrived there it had grown considerably in size and there were some very fine buildings erected by the large tea houses, the foreign representatives and club houses, and some large stores of Japanese merchants.

The capital of Japan, Tokio, lies some twenty miles to the north of Yokohama, but the water is very shallow in this part of the bay and vessels usually anchor off Yokohama. The great military road of Japan, the To-kai-do, runs past Yokohama and up to Tokio. At the time that I arrived the Japanese were building a railroad between the two cities. It was under the supervision of English engineers and constructors with English capital back of it. I made a number of trips into the interior of Japan during my sojourn on the Idaho, all of which were most interesting. The Japanese at this time were quite a study, as they were passing through the changes that have led up to the wonderful results that we see to-day. There was a strong anti-foreign element, but many of the brighter and younger of the Japanese and those who had some chance to see the world outside of Japan were all in favor of progress and uplift which has come to the nation, and a great number of prominent professors and teachers from colleges in Europe and the United States and officers of the German and English armies were employed by the Government to teach in the Japanese schools and the university at this time.

The most memorable visit that I made was in company with our commander, Captain Watson, and several other officers to see the Emperor of Japan at the Royal Palace at Tokio. He was then about sixteen years of age and had never seen, except at a distance possibly, any Europeans face to face excepting the British minister, Sir Harry Parks, and his staff. He had had an interview with this officer just prior to the time that we had our interview. Sir Harry Parks was the celebrated English minister who was at Australia and then afterward minister resident at Pekin during the Chinese rebellion. He went through a rather thrilling experience there, being captured by some of the leading factionists and imprisoned in a cage, and for sometime it was doubtful whether he would be executed or starve to death. Our party drove to Tokio on the To-kai-do and stopped at

the consulate. In the latter place our minister, Mr. De Long, joined the party, and so did Admiral John Rodgers and his chief of staff, Captain Nichols, his flag lieutenant, Mr. Wheeler, and a number of other officers of the flagship. The To-kai-do, the road on which in the old days the armies of the Tycoon tramped to and fro on their forays with their armies of retainers, the two sorted class or samurai, is lined with ancient stately trees and was a beautiful drive, as every spot of Japan as big as the size of a man's hand is under cultivation. At a green spot near the capital, Tokio, we stopped to witness a military execution of three criminals. They were beheaded, but before this operation they sat down very cheerfully and gambled for each other's effects, clothes, etc., and when this was over and they were ready, they knelt on the ground at a distance of about ten feet apart. Their eyes were bandaged, their feet tied, and their hands also behind them. The execution was with a large sword, the blade of which must have been as keen as the keenest razor. For these old swords were of the highest quality of steel and the makers of them in feudal times in old Nippon were highly honored men. In front of the criminals there was a small hole dug, the sod turned back just beneath the neck of the doomed man, and the executioner passed along from one to the other, and before you could say "Jack Robinson" the three heads were off and the blood spurting into the hole in the ground beneath. Attendants picked up these heads, held them aloft, and the chief officer made some remarks, probably to show that the law had been carried out, and these with the bodies were put in rough bamboo baskets and carted off. The ground where the execution took place, being covered over with earth and sod in a few minutes, gave no evidence of any transaction such as we had seen.

When the party was ready, we were notified by the officers of the Minister of War, Sawa, through interpreter. We proceeded by jinrikisha, or man horse-power, this being the universal means of transit in the capital and

other cities of Japan at that time. They were a kind of two-wheeled carriage in which two persons could sit over the center of gravity, and the betto, or man who pulls it, is in the shafts in front. It is wonderful how much ground they can cover in a short time and how pleasantly they move about. On arriving at the imperial grounds we passed in over a moat and drawbridge, two heavily armored gates on either side and guards all about armed with two swords, and some of them had muskets of modern date. Some of the Japanese officers were dressed in uniform with a profusion of gold lace. The grounds were most magnificently cultivated, with all sorts of flowers and flowering trees, the camellia trees being as large as our buckeye and Norway maples here; and as the Japanese are the finest florists and horticulturists in the world, and as hundreds of years had been spent in adorning these grounds, they were in the most beautiful attire. As we reached the palace all the suite, with the admiral at the head, the United States Minister and the junior officers at the rear, passed in between guards, all of whom seemed as impassive and immovable as iron posts. We were shown into an anteroom, where we had to wait quite a little while. Finally the doors of an inner room were opened and the minister, through an interpreter, presented the admiral and each one of us in succession to his Imperial Majesty Mutsuhito, the Emperor of Dai Nippon, the Mikado. It will be recalled that a few years before, the rebellion took place and the old Tycoonate passed away and the Mikado became the ruler of Japan. The latter appeared sitting to be much taller than the average Japanese, probably about five feet nine or ten inches. He could not be called handsome, though he had a pleasing and dignified look; a fine open face and high forehead, but with a large sensual mouth which detracted from its perfection. His hair and eyes were black, the former brushed up into a knot and concealed by a head-dress called the ka-mu-ra, which all the royal blood wore; this was fastened by a band around his fore-

head and had two *black* top knots or plumes, standing up about six inches and falling over gracefully backward; it appeared to be made of crape and lacquered over. His dress was a loose-flowing robe of brown silk, and his hands and arms were enveloped in its numerous folds; his trousers, or ha-ka-mas, were of lighter color, loose also, and extending below the knee; his feet were encased in white stockings that only reached to the ankle; from this to where the ha-ka-mas extended, a short distance, was bare, and his royal skin (give me a prettier word, as some one says, and I'll use it) looked clean but tawny. He wore sandals confined to the foot by a light strap crossing on the instep and passing between the great and second toes. A heavy gold chain over the neck and entering the recesses of his robe was the only ornament that he wore; the robe was marked with his crest and the royal chrysanthemum in the figures of the material. We retired as soon as the interview was over, backing out of the presence of his Imperial Majesty, as was the etiquette.

The Tycoon was still living at this time not far from Tokio, being maintained by the Government. He was head of what was known as the Tokugawa Clan and, with the Mikado, they and their ancestors ruled Japan in a sort of dual government for thousands of years. This passed away with a rebellion. Since then Japan has made the wonderful strides known to all the world. It is only a few years ago since Mutsuhito died. This was said to be, and no doubt was, the second interview that was granted to European officials by the Emperor at the beginning of the new system in Japan. The remainder of the day was spent in viewing the many curious and interesting things around the imperial gardens and in the various offices of the heads of departments. In the evening we were given a dinner at the Hama-goten, or Government House, by the Minister of War, Sawa. There were two sets of courses, the Japanese dinner and the European one. After the dinner, which was very elab-

orate, we were entertained by a beautiful performance of the Geisha girls. The corps which performed for us being the finest in the empire, they were dressed in the full Japanese attire mostly and very ornate robes. The only remembrance which I have of it is that there was a great deal of gold thread shot through the various dresses and sashes they wore. They sang and played upon the saimsens, or an instrument somewhat like a violin, but there was no comparison to any music that I had ever heard before, only a kind of sing-song drooning and thrumming of the instruments. We were transported to our quarters in the city after the entertainment, and in every way thoroughly enjoyed the episode. It was not only its being unique, but quite historic. The most of us spent the next few days in visiting points of interest about the great city of Tokio. It was very much then as it had been in olden times, as the modern hand had not been at work upon the streets or edifices. Many of the old palaces and houses of the Daimios and princes with their retainers, who came annually to the capital to pay their respects to their sovereign, were still standing and took up much ground in the city. Tokio must have contained at that time nearly a million people, the stores, the market houses, the shops, and the temples and streets were crowded with men, women and children running about making much clatter with their wooden shoes, which they slip off when they go to enter one of their houses, as these latter were highly decorated and the floors lacquered, shining like a Nubian's face. We returned to Yokohama and our vessel by the same road we had traversed on our trip to Tokio.

It would take quite a large book to cover all the incidents that I saw or experienced in China and Japan, and, as I stated before, I am only culling out that which I think will be the most readable. With a party of officers I made one visit of over ten days into the interior of the island, visiting the hot springs of Hakoné, the old capital at Nikko, and made the ascent of the peerless mountain

Fuji-Yama. This is the mountain that is held sacred almost by all Japanese, and appears in nearly all the decorative art of the kingdom for many years past and at present. It rises from a plain to a height of over thirteen thousand feet. It took us two days to accomplish the ascent, and we were well repaid for our trouble by the magnificent views we saw from the summit and intermediate points. We measured the mountain barometrically. It was August 5, 1871, when we were on the summit, and the snow, which remains for a number of months after the winter, had almost entirely disappeared. The crater in places fumes and sputters a little, but it is practically extinct. There is a half-way house as you go up the mountain and a temple near the top. Here certain votaries of the Shintoo faith visit the priests and are supposed to receive a kind of absolution, as they change their clothing to white before they descend the mountain.

Shortly after our return from this trip we went through the most thrilling experience of all that I encountered during my stay in the East. For a number of days in August the weather had been intensely hot, the thermometer often one hundred and ten degrees in the shade. Although we had a wooden roof on our vessel and awnings spread and the deck sprinkled from time to time, the heat was almost unbearable; all labor and exercises were suspended. Toward the close of the hot spell the weather became murky, the sky overcast, and peculiar greasy gray clouds were chasing each other over the sky. The barometer was falling slowly but steadily, and we all saw the approach of the dreaded typhoon or East Indian hurricane. We made all preparations for it in the way of double lashing the guns, veering our anchor chains to almost full length, lashing everything movable about the decks, and battening down the hatches. On August 24th the storm began to arise. The wind came with increasing velocity and there was a peculiar soughing in the air. Toward evening it became very

dark, the sky as black as ink, and the force of the winds still increasing. The typhoon is a fearful storm, a circular one, and the wind blows in one direction half the time and then changes in a few moments and goes out directly in the opposite quarter. As the morning of the 25th of August broke and daylight, or as much of daylight as there was, came we could see by all the indications that the vortex of the storm was passing not very far distant. The barometer began to fall with frightful rapidity as if bewitched, moving up and down with irregular jerks, showing the disturbed state of the atmosphere. The executive officers and I were at our stations under the break of the afterdeck and the staff officers were below in the wardroom, the men forward under the forecastle or on the gundeck. The singular gyrations of the clouds were something that one had never seen before in a storm, and the terrific roar and force of the wind was so great as to pick up the sea and carry it along with it. The air was filled with salt spray, and so great was the power of it that it was impossible to show your head or face above the hammock rail of the ship.

Captain Watson was in the cabin and only came out occasionally to make some slight remark about the storm or anchors and chains, as we were evidently drifting with every send of the sea and power of the wind. The latter would rise and fall in the most unearthly sort of sounds, and it was impossible at the height of the typhoon to hear a word unless it was bellowed into your ear by some one close to you. I had often joked with an officer who had experienced a typhoon and told him that I thought they were no more severe than the original winter gales of the Atlantic or the South Indian Ocean. The only reply was, "You have got to go through one to know what it is." At the very climax of the storm this officer turned to me, putting his mouth close to my ear, and said, "Now, Jack, d—n it, don't you believe it can blow some?" I had no answer to make,

for the conditions were sufficient and we were all very quiet, for the danger of our getting entangled with some other vessel or the wooden roof of our vessel breaking off or the vessel itself breaking and going to pieces was imminent.

Suddenly the great wind ceased and all became absolutely calm, and it was then that we experienced the greatest danger, for with the power and force of the wind the sea began to run and rise and great waves mountain high came rolling aboard the vessel, tossing and pitching us in every direction. We had life lines along the deck and every precaution had been taken in advance, yet there was nothing that could be done but simply hold on and look at the frightful exhibition of Nature. In a little while the wind came from directly the opposite direction from which it had been blowing and with about the same velocity opened upon us again, but with diminishing force, and in a few hours it blew itself out. The sea began to quiet down, the sky began to clear up and, as the harbor became visible, a light broke everywhere with the clearing storm and the ravages of the typhoon could be observed. Our own vessel had drifted many hundred yards. A short distance further, had the wind not changed, we would have been on the beach. The whole beach was strewn with wrecks of junks, sailing vessels, boats, and one or two smaller national vessels had gone ashore. Here and there we could see some ships that had been in trouble, their masts blown away or other damage done to them. With a glass you could see on shore that the storm had swept away many of the buildings, picked up the small wooden cottages of the Japanese and practically scattered them to the four winds of heaven. As we studied our own vessel we could see, stanch though she was, that a little longer battering would have finished her, for the seams of the decks were opened in many places and the lower decks were flooded with water; many of the great oak knees which braced the sides of the ship to the cross-

beams were cracked in two, which must have required an enormous force. Visiting the shore shortly afterward, the destruction wrought by the storm could be observed. Great trees were uprooted and houses were scattered everywhere, many persons were injured, and the whole countryside showed the fearful effects of the typhoon. By calculation the vortex of the typhoon must have passed within a few miles of Yokohama.

Part of our amusement at Yokohama was in witnessing the running races at the Japanese Race Club. We always enjoyed this pastime while in Shanghai, China. The Chinese mustang or pony is a very tough and fleet little animal, very vicious, but is capable of much endurance. These animals were used in the running races. There were large sums of money bet at all times and rich prizes given for the various races. We hired these mustangs at the livery stables and took rides out into the open country, and always found them very sure-footed and reliable. The Japanese curiosity stores of Yokohama were very interesting to visit on account of the many curios for sale there, many of them being bronzes and lacquerware and carved ivory pieces that had come down for hundreds of years and were put up for sale by the owners. The prices were very reasonable considering what they brought in this country. Of course, in the first dickers they always kept the figures up pretty well, but we managed to get them down to reasonable prices. The Japanese screens were beautiful objects of household decoration and some of them very valuable indeed. They are used a great deal in the houses of Japan and form the partitions or rooms, as most of the Japanese dwellings are first-floor houses and the divisions are made by means of these screens. In the houses of the more wealthy classes the elaborate work on some of these was certainly very ornate and beautiful. The dress of the old Japanese nobility, the Kuge class, and that of the Daimios and the Yakonins form a peculiarly interesting study. Many of the upper

classes were changing to European dress, so the ancient suits and the armor, swords and weapons of attack and defense could be purchased for moderate prices.

One of the institutions in Yokohama which had existed for many years prior to Europe entering into the country, and which had been enlarged since this invasion, was the large Government brothel, Yoshi-Warru, or Jinkaro. There were at times as many as twenty-five thousand prostitutes in this institution all under Government supervision, and they were compelled to wear a certain distinctive dress or badge, but very rarely permitted to go outside of the building where they lived. The lower class, the Japanese merchant, after he had made a considerable fortune for himself, which would be small in our estimation, but sufficient for him to retire on, if unmarried would select a wife from this institution, preferring to have one from there on account of their knowledge and general information, which was greater than the ordinary Japanese woman. The Japanese woman, or "musme," as she is called, wears a "kimona," a double skirt which is lapped over in the front, and as the weather becomes colder, although it is never very cold, and snow and ice are quite rare, they increase the number of capes and skirts. Their obi or sash, which is very large and very wide, keeps the dress in proper order and together, coming up above the waistline. It is tied on the side for an unmarried girl, and the bow is in front for a married woman. Widows or others wear the sash irregularly or in a bow behind. The "kimona" is a very universal dress and need not be described, as it has become quite popular in all countries. They wear no hat or cap, but fix their hair in an elaborate manner with pins made of jade or other precious stones and raised up high on the top of their heads. They are all small of stature, very neat and cleanly in all their attire, and bathe frequently; in fact, the bathhouse in Japan is the universal institution, and the most singular thing about the country is that the sexes all bathe

together in the same pool, but there is no irregularity or anything out of order in this bathing place, as it has been the custom of the country to do so for a thousand years or more. The water is conveyed to the pools often hot and cold in bamboo pipes from mountain springs, and runs off and is very clean and pleasant.

In the early part of April, 1872, the flagship returned to Yokohama and all the other vessels of the squadron gathered there for general drill and inspection. Admiral John Rogers, of the *Colorado,* was relieved by Admiral Charles Baldwin, and there were a number of changes among the officers of the ship, details coming from the United States and those officers whose terms had expired going home.

The fall of 1871 and spring of 1872 were spent in visiting various noted points in Japan. The country was rapidly becoming Europeanized and almost every steamer from the United States or from England and the continent brought prominent professors or officers of the army and navy out to give instructions in the schools and universities of the kingdom. One of the men who went to Japan in the early days and who did excellent work there was Dr. Hepburn, who was from the State of Pennsylvania and related to the family of which the law partner who was with my father belonged. He was a medical missionary and devoted most of his time to curing the Japanese of diseases of the eye, to which they were very much addicted, owing to careless treatment when they were children. He was very much beloved by the natives, and in his travels around the country was followed by crowds of people begging him to relieve them of their afflictions. He became thoroughly acquainted with the customs and the ways of the people, and wrote a dictionary of the spoken and written language. The Japanese language was not a difficult one to acquire. In point of fact, before I had left the country I had learned to speak it myself with considerable fluency and often acted as interpreter for the officers of

the vessel and the flagship and others. During the fall Frederick Grant, the son of General Grant, then President of the United States, with one of his classmates, Wasson by name, came out on a mission to the country. He had just graduated from West Point and was then starting upon his military career.

The Pacific Mail steamers ran monthly from San Francisco to Yokohama and were very fine, large and seaworthy vessels. Many tourists passed through Yokohama on their way around the world. A son of the poet Longfellow, Charles W. Longfellow, stopped at Yokohama and visited the capital and other points, and was so much taken with the country that he bought a house and settled down there. The Hon. E. Perine Smith, of Rochester, New York, one of the officers of the Attorney General's Department in Washington, and who was related by marriage in some way to Rudyard Kipling, the author, arrived in the spring of 1872 for the purpose of establishing a department of law at the capital, under the auspices of the Government. These officials who took service under the Mikado were all paid very large salaries. It was through this work that the Government was enabled to make such rapid and gigantic strides. The fine coast guard and life-saving service, the lighthouses, and the mints established on the same principle as our United States mints were initiated in those years and the principal steps were taken to build up a fine large navy yard, the outcome of which you see to-day in the potential strength of the Mikado's fleet.

A visit to the great statue Di-Butz was made in the spring of 1871. This is an enormous bronze statue of the god Buddha, and was erected several hundred years before any foreigners entered Japan. It was a sort of Mecca for the Buddhists of the country, who paid tribute to the priests who officiated in the temples in the neighborhood of this monument to that wonderful faith that extended all over the East, and to which millions paid reverent devotion. Yokohama was settled shortly after

Perry's expedition opened up the country. The landing made by Perry was at Kana-gawa a small place on the coast near Yokohama, but the better harbor facilities at the latter place made its rise more immediate. It was only a few years ago that the semi-centennial of the landing of Perry was celebrated at this place with appropriate ceremony by the Mikado and our minister and officials of the United States Government. There was a monument which was dedicated at that time to commemorate the historic event of Perry. Only lately I have read with the greatest pleasure the books of Lafcadio Hearn, who took up a residence in Japan, married a native there and raised a family, and whose knowledge of the country and people and insight into their ways and language and religion was more intimate and penetrating than any other person who ever visited that country. I would advise any one who is interested in the empire and desirous to grasp the peculiar mysteries of the country, and particularly the deeply religious side of it and the bearing this has on the physical government of the empire, to read these books. Lafcadio Hearn was a mystic himself and fitted by education and travel for the work that he did in Japan.

In leaving the country in 1872, I did so with great regret, as I had begun to understand the people, and the study I made of the Government and its ways and its relation to those who served under it was a pleasant diversion, and I would have been glad to have continued it. I was offered a position under the Japanese Government with a salary of ten thousand dollars a year, which probably would have been increased, but it required a contract of three years' service, and as I had been away from home for quite a long season, I declined the generous offer, although it would have been in a line of service that would have permitted me to gain an insight into the Japanese that I could not have gained in any other way. The best authorities on the Japanese kingdom in my judgment are Hepburn, the medical mission-

ary; the Rev. Dr. Griffith, who had been some time there as a teacher for a Japanese prince, and Lafcadio Hearn. Of course there are many others who have written scattered works about the kingdom, but the most of them have been inaccurate, disconnected and scarcely worth perusal.

CHAPTER VII

HOMEWARD BOUND—SUNSET SLOPE AND THE GREAT WEST

> Each man's chimney is his Golden Milestone;
> Is the central point, from which he measures
> Every distance
> Through the gateways of the world around him.
> —*Longfellow.*

My return to the United States, by way of the Pacific Mail steamship *America,* was in May, 1872, and was not voluntary upon my part. The circumstances require some little detail. It will be noted that at this time, under the treaty rights between our country and Japan, we had extra-territorial privileges. In other words our ministers, consuls and commercial agents had supreme control over the subjects of the United States, and for all crimes committed or misdemeanors of any kind the Consular Court was the tribunal that had jurisdiction. The consular system throughout the East, so far as I could get a view of it during my stay there, was rotten to say the least, and many officials sent out to fill these positions were simply "grafters" of the very worst kind, although the word "graft" had not then found its way into the English language. Some even sold the American flag to Chinese junks and Japanese merchants for the purpose of trading under it, and nearly all of them utilized their official position for gain, and a number of them went home with considerable money to their credit. Since then there has been a reorganization of all these things and a stated inspection, and a great improvement has taken place.

As navigating officer of the *Idaho,* I had control of the mail, and would attend to having the boat sent to the steamer as soon as one arrived from the United States or other countries, and would take it thence to the Consulate after I had delivered the mail for our vessels, if any were in the harbor. The Vice-Consul

of the United States, who was a man named Wilson, from Buffalo, New York, I believe, an ignorant and conceited pot-house politician, who had no more qualifications for his position than a Chinese idol, was in the habit of putting on many airs of authority, by reason of his position. He and other officers of the Consulate were engaged in running a gambling house, and the man who did the personal work of dealing was a gambler named Livermore, who had left California some years before under some sort of a cloud, but was a very bright and rather intellectual fellow. There was no doubt that the money to conduct the place was furnished by the officers of the Consulate, as the marshal of the Consulate was a man named Morrison, and he was the doorkeeper, major domo, of the establishment. It was a very lucrative business, because it was not conducted squarely, and many officers of our fleet and the foreign fleets there and some of the richer natives, Chinese and Japanese, frequented the house and took part in the game. It was always crowded in the evenings, and one night shortly before I left Japan there was some altercation between the persons running the game and those playing, on account of the dealer being caught in the act of cheating. There was a free fight and everything in the place was smashed up. I recollect that I caught the chandelier and with one twist I put the whole place into darkness as black as twelve midnights. The result was that nearly everything in the gambling hell was smashed up and for a while the game was interrupted, but later on it was opened up under the same auspices, and I presume the revenue as usual went as "graft" to "Uncle Sam's" officials there.

Vice-Consul Wilson, among other things, demanded that we should lower a boat whenever he wanted one, send the consular mail as he wished, and particularly to have the whole mail sent to the Consulate before delivery aboard any of the ships. The State Department and the Navy Department being entirely independent of each

other, orders were issued to refuse his demand. Of course, there was a great deal of friction between us and we were constantly at odds.

One evening, when ashore with some other officers, we were playing billiards in the hotel in Yokohama, when we got into some altercation with the waiter or servant who counted the marks on the string, and I struck him over the head with a cue. He made a complaint to the Vice-Consul, and the result of this was that Wilson made charges against me to the commanding officer. As I had gone ashore without asking leave, this fact was the only thing that really came up against me, but it was sufficient, because the regulations were very strict about our leaving the ship without any commissioned officer in command. The Vice-Consul charged that we all were under the influence of liquor, and also brought charges of assault and battery against me by the native. I paid no attention to the hearing in the consular office, but a transcript of the charges was sent to the admiral after the flagship got to Yokohama, and the result was that a board convened and three charges were heard. Admiral Baldwin presided at the court. They were looked upon by all the officers as venial charges, but the violation of the regulation in going there without leave, or taking "French leave," as it is called, had to be recognized in some way, and the result was that the board brought in a verdict that I be suspended for one year on half pay and be reprimanded in general orders by the Secretary of the Navy. The charges of being under the influence of liquor and the assault on the native were both ignored, and the only recognized article in the suspension made was the one concerning taking "French leave."

The result of this was that I left Japan sooner than I would otherwise have done. My orders were to proceed via San Francisco to the Isthmus of Panama, to New York City, and then report to the Secretary of the Navy. I was furnished by the paymaster with a ticket on the

Pacific Mail steamship *America* to San Francisco, and also one from San Francisco by way of Panama to New York. At that time, although the law said distinctly that officers traveling under orders were entitled to ten cents a mile, there was a fever of economy going over the Department, and the Comptroller of the Currency, a man by the name of Lawrence, was endeavoring to keep down the expenses of officers of the navy in this way by furnishing them transportation instead of giving them ten cents a mile, to which they were legally entitled. There was a curious sequel to this. A number of other officers who had been furnished transportation from various ships in Europe and other places combined together and placed their claims, under the law at ten cents a mile, in the hands of a claim agent in Washington, who took the matter up and carried it successfully through the Court of Claims and had Congress appropriate the money at various times for the payment of them, but unfortunately for us the two Houses did not report the appropriation at the same time, and it did not become a law for a long time afterward.

In justice to all those officers, the Hon Samuel J. Randall took the matter up and pressed it successfully through the House, and Senator Cameron carried it through the Senate, and it was signed in the appropriation bill by the President. The result of this was that sixteen years after I left Japan, when at the polls watching the vote cast for Congressman when I was on the ticket, my daughter brought me my mail, and in it was a large envelope with a United States Treasury draft for two hundred and ninety dollars, the difference between the ticket furnished me by the paymaster when I left Japan and the amount from Yokohama to New York calculated on the voyage at the rate of ten cents per mile. This illustrates with what celerity the United States pushes certain claims.

I had a very pleasant voyage across the North Pacific Ocean to San Francisco, the route being over the great

Circle Line to San Francisco, and there was hardly a day when a glass filled with water on the table would have lost a drop. It was with a thrill of patriotism that we passed the Farrellones Island and the lighthouse and entered the Golden Gate at San Francisco, once more back in God's own country. I spent about two weeks in and about San Francisco. The officer who came over with me, Lieutenant Commander Wheeler, was the flag lieutenant of Admiral John Rodgers, and had been ordered home. He was a very estimable officer and afterward died of yellow fever on the African coast, still in the line of his duty. With the party were two English officers, ordered home by way of the United States. Among the latter there was a marine officer by the name of St. John, who was always called "Sinjin." He was a most powerful and athletic fellow, a perfect specimen of physical development in every way, and it was very fortunate that he was so, because in going around "Frisco" one evening we visited the La Belle Union, a dance house and sort of vaudeville affair. Our party had been indulging in festivities and some of them were considerably elated, and the upshot was a fracas broke out. Some of the toughs or hoodlums of the city attacked us, and had it not been for the vigorous work of our friend, the British marine officer "Sinjin," whom I saw knock down and out four or five of them in succession, our crowd would probably have been pretty well cleaned up.

President Baldwin, of the Bank of California, who was then in the height of his career as a financier, and who had a beautiful country place some fifteen miles below the city, sent us all invitations to visit it, which we did, and everything was put at our disposal—horses, conveyances and servants. We spent several days there very pleasantly, and I took a run down to the Yosemite Valley to see the great monster sequoias or giant trees.

The weather was very warm for the season and I dreaded the passage around by the Isthmus of Panama, so I sold my ticket by that route for one hundred dollars,

receiving five twenty-dollar gold pieces, and these I turned into greenbacks, receiving thirty-three cents for every gold dollar, that being the rate at that time before resumption had gone into effect. The Navy Yard, United States Mint and other places of interest in San Francisco were all visited, together with the Bank of California.

I spoke in a former chapter of the Mexican dollars being separated into first chop, second chop and third chop, according to the amount of the abrasion. These silver dollars were used a great deal at that time on the Sunset Slope. In the banks of California they had a corps of Chinese accountants, or "schroffs," as they were called, who had an adept way of throwing these Mexican dollars up on their fingers and telling in a moment whether they were one, two, or three rate, casting them into receptacles according to their value. Thousands of them would be thus separated by these Chinese accountants in a very short time. No machine could have done it more scientifically or more accurately.

I left for Denver, and remained a short time in this latter city, which was then a small place, and from there I went to Georgetown, Colorado, where I found my old classmate and schoolmate, who was with me at Amherst College, Robert Stewart Morrison. He was practicing law in that town and had a fair clientage, although not long in the place. I also met another old Pittsburgh friend and schoolmate, Henry Campbell, who is still alive, I believe, at Sewickley. My friend Morrison was engaged to be married to a girl of Spanish parentage, and I promised him that I would go to his wedding, which he had set for the next year. Among other persons I met in Colorado at that time was Edgar O. Wolcott, of Massachusetts, who was just out of college and starting in business in that Territory, Colorado not becoming a State until 1876, being the Centennial State. Wolcott succeeded very well both financially and politically and represented the State afterward in the United

States Senate with great ability. I met him a number of times in Washington, and also at the Republican convention of 1900 in Philadelphia, when McKinley was renominated and Theodore Roosevelt was nominated for Vice-President. Wolcott was temporary president of that convention. I had a number of opportunities to go into the mining business at that time in Colorado. Cripple Creek, which was not far from Georgetown, had not then been discovered. Denver was little more than a scattered village.

After leaving Denver I crossed the plains and could see from the car much game, many prairie dogs, some antelope and droves of buffalo. The latter sometimes were so close as to be shot from the trains. All this has disappeared with the advance in civilization in the West. I arrived in Pittsburgh July 9, 1872, and met my mother, whom I had not seen for over two years. After a short stay there I went to Philadelphia and saw my esteemed friend, since dead, ex-Sheriff Henry C. Hôwell. I received letters of introduction from him and from Senator Cattell, of New Jersey, to the Hon. George M. Robeson, Secretary of the Navy, and went to Washington, where I reported officially to the Department and saw Mr. Robeson. He reviewed the records of the court-martial in Yokohama and read my letters of introduction to him, and said it was hardly worth while to issue any reprimand, that the record of the court itself was sufficient for that purpose, and hoped I might have a pleasant sojourn home.

The summer of 1872 was spent partly at a summer resort in northern central Pennsylvania called Ralston, where my aunt and cousins were sojourning. The following winter and spring of 1873 I was in Pittsburgh and Allegheny most of the time, and attended the weddings of a number of my friends there, being in demand as a naval officer for groomsman or best man. One noted wedding was that of Lieutenant Calbraith Perry Rodgers, a relative of Admiral John Rodgers, with

whom I had sailed in the Orient. He wedded Miss Lizzie Chambers, a most beautiful girl, whose father was a prominent glass manufacturer of the city, and whose brother, Mr. James A. Chambers, is still living there and a member of the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie Canal Commission. It was the swell wedding of the winter and took place at the beautiful residence of the parents of the bride in the East End. Lieutenant Rodgers was a cavalry officer on recruiting duty, then stationed at the United States arsenal in Pittsburgh. Afterward, on service on the plains, standing outside of his tent during a thunder storm, he was struck by lightning and killed. His widow resides, I think, in Washington. We saw a great deal of her and his children during our stay in the Capital. It was young Calbraith P. Rodgers, his son, the aviator who first crossed the continent and who met with his death in this business near Brooklyn, New York, a short time ago.

Another noted wedding in Trinity Church was that of T. Chal Clarkson, who wedded one of the most prominent society ladies of Pittsburgh, a Miss Zug. The father of the latter, Christopher Zug, was a pioneer in and one of the most prominent iron and steel manufacturers of the Iron and Smoky City. It appeared to me that nearly all that I did that winter and spring was to go to weddings or other social affairs, and my involuntary leave was spent with much pleasure until the 1st of June, and before then I applied for orders to the United States steamer *Michigan,* a vessel located at Erie, Pennsylvania, which in the summer months spent most of her time between that city and Chicago in cruising over the Northern Lakes. She was maintained there under the provisions of a treaty made in 1841 between England and this country which permitted the maintenance of one vessel of each Government, carrying a certain number of guns, on the Great Lakes. This was the celebrated treaty negotiated by Daniel Webster with Lord Ashburton (one of the Barings), the British minister,

in which our northern boundary line was remodified to our advantage, and so favorable was it to this country that English diplomatists and public men spoke of it as the "Ashburton capitulation."

I reported for duty aboard the United States steamer *Michigan* the 1st of June, 1873, to Commander George Brown, later admiral in the navy, of Indianapolis, Indiana. The cruise of the summer was taken to the watering place of Put-in-Bay, where on the island of Gibraltar was the beautiful palace of Jay Cooke, of Philadelphia, who financed the Government in the latter days of the Civil War. Thence we went to Detroit through the straits and up to the Straits of Mackinaw and down Lake Michigan to the great city of Chicago. During my stay in the East the great fire had ravaged the latter city and laid most of it in ashes. The wreckage and relics of the catastrophe were then everywhere apparent. Still the energy and grit of the people were evident in the rapidity with which they were beginning to recuperate and rebuild the city.

In the summer of 1872, on my return from my outing in the East, I stopped off at Altoona to get supper at the Logan House, the usual point for stoppage of trains. While there I met some Pittsburgh friends, the late Dallas Wilkins and his brother, William Wilkins, both now deceased, and a party with them from Cresson Springs. They urged me to spend a while at this resort, as there were quite a number of Pittsburghers at the place. Not having anything to do until the fall, I remained at Cresson Springs for several weeks. It was there I first met my wife, then Miss Elizabeth Waddingham Gilpin. She was visiting her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. W. Dewees Wood, who had a cottage there, and the result of this was the romance which ended in my marriage in 1874. Miss Gilpin had been raised in St. Louis, at the home of the Misses Douthetts, who were formerly Pittsburghers. One of these ladies married the flour manufacturer of St. Louis, Mr. George Plant, and the other

the Rev. Dr. Clinton Locke, of the Episcopal Church. When the *Michigan* arrived at Chicago Dr. Locke was in charge of the Wabash Avenue Episcopal Church, one of the leading positions in the clergy of that city, and they resided on Prairie Avenue. Miss Gilpin was visiting them at the time. They entertained the officers of the *Michigan* at a reception one evening, and we returned the compliment by an entertainment aboard the vessel. On the return of the *Michigan* to Erie Dr. Locke was my guest aboard ship as far as Cleveland. where he left the vessel to go to Philadelphia to the triennial convention of his church, and a very ludicrous incident occurred at Put-in-Bay while the vessel was on this voyage. We were celebrating the birthday of Dr. Locke in the wardroom, the table being under the main hatch of the vessel. It was a warm day and the windsails were set. These are large canvas shoots with arms both to be turned in the direction of the wind, and in this way convey it down to the lower deck of the vessel for ventilation. While we were getting ready for dinner, a brass band from the shore that had been with an excursion party from Cleveland came aboard the ship to play for us, and one of the German musicians who was playing a horn near the main hatch leaned back against the windsail, thinking it was a mast probably, as they are very strong when the wind is blowing fresh. The result was that he fell down the hatch and landed in the center of the dinner table. We were all very much surprised to see the German musician come to dine with us in this unceremonious way, and when we realized the full force of the incident, it certainly was as much as we could do to keep from breaking our sides with laughter.

At all the places where the *Michigan* stopped we were well received, and many visitors would come aboard the vessel to inspect her. We returned to Erie, where she usually laid up during the winter months. About the latter part of September I took a short leave to Pittsburgh, and on my return the vessel was housed and got-

ten into condition for winter quarters. I had taken rooms in the town of Erie with one of the marine officers, expecting to spend the following winter in that place. Erie had always been a very favorite place for naval officers on account of it being headquarters for this vessel, and a great many naval officers had married in that town. The celebrated Captain Gridley, who was Dewey's executive officer at the Manila Bay fight, was one of those who wedded in this city. He has since died, and there is a fine monument in the town to commemorate his victory in the Philippines, with the inscription, "You may fire when you are ready, Mr. Gridley."

All my plans were changed by receiving orders from the Navy Department to join the United States sloop of war *Juniata*. About December 1st I went to New York and reported to Captain Daniel L. Braine, the commanding officer, who afterward rose to the rank of admiral. The executive officer of the vessel was Lieutenant George W. De Long, famous afterward in the fated Jeannette Polar expedition and who was lost with one of my classmates, Charles H. Chipp, who had also been one of my room-mates at the Naval Academy, and who was a watch officer on the *Juniata* at this time. After the loss of the *Jeanette* in the polar ice three of her boats sailed across the open sea to the delta of the Lena River, and on this voyage Chipp's boat with all on board was lost. Admiral Melville's boat reached the Siberian coast, and so did the boat of the commanding officer, George W. De Long. Fortunately for Melville's party, and unfortunately for De Long, the former struck a village of natives but De Long was lost with all but two of his men, whom he sent forward to try and seek relief, the story of which has been recorded in two noted books, one written by Admiral Melville and the other by Mrs. George W. De Long.

Prior to my joining the *Juniata* our Government had had trouble with Spain from the capture of the steamer *Virginius* by the Spanish man-of-war *Tornado*. The *Vir-*

ginius was commanded by Captain Frye and had a party of revolutionists aboard who were attempting to land and aid the rebels in Cuba, but was sighted by the *Tornado,* chased and captured before she could reach a neutral port in Jamaica. The Spanish authorities took the *Virginius* into Santiago, and they were tried by drumhead court-martial. Captain Frye, with the leading officers, were stood up against the wall and shot, and a second batch of them were treated to a similar fate, when a British vessel commanded by Captain Lamberton came into the harbor and protested against the barbarity of the action of the Spanish authorities in Cuba. The result was a suspension of the executions. This was the reason for the haste in fitting out the *Juniata,* and we left New York under sealed orders.

I hardly had time in the city to purchase a sufficient quantity of light clothing for use in Cuba and was unable to get my effects from Erie, so aside from the uniform and clothes on my back and a few articles that I purchased in New York, I left with the *Juniata* in rather scant attire. I was one of the deck officers and the voyage was a very pleasant one. When we arrived at the opening of the harbor of Santiago, since made so famous by Hobson's exploit in the *Merrimac* and the battle of Sampson and Schley with Cervera's fleet, we entered, having been at sea for a number of days without communication with any outside sources of information, as there was no such thing as wireless in those days. We were all in shape for action when we took aboard a pilot and started to go into the harbor and passed Morro Castle. Every man was at his station, the guns were "cast loose and provided" with shot and shell, and the captains of the guns were at the locksprings. I was sent aloft by Commander Braine to make a sketch of Morro battery and to try and fix the number and caliber of guns there.

We did not know whether war had been declared or not. However, we soon found out. As we went into

the harbor, which opens out into a fine anchorage, passed the town and exchanged the usual official courtesies with the Spanish authorities and the representatives of the Governor General, it was ascertained that our Government had made an arrangement with the Spanish authorities and that Secretary Fish had demanded the return of the rest of the prisoners of the *Virginius* to our vessel, with a salute to our flag as an apology for the execution of the two batches of prisoners first brought in by the *Tornado*. While we were there the United States ship *Wyoming,* commanded by Captain Cushing, the celebrated officer who sunk the *Albemarle* in the Civil War, arrived. This vessel had been ordered from Panama at the outbreak of the *Virginius* imbroglio, but being a very slow sailer, she did not reach Santiago until after we did.

The morning of the day that we were to leave we dropped down off Morro Castle, the Spanish authorities brought the prisoners aboard the *Virginius* in rafts and they were housed on board the deck as well as we could place them, the Stars and Stripes were run up to the three mast heads and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired by the Spanish fort, which we returned in kind, and then we steamed out, bidding adieu to Cuba, the "ever faithful isle," which a quarter of a century later passed out of the hands of the Spanish and her red and yellow flag ceased to fly anywhere on this side of the Atlantic.

Undoubtedly we would have gone to war with Spain at that time had our navy been in condition to justify it, but President Grant and Secretary Hamilton Fish of the State Department, as well as the naval authorities, knew that we were hardly a match for Spain, and all we could do then was to bluff the Spaniards, which we did successfully. Admiral Porter, when asked at this time as to our efficiency, said the United States Navy of to-day consists of "officers and water." We had been expecting Captain Strong and the *Canandaigua,* of the European squadron, to come in any day, as they also had been

ordered to Cuba. Captain Strong's rank was commanding officer, and we feared that he would order us to remain and that he would take the prisoners home in his vessel, as it would give them an opportunity of returning to the United States. There is quite a little story about this. As we steamed out toward Point Maysi, the eastern end of the island, which is the sea route taken to get to the North, I had the morning watch. It was rather misty, but the quartermaster reported to me that there was a long low vessel flying the American flag and trying to signal us, some distance away. As I was then engaged to be married and wanted to get back to the United States as quickly as possible, like Lord Nelson at the battle of Copenhagen, when he put the telescope to his blind eye, I did not hear what the quartermaster reported to me, nor did I report it to our commanding officer, who was then in the cabin asleep, all of which was probably my duty to do, but duty and love are sometimes at variance, and this time Cupid conquered. We soon got around Cape Maysi and pointed our nose toward New York City. We were overcrowded and the vessel very dirty, on account of the prisoners. Off Hatteras Christmas morning, December 25, 1873, we had a terrific winter gale; had to "lay to" for a number of hours with hatches battened down and everything "taut and snug." We could prepare nothing but coffee and rice, and this we ate in tin pans on the wardroom floor on tarpaulins. On December 30th we sighted Sandy Hook and Neversink and passed up off the Battery to the navy yard at Brooklyn, where we turned over the *Virginius* prisoners to the United States authorities and the United States marshal and district attorney. January 1, 1874, I applied to the commanding officer of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, Vice-Admiral Rowan, for two weeks' leave to go to my home in Pittsburgh. This was granted. After reaching the latter place I was taken sick and reported myself on sick leave for the rest of that spring and part of the summer, being unable to do any duty.

CHAPTER VIII

ENGAGEMENT, MARRIAGE AND RESIGNATION FROM NAVY

When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think
I should live till I were married.—*Shakespeare.*

In September, 1874, having thoroughly improved in health and contemplating marriage in the fall, I sent my resignation to the Navy Department, and it was accepted to take effect December 31, 1874, which gave me the rest of the year to draw pay as a master in the United States Navy. This grade I had received a commission for in China from Captain Kimberley, of the United States steamship *Benecia.* He was the officer who afterward was so celebrated for his conduct in the management of the United States steamship *Trenton* in the hurricane in the harbor of Apia in the Samoan Islands. Being abroad, I did not pass any examination for this grade, and the navy, since the reorganization, has abolished it, and the rank is now equivalent to that of junior lieutenant.

Through the efforts and courtesy of my esteemed friend, ex-Sheriff Henry C. Howell, of Philadelphia (whose son, George R. Howell, of the firm at that time of Moore, York & Howell, furniture manufacturers, married my cousin, Mary Robinson), I secured permission to enter the office of Mr. John G. Johnson to study law. At the same time that I was in this office, the lawyer who has lately been appointed judge in Philadelphia, the Hon. Thomas K. Finletter, was also a student under the same preceptorship. Mr. John G. Johnson had not then attained the high and extended celebrity in his profession that he now has, but had, however, one of the foremost practices of any lawyer then at the Bar. I must confess that while I have always been a hard worker myself at anything I could put my hand to, and was complimented by my preceptor for my assiduity and attention to my studies in the office, I received new ideas of

work from Mr. Johnson in the two years I was at my desk there. He had an iron constitution and a splendid physique, inheriting it, I think, from his father, who was a blacksmith. He never drank, smoked, or used tobacco in any form, and he seemed to devote himself entirely to his practice, every minute of his time in the office, day in and day out and in the long hours of the night. The only pleasure I ever saw him indulge in was to jump on a car some afternoon in front of his office at 708 Walnut Street and go to a baseball game, of which sport he was very fond. He also was a great reader of Dickens' novels and other literature of this kind. His writing was almost indecipherable, as he had a way of contracting his words by leaving out the vowels, and while at first I could hardly read his letters or papers, I very soon mastered them. At that time there were very few stenographers or typewriters, nearly every bit of legal work being done by hand. Mr. Johnson had also a way of tearing off the blank sheet that came with many of his letters and writing an answer upon this piece of paper, thus practicing economy as well as saving time. His letters were always very brief and exactly to the point, either personal or professional. At the present time Mr. Johnson stands at the head of his profession in this country, and nowhere in the civilized English-speaking world is there a better lawyer or man of wider experience in the knowledge of law in all its ramifications and peculiarities.

My affianced, Miss Elizabeth Waddingham Gilpin, was at this time living in St. Louis, Mo., her father, Mr. Charles Lasalle Gilpin, residing at a country place named Pevely, some twenty miles below that city. Mr. Gilpin belonged to the distinguished family of that name in Philadelphia, the pioneers of which came over with Penn and were English Quakers from Cumberland County. His uncle, Hon. Charles Gilpin, was Mayor of the City of Philadelphia before the incorporation. In early life Mr. Gilpin went to the West and settled in St. Louis,

where he entered into business actively and also took a prominent part in all matters pertaining to horses, live stock, poultry and things of that kind, upon which subjects he was quite an authority. He still preserves his interest in the poultry line and has a chicken farm upon his country seat at Haverford, Pa., where he is spending a serene old age in raising and improving this kind of stock. His first wife, who was the mother of my wife, was a Miss Waddingham, of St. Louis, the daughter of an old family there. She died when Mrs. Robinson was a child. Mr. Gilpin's second wife was a Miss Helen Foster. My wedding took place in Christ's Episcopal Church in Lucas Place, St. Louis, October 29, 1874, and was attended by a number of my friends in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, and also some of Miss Gilpin's friends in St. Louis. My best man was Mr. Charles H. Howell, of Philadelphia, since deceased, who afterward married Miss Annie Fitler, daughter of the Hon. Edwin H. Fitler, who was the first Mayor of Philadelphia under the Bullitt charter. The groomsmen were Mr. James A. Robinson, my cousin, of Pittsburgh; Mr. Lewis Hutchinson, of the same city; Mr. Corbit Ogden, of Philadelphia; Mr. Lewis and Mr. January Plant and Mr. Jesse January, all of old and noted families of the city of St. Louis. The Rev. Dr. Clinton Locke officiated at the wedding. After this event we settled in Philadelphia and I continued the study of law in the office of Mr. Johnson, entering the Bar of that city the centennial year, 1876. After my admission I continued the lectures at the University of Pennsylvania which I had attended while a student in Mr. Johnson's office, and also opened an office for myself on Walnut Street and continued the practice of my profession until 1878, when I removed to Delaware County in April of that year.

Although I had a pleasant acquaintanceship in Philadelphia and many friends, I found it difficult to establish a law practice there, as the conservatism of the people is

such that it runs in grooves, and newcomers, as a rule, do not succeed unless they have some factitious aid or some family estates to attend to. My first child, Elizabeth, was born in Philadelphia on Thanksgiving Day, 1875. She is at present married and has two children, girls, Elizabeth and Kathryn. Her husband, Mr. A. Welling Wyckoff, is president of the Chalmers-Reo Automobile Company in Pittsburgh, a Cornell graduate, and very successful business man. They reside in the East End of that city. My other children were all born in Delaware County. In 1876 the Centennial Exposition was the great event of Philadelphia and the country. I spent a great deal of time in visits to this exhibit. Toward the close of this exposition I engaged in the business of selling engravings, etchings and mezzo tints. An English merchant in Philadelphia had imported a large number of these from France and was unable to pay the duty in full on them, and I took them out of the custom house and found the sale of them very profitable up until the close of the Centennial, when, of course, the large concourse of people falling off, very naturally the business became slack and I was left with quite a large number of prints on my hands, but from time to time disposed of quite a number of them. I also was secretary for some time of the Fairmount Park Art Association, which was incorporated for the purpose of beautifying Fairmount Park and to see that it was not marred by any incongruous productions. In the course of my administration of this business I put up the fountains at the entrance to the park near the Lincoln monument, similar to those at the Rond Point, Paris. I also installed the "Dying Lioness," a very fine piece of bronze at the entrance to the Zoological Garden, near the west end of the Girard Avenue bridge.

My father-in-law, Mr. Charles Lasalle Gilpin, through the influence of his brother-in-law, the Hon. Allen Wood, who represented the Montgomery County district in Congress at that time, was appointed chief of the

United States Customs Department at the Centennial Exposition, and all the work of classifying and invoicing the works that were sent to the show passed through his hands. He received very high encomiums from the United States Treasury Department for the manner in which this work was conducted and finished. He and his wife resided at Wallingford, near Media, Delaware County, Pennsylvania, and during our visits to them we became acquainted with people in Media, the county seat, and liked the surroundings so well that in the spring of 1878 we removed from Philadelphia to Media and have since resided there, spending more than half my life in that county and neighborhood.

In Memoriam

Since writing the above matter my father-in-law, Mr. Charles Lasalle Gilpin, died at the Bryn Mawr Hospital on June 7, 1915. He would have been eighty-nine years of age had he lived until September 3d of this year. His funeral occurred a few days afterward in the Media Cemetery and was attended by many prominent people from Philadelphia, his relatives and connections there and from Pittsburgh. There were very few men in the United States who had a more widespread acquaintance or a larger knowledge of public affairs, particularly those connected with manufactories and the iron and steel business. He was one of the most courteous and refined gentlemen that could be met with at any time. Always the same, quiet, unobtrusive and willing to assist or aid any one, particularly those connected with the large financial and industrial interests of the country. His death was mourned by all who knew him personally, and the tributes received at the time of his funeral were many and most beautiful from some of the most prominent citizens of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.

CHAPTER IX

LAW PRACTICE, LECTURING, BOOK AGENT AND POLITICS

> Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power.—*Richard Hooker.*

After entering the Delaware County Bar I engaged in practice and also did a great deal of newspaper work, space writing and lecturing. For a number of years I devoted my time to preparing and delivering lectures over the State and the eastern part of the country. I made addresses before a great many institutions and schools and on Memorial Day before Grand Army Posts and other institutions of the kind. The profession paid me very well for the time spent in it, as at that period the lecture business was far more extensive and a more prominent vocation than it is now, many of the larger towns and cities having regular lecture courses, where the most noted men of the country were called in in the winter season to fill the course. While engaged in the latter business I was at the head of the winter lecture courses for the Institute of Science in Media. I recall the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher disappointed us the first time that he was billed to come, but afterward appeared and before a large audience delivered his famous lecture on "Evolution and Revolution." One of the best lectures I ever heard was made by Theodore Tilton, of New York, since dead. It was called "The World's To-morrow" and foreshadowed in it many of the very noted discoveries and utilities that now are common in every-day use, like the telephone and electricity in its various applications for practical purposes.

Archibald Forbes, a celebrated English war correspondent, who made a reputation in the war between Russia and Turkey, was engaged by me for two lectures, one in Media and one in West Chester. The one in

Media was a great success and was largely attended, and the receipts were very good indeed, but the next evening, when we came to hold the lecture in West Chester, it was a very cold, bitter night and the hall in which he spoke was known to be an uncomfortable place for an evening of that kind, and the result was that I lost all the money that I made in Media by reason of this state of weather. However, Mr. Forbes and I spent a very pleasant evening in the hotel, sitting up nearly all night, he telling me many of the incidents of his wonderful career in riding hundreds of miles to get his matter for printing sent to the London newspapers. He was a man of fine appearance, but thoroughly English in his ways, with a tinge of Scotch in him. He seemed to have a wonderful constitution, or he certainly could not have performed the feats that he did and the various rides that he made during his career as a war correspondent.

I had one of the most peculiar incidents with Miss Anna Dickinson, a lecturer who was quite celebrated during anti-slavery times. When she came to Media to deliver a lecture on some Roman Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, I think, by some little mistake of the trainmen her gripsack went on to West Chester, and it was some time before I recovered it, but I held the audience for quite a while and wanted her to go on the stage and deliver her lecture on John Brown, the one she made her reputation on, but she refused to do this. When she received the manuscript book and gave us the lecture on the Roman Emperor she sat and read it from a desk on the stage, and it was a long, weary, dreary recitation on ancient history and old duffers of the Roman Empire which was of no account to the people of the present day. While waiting in the anteroom before going on the stage, when I told her that her manuscript had been received she fixed herself for her address by daubing a lot of war paint on her face, which was one of the homeliest I had ever seen, and took from her caba a

bottle of beer and drank the whole of it without offering me a taste.

All the lecturers I had any intercourse with seemed to have a peculiar streak of crankism in them. Tilton, for instance, when he came to the town was brought to my home and asked that he be shown to his room immediately. He went to bed with his boots and clothes on and said he wanted to be awakened fifteen minutes before the time of his lecture and have a big bowl of tea ready for him, all of which was done. I remember Beecher's experience when we had some difficulty in getting him out of the carriage at my home. It was one of those vehicles in which you had to move the front seat forward in order to let the back-seat passengers get out, and as he was quite a large man it was difficult for him to get down to the pavement. He said, "You have to get out of a carriage of this kind on the corkscrew principle." He was, however, one of the most genial and affable men who came to my home of those who were noted in the various lectures. He even got down on the floor and looked at the picture books and played with the blocks with my little children, my daughters then being small.

Selma Borg, a woman who came to me when I was running the courses in Media well recommended, with letters from prominent people in and around Boston and New York, among others one from Henry W. Longfellow, had a lecture on "Finnish Lore," which was well advertised by the people who sent the lecturers out. When she came to Media and I brought her to the Charter House she was pretty well under the influence of some sort of narcotic or liquor or something of some kind, as was plainly evident. I had to have a physician called and she was put to bed. It was a bitter cold night and snowing, but we finally succeeded in getting her braced up and with assistance I got her over to the Institute and on the platform, where she delivered her lecture with considerable force, although it was upon a subject that was not of a very general interest.

I myself had several lectures, the most noted one being a carefully prepared article on "The Sea, Ships and Sailors." I presume I delivered this lecture several hundred times in the county and over the State, and in the hall of the House at Harrisburg. I also had a lecture on "America, Her Hopes and Fears," which created some sensation when I delivered it, as I drew pictures of the peculiar socialistic ideas that were then coming to the front in this country and the greenback craze which was beginning to overspread the whole nation, making many of us fear that it was going to swamp the sound money interest in the country, but fortunately the stronger and more capable financiers of the eastern part of the United States saved the day against the Western leaders of this wild and silly "fiat" money craze. I never charged a large fee for addressing a church or lodge, and in this way I was able to effect considerable popularity, which many persons otherwise could not have done.

There was another feature in this business that was very pleasant. In traveling over the State you became acquainted with different kinds of people and saw a great many phases of life in towns and cities that were new and unlike the quiet, sedate Media, where I had come from. One of the finest audiences that I ever appeared before was at Indiana, Pa., the home of the Hon. John P. Elkin, now one of the justices of the Supreme Court of this State, who was in the Legislature with me and who had invited me to appear before the yearly institute. It was also the home of the Hon. Judge Harry White, well known as the State Senator from Pennsylvania who was in Libby prison during the war, when his vote would have been decisive in turning the scale between the Democrats and the Republicans could there have been any way of communicating with him at the time. Judge White is still living at an advanced age in his home town, and is one of the oldest members of the Constitutional Convention of 1872 that fashioned the last Constitution of the Commonwealth. The hall was

crowded in the evening when I appeared, and I had the honor of being introduced by the Hon. John P. Elkin himself. Many of the audience were young women teachers, but a large proportion of them were people who had come in from the country around, as this county was a good deal like our own Delaware and Chester Counties, noted for its educational trend and high intellectual tendencies.

The first Memorial Day address that I ever delivered was in Media before Post Bradbury, No. 149, G. A. R., at the Media Cemetery. It was very well received, as I had prepared myself with great care. This address, with changes, I used a number of times in my Memorial Day speeches all over the State, in Pittsburgh, Scranton, Williamsport, Reading, Chambersburg, Harrisburg and Lancaster, and, in fact, in nearly all the leading cities and towns of the Commonwealth. I know of no school of thought that is more efficient or valuable to a young man starting out for a political or a professional career as a lawyer or public speaker than the lecturer's platform, although at this time it is not patronized as it used to be twenty-five or thirty years ago. Then it was a regularly established institution yielding a very lucrative salary. The Star Lecture Courses of Philadelphia, for many years a valuable asset, yielded a large income. So did many of the other lecture courses in the leading cities of the United States, and all the noted lecturers like Ingersoll, Beecher and the others that I have mentioned were booked every winter to appear before these courses. So that if a young man could get the opportunity, and he had sometimes to make the opportunity for himself, as I had to do, it proved a way and a means for bringing one into wide acquaintanceship with a number of prominent people. As I had always been active in public affairs so far as my limited influence went, I took part in politics from my first settlement in Media. I had a very curious experience the first time I went to the polls, which was in 1878. I was at the window with the book of voters,

and one of the active opponents of the regular Republican ticket, which I always voted and encouraged, took exceptions to my activity and called me a carpet bagger and adventurer. I retaliated by telling him that my ancestors for three generations had lived in this country a long time before he emigrated, and it was not necessary for a man to take out naturalization papers when he removed from one part of the State to another.

My first active experience at conventions was in 1879, when the politicians then in control of the organization in Delaware County were using their efforts to push forward the three-term idea for the nomination of General Grant. This distinguished citizen and captain had only lately come back from a tour around the world, where he had met all the dignitaries, kings and emperors, etc., and was received with royal honors everywhere. On his return he was given a very flattering reception in Philadelphia, as he had always been cordially appreciated there. The citizens at the close of the great civil struggle presented him with a house on Chestnut Street. The three great political powers in the country at this time in the Republican party were Senator Cameron, of this State; Senator Logan, of Illinois, and Senator Roscoe Conkling, of New York. They were a mighty triumvirate and every political incident seemed to point to their success in nominating the ex-President for a third term. There was a deep-seated idea, however, throughout the country against it, and the precedent set by Washington, Jefferson and Jackson in refusing to accept more than two terms was very strong. Meetings were held over the country, and such men as Hon. Wayne MacVeagh and James McManes, the then boss of Philadelphia, and the Hon. James G. Blaine, of Maine, who had himself been an unsuccessful candidate for the nomination for President in 1876, strongly opposed the efforts of the Cameron, Logan and Conkling combination to push Grant's renomination. The convention at Chicago in 1880, which terminated in the nomination of President

James A. Garfield and the defeat of the third term idea, is familiar to all readers and students of our history. I only mention these incidents to recall that in the convention of September, 1879, in Media, when the Republicans who controlled the county at that time endeavored to instruct the delegation for the third-term principle, the effort they made was opposed by me in a speech and resolutions, which was my first appearance before the public in politics in the county.

Here follows a record of that meeting from the files of the Delaware County *American:*

"Mr. John B. Robinson, of Media, offered the following additional resolutions:

" '*Resolved,* By the representatives of the Republican party of Delaware County, in convention assembled, that we extend to General Ulysses S. Grant, late President of the United States, now on his return, a hearty welcome back to the shores of his native land; that land which his calm, judicious bearing, brave patriotic devotion and illustrious services have done so much to honor at home and abroad.

" '*Resolved, further,* That as partisans and as people we deprecate mention, except in a complimentary way, of his eminent name before the next national convention of our party. The idea of a third term of chief magistracy, being in our opinion obnoxious to a great body of the people, and an innovation upon Republican tradition so flagrant as to weaken the power and lessen the influence of any party advocating it.'

"In advocacy of this amendment Mr. Robinson made an extended speech, which we give verbatim:

" 'Mr. Chairman: I have but little to say in support of the present resolution. It voices itself, and if I mistake not very much. In its first part it voices the sentiment of the whole Republican party, and in its second part speaks the opinion of a very considerable and influential portion, if not the whole, of the same party. At no time that I can remember has there ever been an authori-

tative declaration by the party regarding this third term matter. Perhaps, in the past, it is well that it was so.

" 'Two years ago and one month this country was the scene of a most peculiar and abnormal insurrectionary movement. A mad spirit of revolt ran like wildfire over the great loyal States of the North. The communism, which had at times disgraced and despoiled the fair cities and capitals of European countries, and which we always believed to be an exotic, seemed for a moment to be taking root in the free soil of America. Blatant demagogues sprang up like mushrooms to assail the honor of the State, propagating the vicious ideas of the proletariat and advocating the wildest and most fantastic vagaries in finance, and in those time-honored, advantageous and mutual relations that should ever bind the rough hand of honest labor to the purse of honest capital, so irritated and stirred up the bad side of the public mind, that for a short season the country appeared to be in an unhealthy turmoil, which presaged disaster.

" 'Wise and judicious men, students of history, and young men with the future before them, were led to ask themselves and their older neighbors whether the baleful prophecies of Macaulay's famous letter upon our institutions—a letter which no American can read without an involuntary shudder—were unhappily to be fulfilled. The times were evil, and the record, discreditable as it was, yet had its use, as showing the people of the United States, for the first time, that behind their vaunted love of liberty and Republican institutions, the influences of their schools, their churches and their homes, there silently stalked a force, which if ignorantly or unscrupulously bad, might shake to its very foundation, if not utterly destroy, the whole fabric of civil society.

" 'It was in these extreme and perilous days and afterward, while the country was still disturbed by the propaganda of these visionary sciolists in politics, economy and finance, that the eyes of the conservative, law-respecting classes, irrespective of party, were turned toward

that illustrious soldier, whose signal ability and pre-eminent military genius, abetted by the mailed hand of one million "boys in blue," put down and crushed, I hope forever, the most gigantic and iniquitous rebellion that the world has ever seen—turned toward him as the living representative and personification of all that was lawful, law-abiding, safe and secure, and his name was mentioned again and again for the highest honors. It was natural, and the sentiment was alike honorable to those who had advanced and to him who was the recipient of it.

" 'But, Mr. Chairman, the times have changed, and changed for the better. The overwhelming majorities which greeted the adherents and standard-bearers of the Republican party last November silenced the noisy voices of the apostles of ruin and disorder, and not only averted, but prevented, the threatened defloration of the public credit, and paved the way for that resumption, the practical fruits of which we now enjoy. With the return of seed time and harvest have come peace, prosperity and comparative plenty. The convalescing industries of our country are now thoroughly healthy and able to stand alone. As we are a God-fearing people, God is with us, and the next harvest moon will shed its mellow light upon the richest and most bountiful harvest ever vouchsafed to any nation. It is true, "and pity 'tis 'tis true," there is still disturbance at the South, and notwithstanding the fact that the hated cohorts of the National Government have long been withdrawn, and the right of personal government, about which such hue and cry was raised, restored—it never was taken away—there is no such thing as free and untrammeled suffrage there. The shotgun usurps the ballot, and murder and outrage are the credentials to high office. But the Republican party can solve this problem as it has worked out the solution of other and more desperate ones, for if there be one thing about which that great party has no contrariety of opinion, and upon which they are resolved and re-resolved,

it is that there shall be from the pineries of Maine to the chaparral of Texas free, impartial and untrammeled suffrage.

" 'There is, then, Mr. Chairman, now no reason—there can be before next summer no good reason—why the eminent name of General Grant should come before the National Convention, excepting in a complimentary way. The last information that comes to us through the facile pen of Russell Young from the far distant shores of China, where the hereditary dignitaries of an empire that traces its lineage up to the very fountain-head of time, vie with each other to honor the simple citizen of a great Republic, is to the effect that "he has had the highest honors that could or should be given any citizen." It would be an impertinence to insinuate, as a *quasi* Democratic paper of Philadelphia has done, that he does not mean what he says. General Grant does not want a third term, if his utterances be our mentor, but whether he does or does not desire it, there are many and cogent reasons why it should not be permitted to any citizen. I will not recite them, for they address themselves to the most ordinary intelligence.

" 'No man in the country, no man—be he the most stalwart of stalwarts—in the confines of the Republican party, has a more exalted or a keener appreciation of the eminent public services of General Grant than myself, nor has any one a more conscientious desire to do him—as the world would have done him—all honor; but, Mr. Chairman, there is a sentiment in the Republican party and in the country that would be incensed beyond measure, not that a third term was given General Grant, but that a third term was given to any citizen, even the foremost in the Republic. It is a healthy sentiment and accords with the Republican tradition and precedent; there is besides no famine of great names or great men in our party that we must confine ourselves to one name, however great, and violate usage. I trust, therefore, in presenting this resolution it may meet with favor and an

official declaration may go out from this little county of Delaware—so great in its stalwart Republicanism—that the party intends to stand *super antiquas vias* and respect the large good sense and unselfish forbearance of the Father of the Republic, who, like General Grant, turned aside and refused a virtual crown.'

"Hon. William Ward took exception to the introduction of the amendment, as entirely foreign and irrelevant to the purpose of this meeting. 'We are not here to make or unmake candidates for the Presidency; we have enough to do to take care of rebel influences from the South and the sophisms of doughfaces in the North. We want to take care of Republican interests this year, 1880 will take care of itself, and stalwart Delaware County is not going to indicate a choice until the time arrives. The gentleman mistakes the locality when he thinks it hostile to General Grant, or to any other of the prominent names mentioned.' He then paid glowing compliments to Sherman and Blaine, ending by the remark that we would have our hands full to elect our ticket this year. He spoke at length and very earnestly, being frequently applauded. Finally he moved a reference of the additional resolutions to the convention which meets next year to elect delegates to the National Convention.

"V. G. Robinson was opposed to the resolution because it was premature, and because a conservative policy has never been the true policy. 'We may want a fixed and firm administration of affairs, and if such need is demonstrated in 1880, I am in favor of General Grant or any other good man thought best suited at the time the nomination is made. The people should not be denied the liberty to select General Grant or any other man who may be needed.'

"Major Nevin said he was pleased with the address of the author of the resolution, and while it was probably ill-timed, yet it was well enough to discuss these questions with a view to avoid mistakes. Next to Blaine he probably favored Grant, and wouldn't object to Hayes if

the people said so; and if he kept on vetoing Democratic measures he might yet be the man. 'Let us not lose the State this fall, but treat this resolution honorably, as suggested by Mr. Ward.'

"Jos. Ad. Thomson didn't like the resolution nor the manner in which it was introduced—the first part lauding Grant, the second declining to give him nomination he never asked, and probably wouldn't have if given. It was simply ridiculous nonsense. Grant was a big man, so big that he spread all over this country, and spread thick at that.

"John B. Robinson said, in reply to these speeches, that he had no desire to introduce any disturbing element; it was only an expression of his personal views. The Republican party was not barren of great men; like the Democratic party it did not have to light its lamp to search for them, and it had a number of men from whom to select without favoring a third term. It doubtless had men even in this county able to fill and willing to accept any office, and if they couldn't get what they wanted would cheerfully act as tide-waiters on Tinicum Island.

"While he thought Grant one of the greatest of all, he believed none so great as to justify breaking down a happy national tradition. He was willing, however, that the resolution should be referred to the county convention which meets next year to elect and instruct delegates to the National Convention.

"The chair was about to put the question, when Thomas V. Cooper said, with all deference to the proprieties and to his friend Robinson, that the resolutions did not deserve such a reference. To thus refer to a future convention would be to keep the matter open and to convey an impression that the Republicans of Delaware County were impracticable enough to desire its agitation. He knew they did not differ from Republicans elsewhere, and were willing to leave to time and events the development of a proper choice for the Presidential nomination. True, all claimed the right to their own

views, and the chairman could not throw a paper pellet without hitting a man willing to express them. Yet none were so wise as to say what their choice would be next year. If the South becomes unusually turbulent and troublesome, the people will demand Grant, or some strong hand for the emergency, simply because the masses only move to the control of one great object at a time, and show but one great purpose. But two things can be desired—the man who will win is the first; and the man who will improve his victory is the second; both in one is the candidate whom the people will want. Blaine's magnificent canvass may win him the honor, or if legislative issues assume the prominence they are likely to in the Congress which meets in December—with the fixed determination of the Democrats to attach political riders to every measure, and Hayes' equally fixed determination to veto all such—some Congressional hero will doubtless be the choice, and in Blaine, Conkling, Edmunds, Garfield and Windom there are already plenty from which to select. He moved to table these additional resolutions, and in this way leave the question to time.

"Mr. Ward accepted this suggestion as suiting the case better than his own motion to refer, but at the suggestion of Thomas H. Speakman and several others, the resolutions were withdrawn by Mr. Robinson.

"The speeches given above, and only abstracts are given, excited much interest and frequent applause, but it is due to the truth to say that had a vote been reached, Mr. Robinson's movement would have been almost without supporters.

"On motion of Thomas V. Cooper, the platform reported by the committee was unanimously adopted, and the county meeting adjourned."

In commenting editorially on my speech Mr. Cooper, in the next edition of his paper, said:

"If our friend, Mr. Jack Robinson, a quiet but very intelligent citizen of Media for the past two or three years, had purposed compelling acquaintance and atten-

tion from those in whose midst he has made his home, he could not have done it better than he did on Thursday, when he threw the anti-Grant resolution into our Republican county meeting. He had evidently carefully thought over his ground, and had so well concealed his purpose that, even if it had been desired, no one could have 'squelched' him without a hearing. No one desired either to 'squelch' or 'sit down' upon him, fortunately, and the result was a very free and courteous but earnest discussion of the merits of the question raised. Mr. Robinson's first speech was evidently carefully prepared, but his later rejoinders displayed the fact that he was not wanting in off-hand ability; yet his cause was so weak and his movement so impracticable, that it must have yielded to any assault. The first idea was to refer it to the next convention, but this was afterward combated, and all soon saw that the best way out was that finally taken, and its author withdrew it. Had he been a chronic or even a temporary mischief-maker, he would not have accepted a suggestion which buried his resolve out of sight forever, but we happen to know him as a good Republican—a stalwart, in fact, as all now are—but whose strong preference for Blaine induced him to seek any advantage to be gained from an anti-Grant boom. The boom, however, didn't boom in this locality, nor would it in any other, coming as it did in an impracticable shape and at an inopportune time. Thomas H. Speakman hit the fact when he said the sentiment seemed to be all against the resolution, and it was the part of wisdom to withdraw it. Mr. Robinson did one thing for which all thank him. He filled a meeting, up to that moment almost barren of interest and excitement, with both, and whatever he suffered in the conflict of argument which followed, he is politician enough to know how to bear with equanimity, and when he comes up next time, he will doubtless come up smiling, just as though nothing had happened, and likewise just as though he had completely atoned for any former mis-

take. And if Grant should be nominated, in common with all other Republicans he will support him, because the imperative need of the country will demand Republican unity. We care not who the future nominee is, so that he be the man able to win and strong enough of purpose to hold well the fruits of Republican victory. If that be Blaine, so be it with a loud hurrah! If it be Grant, so be it with admiration for the discipline which he will command and the enthusiasm which his deeds will invite. Whether Blaine, or Grant, or Sherman, or Conkling, or Edmunds, or any leader of Republicans, we shall be content if the best is done which the circumstances yet to arise will permit of, and we shall, like all other Republicans, sink personal preference for the sake of absolute harmony and consequent victory. In fact, there are no longer discontented or factious men in the Republican party; they are to-day inflexible and stalwart, having witnessed the failure of every conservative effort, and this is, after all, the best indication of victory in 1880."

In those days it was customary for the party under the representative system to elect delegates who were instructed for first, second and third choice on the various ballots for candidates to nominate. The lowest man was dropped on the third ballot and the delegates who were for this candidate could then go as they pleased. In this way there was considerable latitude for action in swaying delegates one way or the other after their first choice had been eliminated. When the tickets were nominated and ratified by the convention it was customary to call a county meeting, at which any Republican in the county in good standing could take part either by offering resolutions or adopting resolutions offered by a committee, which were generally presented to the convention, and speeches could be made pro and con. The late Joseph G. Cummings, a stationer, was secretary of the county committee at that time and prominent in politics, as he was looking forward to an office himself. I used to buy my

newspapers there, and in the evening before the convention I told him that I intended at the county meeting the next day to oppose the third term idea, as I thought it was all wrong and contrary to our national precedent. I was a great friend and admirer of General Grant, but I thought no American citizen should receive any higher honors than had President Washington, "First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Mr. Cummings evidently must have informed some of the men in the convention the next day, for when the county meeting was held and I introduced my resolutions and spoke upon them, I was replied to by a half-dozen or more prominent Republicans of the county. Among this number were Congressman William Ward, State Senator Thomas V. Cooper, Mr. Henry C. Snowden, Sr., the late Edward H. Hall, Esq., Mr. Joseph Ad. Thompson, newspaper correspondent and writer, and some others. After having accomplished the object of declaring my views and getting myself before the meeting I withdrew the resolution, as before mentioned, which seemed to meet with the approval of the Republicans present, and the next day I awoke to find myself rather noted, as people stopped me and spoke about the speech and wanted me to run as a delegate to the next State Convention, and even went so far as to mention my name for office in the county. As I had only been in the county a year I thought that all this was quite premature, and so declared, but from this time on I took rather an active part in all political gatherings of importance and attended all county meetings and other political affairs.

In the winter months I lectured a great deal, and in this way became acquainted with a great many people, and I was solicited in 1882 to run for the Legislature, but declined, although I had a strong following at that time; but I still thought that my residence in the county had not been long enough to justify my going into the field. The assassination of President Garfield in 1881 having disrupted his cabinet, making Mr. Blaine, the

premier of that cabinet, a private citizen, as is well known, he engaged his leisure in writing a noted book called "Twenty Years of Congress." I secured from the publishing company the agency for this work for the county and district, and as the sentiment of this Congressional district was always strongly in favor of the "Plumed Knight" of Maine, the book was a good seller. I went all over the county in soliciting subscribers and became intimately associated with a great many persons of prominence, many of them active in politics, and as my commission for the work was liberal I could in a number of instances remit some of this and permit subscribers to secure the work at a discount, which placed them under obligations which were returned the following year when I went into the field as a candidate for the lower house at Harrisburg.

Outside of the money I received for this work and that which I got by my newspaper work and other literary writing in Philadelphia, I was not very well fixed financially to go into a political contest, but my many friends over the county insisted upon my doing so, and as the candidates at that time were all pretty evenly divided in strength, I felt that my chances of slipping in might be very good. The late Hon. William G. Powel, of Concordville, was a member at that time at Harrisburg, and the late Hon. Robert Chadwick, a naturalized Englishman, wheelwright and blacksmith of Chester, represented that part of the county. He was a man of limited education so far as books were concerned, but he had wide experience and great tact and ability for political work, and had held several minor offices in the Republican party in the city where he lived. Mr. Powel was a very large man, weighing over three hundred pounds. He was a farmer and rather popular with these people. It was customary in the early part of the summer, when the farmers had quit working in the fields before the harvesting of the crops, to have a lull in their work so that they could have a little leisure. The Re-

publican party through the county committee usually got up every year what was called a Harvest Home Excursion. Tickets were sold among the Republicans and others and the steamer *Republic* was chartered and a trip taken to Cape May and back, which was always relished by those who indulged in it. The candidates for office usually bought a number of tickets and gave them to their principal friends and others whose good will they wanted to secure. I was unable at that time to purchase many of these tickets, but an incident occurred which greatly aided me. The boat arrived at Chester and a crowd of leading politicians from the borough of Upland, a hotbed of Republicans, was waiting on the wharf. Some of these gentlemen had gone to Mr. Powel and asked him for cards for admission on the boat, and he said he had given them all away; and when asked by them, "How do you suppose we are going to get down on the Harvest Home Excursion? You promised them to us," he said, "I don't know how you will get down unless you walk." This so incensed these politicians that they turned in bulk against him and supported me at the primaries, which occurred shortly afterward, and I was aided also by the fact that I could give out the few tickets that I had retained for last distribution. The Harvest Home Excursion of that year was very largely attended.

It was a very exciting political epoch, owing to the fact that the Hon. James G. Blaine had been nominated for the Presidency on the Republican ticket with General John A. Logan, of Illinois, as the running mate for Vice-President. The whole country was aflame with political excitement, and Mr. Blaine made a number of tours over the United States, particularly the memorable one where he returned a few days before the election in November to New York City and made a speech at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, to which the blundering minister, Burchard, replied with his bigoted remarks of "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" to the Democratic party.

I am, however, getting a little ahead of my story, as

that was in 1884, the year that I ran for the Assembly, and it was in 1883 and the winter following that I was actively engaged in fixing up my fences and fortifying my lines for the struggle by lecturing and writing for the newspapers and selling books as far as I was able. The latter occupation was useful in a double sense, as it secured me some little money and useful exercise, as I tramped all over the country like the famous manufacturer, John Roach, of Chester, who at one time (as he testified to before a Congressional committee) said that he had "tramped all over the western prairies hunting for work." I was a tramp in a certain sense in this county, soliciting for Mr. Blaine's book, which when it first came out went off like hot cakes with no interference with my profits; but when I came to deliver the books I found that a large department store in Philadelphia, owned by the leading merchant prince of that city, had corrupted some agents of the publishing house and secured a large order of these books, "Twenty Years of Congress," and was selling them at 10 per cent. less than the rates the agents could deliver them at under their contract with the publishing company. This discount we ran up against when we came to the delivery of the books, but there was no redress, as we could not sue the big department store nor the publishing company in our financial condition. It was one of those scurvy mercantile tricks that operated very seriously against a great many young men who had gone into the business of selling and distributing Mr. Blaine's work, expecting to make, as some of them did, quite a little money.

I should have stated in an earlier part of this chapter that in 1880 the Delaware County *Gazette,* which was owned by Major D. R. B. Nevin, a member of the noted Nevin family and since deceased, was sold to Mr. August Donath, a very bright printer and newspaper man of German extraction, but active in all affairs in the State and nation. Nevin lived at Ridley Park and had made an attempt to go to the Legislature, but failed. Donath,

looking around for an editor, picked upon me, and I was willing to attend to the matter, as it only took up one day a week or a little over. This was the first regular newspaper work that I did in the county, although I had contributed many fugitive pieces to the Chester papers. The *Gazette* was published at Chester, and I went from Media to Chester once or twice a week to attend to my duties there. The paper had quite a little influence and was well and carefully conducted, as Donath was a very shrewd newspaper man and financier. He afterward sold out the paper to the Chester *Times,* or made some sort of a consolidation with them, and I found myself out of the editorship, although it made little difference to my pocket, as I never received much salary. I did, however, get a very good knowledge of the detail work of a printing office, and the editorial work that I accomplished on the paper was very valuable to me afterward. Donath was a good printer and had a complete mastery of everything connected with the newspaper and press. Our association was very pleasant, as I usually stopped at his house when I went to Chester. He has since gone to Washington and has occupied a position there in the Pension Office.

The County of Delaware, which was made a State Senatorial District by the apportionment which followed the Constitutional Convention of 1872-73, at the time I write of and prior to this period was quite strongly intrenched in the Republican ranks. The county, with its sister county of Chester, had been a Congressional district for many years. The Democrats under the old régime held it firmly in their hands until the anti-slavery question arose and the influence of the Quakers, or Society of Friends (there were a great many in the district), was thrown strongly against the pro-slavery Southern leadership, and after the repeal of the Missouri Compromise both counties swung over to the rising Republican party. The Hon. John Hickman, who was first elected as a Democrat to Congress from the district,

passed clear across to the Republican ranks in four different elections. In the first senatorial election in the county the Hon. H. Jones Brooke, the head of a very prominent family in the county, holding large real estate interests there and widely connected, was the State Senator. He was a man of a great deal of force of character and strong likes and dislikes, progressive, and did a great deal for his constituents.

The younger element of the party, who were in favor of a representative system and primary voting for delegates to the convention, had for its leader a young man, Thomas V. Cooper, who was elected to the Legislature first and afterward ran for the nomination for State Senate against Mr. Brooke, and in a very acrimonious contest carried off the nomination. Cooper was an editor, and his paper, the Delaware County *American,* still maintained and run very ably by his sons, is yet a power at the county seat, although the day of weekly newspapers has to a large extent been minimized. Cooper as Senator rose to be the leader of his party in the county and one of the leaders in the State. He was born in Ohio, at Cadiz, the same place where the celebrated prelate of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Bishop Simpson, was born. Cooper came to Chester County, was educated there, and learned his craft in West Chester. He started in partnership in the printing business with Dr. Vernon, of Media, about the time of the establishing of the borough into a charter town. Captain Isaac Johnson, at this writing the president judge of the county, was prothonotary of the county when I first came here and held that office for a number of years. He and Senator Cooper were the two active spirits in the Republican party. Both were gifted with fine ability for public speaking and a tact for manipulation of politics and a mingling with electors that made them popular and strong with the people. No Republican organization probably in the State was more forcibly maintained or more carefully watched and conducted than the one in this county when Captain Johnson

as prothonotary and Cooper as senator were in the saddle. Both these gentlemen had served in the Civil War, Captain Johnson being at the head of a colored regiment in Texas during the closing years of the war, and saw a great deal of the evil effects of reconstruction and the work of the Freedmen's Bureau. Their influence with the soldier element was very powerful, and through their affiliations with friends and active workers in the party in the city of Chester, then divided into three wards—North, South and Middle—South Chester being a borough—they were able to so strengthen their political lines and build up the organization as to make it almost invincible.

There was a "rift in the lute" in 1874, when the Hon. Thomas J. Clayton, of Thurlow, in South Chester borough, then a leading practitioner in law in Philadelphia and this county, ran as an independent Republican and Democrat for the judgeship of Common Pleas Court. The Hon. John M. Broomall, who had represented the district in Congress for three terms during the war period and who had a very large following in the county, had been appointed to the judicial district created by the Constitutional Convention. This to a certain extent militated against his nomination and election, as his enemies charged that the district had been created for his benefit. The charge, however, was not a very substantial one, as Judge Broomall was a man so versatile and intellectual as to be qualified for appointment to the judiciary anywhere. Clayton, however, was a good mixer and campaigner, and after the nomination which Judge Broomall received from his party the contest waged with a good deal of bitterness until the election in the fall, when it was found that Clayton had secured the prize. Owing to charges made during the campaign there was a bitter aftermath of suits, but they all finally quieted down, although the feeling between the Broomall and Clayton factions never entirely died away until death closed the career of both of them.

Judge Clayton belonged to a very noted family, all of whom were born in Bethel township in this county. They all rose to high positions: one was a United States Senator, two of them were judges and one a Congressman. Judge Clayton in the latter days of his life wrote a very readable book which most of his friends in this county have perused, and it would only be repeating old history to give facts about the judge and his family.

Judge John M. Broomall ought to have reached a far higher position in the State than he did, as he was a very strong man intellectually and had a taste for public affairs; but two things acted to his detriment politically; one was his strong and active espousal of the woman suffrage question in its early days, when it was not so strong as it is now, and when a man who took it up was considered somewhat erratic. In fact, the expression "short-haired women and long-haired men" was used in derision of the suffragists in the early stage of that propaganda. The judge also was very decidedly in favor of the suppression of the liquor traffic to the extent of entire prohibition. This political party never amounted to much until the last few years, and, as the woman suffrage question, so has prohibition and local option advanced. and if the former succeeds it is altogether probable that the other will not be long after it in being incorporated into the law.

Our State Senator from Delaware County, Hon. Thomas V. Cooper, became chairman of the State Executive Committee of the Republican party in 1881, his first campaign being to manage the contest when the Hon. Silas M. Baily, of Fayette County, was elected State Treasurer over Hon. Orange Noble, of Erie. There was a decided break in the party this year, owing to the defection of that fiery and eloquent little fighter from Union County, Charles Wolfe, who had been a member of the Legislature and also a strong Blaine adherent in the contest of the latter for the Presidency. In 1881 he announced himself, shortly after the Republican State

Convention, as an independent candidate, and it took all the force of Cooper's ability and skill as a State-wide worker and chairman to carry Baily successfully through. One thing that helped the latter was the ingenious way in which Cooper used the first name of the Democratic candidate to the latter's detriment. Circulars were sent out privately all over the State in which there was an intimation that he was an Orangeman and very prominent in that order, and on account of his first name this naturally turned a great many bigoted voters of the Democratic party over to Baily or led them to avoid the election altogether.

There were a number of sore spots left in the organization on account of the senatorial election in the winter of 1881, when the Hon. Galusha A. Grow, who had been Congressman and Speaker of the National House of Representatives in the year before the war and who was widely and favorably known all over the State, made a canvass for the United States Senate and secured instructions from a great many of the members of the General Assembly. He was a strong man with a national reputation. When the caucus of the Republican members of the Legislature was held at the beginning of the year 1881 Henry W. Oliver, of Pittsburgh, the brother of the present junior United States Senator, George T. Oliver, received the caucus nomination for the United States Senate; but there was a bolt from the caucus, led by a number of the Grow adherents, in which bold Mr. Wolfe, of Union County, was very conspicuous. The Assembly balloted once every week, but was unable to concentrate its strength upon any candidate and elect him, although a number of prominent Republicans over the State were named from time to time after the election of Oliver had been found to be impossible.

I spent a good portion of my time that winter at Harrisburg, in company with one of the Delaware County members, the Hon. Nathan Garrett, of Upper Darby, since deceased, a fine old gentleman of Quaker parentage,

who was a strict party Republican and with the other member from this county, Hon. Robert Chadwick, stood by the caucus nominee, Oliver. Mr. Garrett was very anxious for the election of Oliver, and we often discussed the merits of the case in the evening in Mr. Garrett's room over a glass of "hot toddy" or something equally strong. The winter was a particularly severe one and the snow at times very deep. Harrisburg is always a much colder place than Media or Philadelphia or places nearer the sea coast. I think Mr. Garrett contracted the cold which fastened itself upon his system that winter in his devotion to his party and the cause of organization and representative party government by going to and from the meetings of the Legislature and the conference in behalf of the election of the Pittsburgh manufacturer. He never was as strong afterward, and died late in the following summer. I recall being driven over to his funeral by Senator Cooper, which took place at the old homestead near the fine settlement now of Drexel Hill, on the Media short line trolley road.

The State campaign for Baily had just opened, and Cooper had established his headquarters in Philadelphia and was mapping out the fight against Wolfe and Noble. The failure to elect Henry W. Oliver at this time to the United States Senate was, in my judgment, a very great loss to the party. He was one of the very best posted men in the country on the tariff schedule and in all phases of the protection principle. He had been a life-long manufacturer and student of economic questions, and would have made an ideal United States Senator for this Commonwealth. He was not accustomed to making long or ornate speeches, but was a good plain talker on public questions, and particularly those that concerned business cognate to that in which he was engaged and the other industrial interests of the great city of Pittsburgh. The Independents who were for Grow clung together with great tenacity, and used to meet in a place called the "Crow's Nest." The contest wavered backward and for-

ward with varying fortunes until finally it resulted in a compromise brought about by a committee in which Senator Cooper was one of the leading members, and a member of Congress from Tioga County, afterward Judge John I. Mitchell, received the nomination and after it the election. It seemed like political retributive justice that nearly a quarter of a century later Hon. George T. Oliver, of Pittsburgh, the younger brother of Henry W. Oliver, should have been chosen by the Legislature and should have served and is now serving with great credit and intelligent force and ability in the upper chamber at Washington.

CHAPTER X

NOMINATION AND ELECTION TO THE LEGISLATURE

Conscience has more to do with gallantry than it has with politics.—*Richard B. Sheridan.*

By the spring of 1884 I had very well fortified myself for an active campaign for the General Assembly. I had made alliances as far as I could do so with prospective candidates for other offices, and as there was a judicial campaign on in the same year, I felt that it would inure to my benefit if I could stand neutral and give my influence to neither one of the candidates. The candidates for the president judgeship were the sitting judge, Thomas J. Clayton, and William B. Broomall; the latter was the oldest son of Judge John M. Broomall and was at the time the leading practitioner at the Bar of the county, having his office in Chester. I put myself under obligations to many of the candidates for local office by helping them on the "stump" and by my newspaper work, which I kept up all along, corresponding for the Chester *News* and *Times* and a number of the Philadelphia daily papers, especially the Philadelphia *Times,* of which my friend, Colonel Alexander K. McClure, was at that time the editor and the leading newspaper man in Pennsylvania.

The candidates for the Legislature who went into the field in 1884 were the Hon. Isaac P. Garrett, of Upper Darby, now of Lansdowne, who was postmaster there during the late Republican administrations, beginning with that of President McKinley; justice of the peace, of long standing, in Radnor, Daniel C. Abrams—Squire Abrams, or, as everybody called him, "Uncle Dan;" and, of course, the member at Harrisburg, Hon. William G. Powel, who ran for renomination. The convention occurred in mid-summer, and during the early part of the year I spent most of the time in going around the county making my campaign known and strengthening my lines

among those who were influential in their various precincts. As Mr. Garrett belonged to an old family in the county, he had many friends, particularly among the Quakers, on account of one of his relatives in the anti-slavery days being very active in the underground railroad work. Thomas Garrett, I think, was his name. As I stated, the conventions were held by delegates, and they were instructed for the various candidates as first, second and third choice. On the third ballot the lowest candidate was dropped, and if they followed their instructions on the vote in the precinct they went to the man next highest; but sometimes the delegates violated their instructions in this respect, as it was only morally binding upon them.

It is not necessary to go into the details of the ballot, but it was found on the day of the convention that I had a good working majority over all, the only danger being when the various candidates were dropped that by solicitation of the delegates in behalf of the organization they would not follow their instructions. The influence of the organization was strong mainly in favor of the sitting member, Mr. Powel, and this is generally the case in nearly all contests of this kind. There were, however, some of the principal politicians for Mr. Garrett, Mr. Abrams and myself. The convention was quite exciting and very well attended, as the judgeship fight brought out a large delegation of people on behalf of each one of the candidates mentioned. The contest narrowed down to a final vote between myself and Mr. Powel, and I was successful by a few votes—nine, I think, in number. A number of delegates had been drawn away from me in the convention after their first choice had been dropped. My friends, of course, were pleased, and I was considerably elated myself, as I had very little hope, not being to the "manor born," as the saying is, and the general influence of the machine, as it was called, being against me, and hardly expected to pull through.

I spent the rest of the summer and fall in speaking for

the Republican candidate for the Presidency, James G. Blaine, and did not feel that I would have any difficulty myself at the general election in November, as the county was so strongly Republican. A curious fact also turned up which helped me very much indeed. At this election the Democrats nominated a very estimable citizen of that political faith living in Newtown township, Mr. Jesse Brooke. It was ascertained some time before the election, when it was necessary to be qualified to vote, that Mr. Brooke had through some oversight neglected to pay his taxes within two years, and the result was that as a candidate of his party against me he was disqualified to vote. This mistake or error of his lost him quite a number of votes among his own party, as they said a man so prominent as he was, who was the nominee of a great party, should have attended to a matter of this kind. On the day of the election there was a downpour of rain all day all over the eastern part of the United States. Being interested in my own election and strongly interested in the success of Mr. Blaine, I stood at the polls with the window book all that day marking off the voters as they recorded their ballots. I was elected, but unfortunately for the country and his friends, who were greatly disappointed, the "Plumed Knight" of Maine went down to defeat before Grover Cleveland, then the Governor of New York.

For several days after the general election the country hung in suspense over the Presidential decision in New York State, there being a doubt whether the ballots were properly cast there for Mr. Cleveland, but after a day or so of examination Mr. Blaine settled all cavil about it by sending out an interview conceding the election to his opponent and congratulating him. Mr. Blaine was too popular to be elected President of the United States, for this very popularity, like Henry Clay's, made him enemies within his own party ranks, which aided to defeat him. The famous forensic duel which took place in Congress between Mr. Blaine and Roscoe Conkling, of

Utica, New York, both representatives at that time, in which dispute Mr. Blaine used the most sarcastic language against the New York Representative, caused a sore that never healed. This smouldered for many years, and came to active fever heat in 1884, when the county in which Mr. Conkling lived in New York State, Oneida, changed completely around in its politics and gave a large Democratic majority sufficient to have changed the result of the Presidency, as Mr. Cleveland was elected by less than two thousand majority.

While the term of a member of the Legislature begins on the 1st of December, under the constitution, the Assembly does not meet until the first Tuesday in January, and then does not get down to active business until the Speaker is elected and the committees are appointed, and other general business is transacted, such as the election of a United States Senator. This year there was a United States Senator to be elected. As I had been nominated for the Assembly and elected under pledges to some of my friends that I would not vote for Senator Cameron in the caucus, when the senatorial nomination came about I entered the caucus and, in pursuance of my promise, voted against Mr. Cameron. He was, however, nominated by a large majority and elected by the Legislature. However, some expected me to bolt the caucus, but I could not do this as I had always been a consistent and regular Republican, and as his nomination was made in the proper and legal way there was no reason why he should not have received my vote, and it was given to him. I recall now that at the time in the hall of the House there was some little doubt as to how I would cast my vote, as I had not expressed any opinion on the subject, so when my name was called and I voted for Mr. J. Donald Cameron there was quite a cheer accorded me.

The election for the speakership was not very exciting, as everything had been pretty much arranged beforehand, and the Hon. James L. Graham, of Allegheny County, received the caucus nomination and, of course,

the election. He made a very good presiding officer and held the reins of power over the membership with great tact and impartiality where party matters were not concerned. He, of course, was a strong organization man and favored the leading organization bills that at that time came to the front during every session of the Legislature. Most of the pernicious legislation that is criticised in the newspapers and which is objectionable *per se* comes up from the great cities, and I had hardly gotten my seat in the House until there were one or two of these bills for my consideration presented by some of the members from the city of Philadelphia. I took the ground with my constituents that where the majority of the city delegation favored a piece of legislation that would be against the interest of legislation that I wanted for the county, I would oppose these measures. So, as a rule, I supported a good many of these city bills which many of the so-called reformers raised quite a howl about. It was found, however, that after they became laws they did not prove to be so bad as they were painted to the opposition in the early stages of their presentation to the Legislature.

I lived while at Harrisburg during this session of the Legislature at the Hershey House, a very plain but substantial hotel, the food being fresh, good and reasonable in price. My board and lodging for the four full days that I would put in at Harrisburg was only one dollar a day, as I would go up to Harrisburg in time for the session on Monday evening, spend that night, the next day, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, and leave for home Friday noon. My colleague, Hon. Robert Chadwick, of Chester, boarded at the same place. Mr. Chadwick was not favorable to my nomination to the Legislature, and naturally supported his colleague, Hon. William G. Powel, who had spent the previous session there with him. Whether this created friction or opposition I cannot say, but there were many measures that he opposed that I favored, and many that he favored I opposed; but

I never voted for any bill or measure that I did not think was for the good of my county or State, and if in doubt about it I did not vote at all.

As Mr. Chadwick had been there for some terms previous, he was well acquainted with the old members and with the leading Republicans from the various parts of the State, and naturally had considerable influence in the House. He was on the Railroad Committee, and in this way could secure a large number of free passes, which were given out then by the railroad company with considerable freedom. It was a question in my mind for some time whether I would accept these privileges from the railroad. I was brought face to face with it when I received my annual legislative pass. After thinking it over I reasoned that it would be finical and superhonest in me to refuse this which all the members with one or two exceptions accepted, and also in refusing to my constituents trip passes when I could get them. So as long as I was in the Legislature and this privilege was prevalent, as it was during the whole time I was there, I accepted and gave free passes to those persons in the county whom I considered worthy of them. It was, however, a very great nuisance and took up more of a member's time than any other thing that he had to do while at Harrisburg.

There was a legislative representative there for the railroad who gave out these free tickets, but when in Philadelphia you had to go to Fourth Street, where the office of the Pennsylvania Railroad was then, and get them from Mr. William A. Patton, the secretary of the president. I looked on these passes as being something that my constituents were entitled to as long as they were given out, and that I was only the intermediary or political conduit through whom they passed. William A. Patton is still alive in our county near Radnor, and was one of the best fitted men for the work of distributing these legislative favors that I ever met. He was a clean shaven, wiry looking man of Scotch-Irish descent, evi-

dently, and very diplomatic in his intercourse with the members. He would come out of the president's office washing his hands with invisible water, and, with the most Uriah Heep kind of humility, ask you what he could do for you, and he generally did it for you if you did not ask him for too much or too many passes. He got quite a throw down in the investigation of the Pennsylvania Railroad officials by the Coal Commission, and it was found that, like the dogs of Cerberus, he was gorged with coal stocks received by reason of his official position. He has acquired quite a fortune besides.

The whole pass system was an outrageous one and should never have been adopted, but it grew up imperceptibly from the beginning of railroading, and by the time it was abolished had reached a most alarming proportion, eating seriously into the profits of all the railroads. Many times I have been on the cars to and fro from Harrisburg and Philadelphia or Pittsburgh and found nearly every passenger to have either an "annual or trip pass." It would be better, it seems to me if they were not given out to anybody, not even the employes of the road, and certainly not to officials and others who are paid salaries that are adequate.

My colleague, Hon. Robert Chadwick, was a rather blunt spoken Anglo-American, and I recall his receiving rather a carping letter from one of his constituents in Chester upon this subject, and his comment upon it was, "Oh, I can easily fix him up by giving him a few passes." They had, as a rule, a mollifying effect upon the person to whom they were given, but generally they came back like the cat, and so did their relatives, brothers, sisters, cousins and aunts, so that one had very little time to do anything else but attend to this pass business. The influence of the railroads at Harrisburg is now little more than normal, but in those days it was all powerful, and what it must have been in the days before that I cannot say, but once I did hear Wendell Phillips, the famous orator, say in a lecture that when Thomas Scott walked

through the Pennsylvania Legislature the wind from the skirts of his coat knocked down the members.

Chris. Magee, of Allegheny County, was the leader of the State so far as the Legislature was concerned in the session of 1884-85, and I can conscientiously say that when he went through the halls of the lower House or the Senate he did so with something like the look of the Emperors of Rome when they came back to enjoy a triumph. I was very fond of him, however, politically and socially, as he was of an old Pittsburgh family well known to our people and we were boys together there. He grew up to be a very powerful leader in his county and the State, due entirely to his natural aptitude for politics and his careful and correct habits. In early life Chris. was in the habit of indulging a little, and occasionally would pass the Rubicon of the cup. The famous Republican State leader, Hon. Robert W. Mackey, who was State Treasurer in the seventies and who knew Chris. in Pittsburgh, where they both lived and were in business, told Magee that if he would quit drinking altogether he would make him a political power, and he did, first electing him city treasurer, and from thence he became the all-powerful Republican leader of the western part of the State until the rising strength of William Flinn began to menace his influence in the county and the spreading and rapid rise of Senator Quay to the command of the State and national organization gave the latter almost absolute control. But of this more anon.

Governor Pattison was serving out the latter part of his first term as Governor, and some of the legislation which we passed was vetoed by him. One of his vetoes was that of the Indigent Soldiers bill, providing for burial of those soldiers who died without means by the commissioners of the county. The Governor wrote a very stringent veto against the measure. I spoke without much preparation briefly against this veto, and it was passed over the Governor's head. I recall that the last part of my speech created some little flurry on account

of the manner in which I put it before the House. Like Daniel Webster (not that I have any desire to compare myself in any way with so colossal a character), who framed the celebrated passage on England, "whose morning drum beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England," and put it down while sitting on the ramparts at Quebec, Canada, and seeing the officers and the defenses of the empire all around him, I thought out and put down on paper the last few words of my speech on the veto of Governor Pattison's message, and they were to this effect: "I would rather be the lowliest soldier who wore the Union blue, crawling to an unknown grave in the obscurest corner of this Commonwealth; I would sooner be this individual than be his Excellency, crowned with the gubernatorial honor, and pen such a message as this." I do not know whether my speech had much or little to do with it, but I think it had some effect. A great many of us are prone to think that if we jointly secure an effect politically or otherwise, this effect has been mainly done by ourselves. The fact remains, however, that individual influence is less potent than a joint attack.

At this time in my moments of leisure, after the Legislature had adjourned, I did a great deal of space writing for the newspapers, the particular ones being the Philadelphia *Times,* especially the Sunday edition, and the Pittsburgh *Commercial Gazette,* as it was then called. The centennial number of this latter paper was published in 1885, and the managing editor requested me to write the article—previously alluded to—on "The Old Bench and Bar of Allegheny County" for this edition. I did so, and it was published with other interesting articles by local writers and some outside of the county. My daily letters to the Pittsburgh papers were written under the nom de plume of "Skysail." No one but the newspaper people knew that I was the author of these letters, and they created considerable comment in the western part

of the State on account of the knowledge they imparted of the city, its people and surroundings, which, of course, were familiar at that time to me. I frequently visited Pittsburgh and Allegheny, having a number of relatives then living there.

The year 1886, although not a Presidential year, was a stirring one politically, as we had a very warm contest for Congress in the Chester-Delaware district, James B. Everhart and Smedley Darlington, of West Chester, being the opposing candidates. It was customary for Chester County to have four terms and Delaware County to have three, this being based upon the population as it was in 1860, when the rule was adopted. Delaware County was represented in 1876, 1878 and 1880 by Hon. William Ward, of Chester, then one of the leading lawyers and citizens of his county. He was a graduate of Girard College, a man of considerable talent, and a speaker of convincing ability. He made an excellent member of the House of Representatives and was very devoted to his constituents, serving them with fidelity and great credit. One of his sons, named after him, is the present Mayor of the city of Chester, a young man who inherits many of his father's good traits, particularly an aptitude for political work. When the rotation threw the Congressional nomination over to Chester County James B. Everhart became the nominee, and served for two terms. When Smedley Darlington entered the field to oppose Mr. Everhart this created a strong factional fight, as it was not customary to disturb the sitting member after he had gotten the first nomination, but to permit him to remain until the end of the allotted terms. The whole of Chester County was aflame with the Everhart-Darlington fight, and it settled down to a very close contest, hinging upon the election of delegates in Westtown township. The decision was given in favor of Mr. Darlington and he was the member until 1890.

At the same time we had in the State a heated guber-

natorial campaign. General Beaver, of Center County, who had been nominee in 1882, and was defeated owing to the revolt that year, caused by the independent movement under Senator Stewart, of Franklin County, was again the Republican nominee. But this time Beaver was successful. Our Delaware County senator, Hon. Thomas V. Cooper, was State chairman, and managed the campaign for General Beaver very ably, carrying him and the whole State ticket to victory. Beaver had been a soldier in the Civil War and was the youngest major general, I think, when at the time of the close of the war he lost his leg and was invalided home. He had been one of the famous "three hundred and six" at the Chicago National Republican Convention of 1880, when there was such a determined effort made by the triumvirate, Conkling, Logan and Cameron, to name General Grant for a third term, and at that time refused the nomination for Vice-President under Garfield. He was a warm adherent of Senator Cameron, and the latter told him, when his name was pressed for the second place on the national ticket, "General, don't take this nomination; you'll be forgotten in that place. Come with us and remain quiet, and we will nominate and elect you Governor." So the pledge was kept in 1882, and the defeat of that year gave him the preference four years later, when he was named and elected, and proved to be a very excellent chief magistrate for the State.

During this campaign Chairman Cooper brought the Hon. James G. Blaine into the State to stump for Beaver, and he spoke at Downingtown among other places. At this time, being a candidate for re-election to the Assembly, I had the honor of speaking to the large crowd there after this very distinguished Republican politician had addressed the voters. Both Everhart and Darlington were present and actively canvassing among the electors for their return to Congress, but neither one of them was permitted to take part on the platform, as it would have given one or the other more or less advantage. I

had a good opportunity to meet Mr. Blaine and chat with him, and to observe his manner of speaking and other little peculiarities. He was a convincing talker, speaking conversationally rather than in an eloquent or sustained manner. His great art was to captivate his hearers by his frequent reference to local matters, and he did not fail at this time to allude to the historic Brandywine, which flowed down past Downingtown, and thence meandered to the Delaware and then to the sea. It was at this time that Mr. Cooper got hold of Mr. Blaine's high hat, holding it while he spoke, and exchanged it for another one. When he was done, the speaker not noticing the exchange, Cooper retained this trophy of the campaign of the celebrated man, and if I am not mistaken some of the family have it in their possession to this day. The train containing the Governor's party, Mr. Blaine, the State chairman and others was backed on a siding into a large field near Downingtown, where the platform was erected, and the vast crowd listened intently to the speakers, particularly to Mr. Blaine, as he was and had always been a great favorite with the Republicans of Chester County and also with our people in Delaware County, a great many of whom went up to this meeting.

In this fight for the Legislature in 1886 I was pretty much in the same position financially as I was two years before—in other words, a little shy of what the sportsman calls the "long green." However, with the machine quietly against me and pretty much the same influence that I had had in the first campaign for me, and with nothing but my record at Harrisburg, such as it was, in my favor, and with most of those friends I had in the first campaign, I succeeded in getting the renomination.

On taking my seat in the winter of 1887 at Harrisburg I found a number of the old familiar faces, but at the same time a good sprinkling of new ones. It is singular how quickly a legislative body will recast itself, and while some members return again and again for years they are very few in number. Some go by promotion to the Sen-

ate, others are appointed to office or elected to local offices, county offices, or Congress, or have fallen by the wayside and are not seen again in public life. I made an effort to become a candidate for Speaker of the House this session, as a number of my friends in the former Assembly had asked me to do so; but after going over the ground and talking with Senator Quay upon the subject, and finding that he was committed to Hon. Henry K. Boyer, of Collegeville, Montgomery County, I concluded it would be inopportune for me to keep up my candidacy, so I gracefully yielded and there was no opposition to the choice of Mr. Boyer in the caucus.

My work in this session of the Legislature was much pleasanter than in the first one, as I had become acquainted with the ropes and knew how to forward matters in the committees and through the House and Senate. The most important measure that was passed during this session of the Legislature was the Brooks High License bill. It was a long time under discussion before it became a law, and the Republican party as a whole was very earnestly in favor of its passage, but on the other hand the Democrats, as a rule, opposed it. Mr. Henry Brooks, of Germantown, who was the sponsor for the bill and for whom it was named, took a great interest in its formation and passage. It met with strenuous opposition from the liquor dealers and liquor men, but on the whole I think it was one of the best laws that was ever passed in the State of Pennsylvania or in any other State. It has controlled the liquor interest to a large extent and made all subservient to the law, and has diminished liquor traffic and also the saloons. This is evident by the statistics, and men who now take out licenses have so much interest in them that they do not feel tempted to violate the law. It has been in operation now in the State of Pennsylvania nearly thirty years, and I feel more than satisfied that it was the best measure that I advocated and helped to pass while I was in the Legislature.

I had at this session another chance to vote for a

United States Senator—the Hon. Matthew Stanley Quay. When Blaine was defeated for the Presidency in 1884, and Grover Cleveland became President, there was a strong revulsion of feeling in this State against the Democratic party, and Republicans were anxious to stand together and rectify the mistake that had caused them to lose national power. Mr. Quay, who was one of the shrewdest politicians that this country ever produced, and probably never was equalled for that tactful, intimate knowledge of politics which brings popular spirit and success, unless it was by Martin Van Buren, of New York, who was known as the "Kinderhook Fox," evidently sized up this feeling in the State, and to the surprise of a great many persons, and especially of the leaders of the party, he became a candidate for State Treasurer in 1885. He was nominated over the Hon. J. H. Longenecker, of Bedford County, and won out by a good majority in the State in the fall and took charge of the State Treasury in the early part of 1886.

With the command of the exchequer of the State in his hands, and a new system of conducting the financial relations with the banks and the trust companies, Mr. Quay fortified himself so strongly in this office that he became a candidate for the United States Senatorship, and this Legislature, to which I was renominated, elected him. I voted for him in the caucus and at the election in the hall of the House. In fact, there was very little opposition to him either in the House or Senate. The surprising swiftness with which Quay entered the field for State Treasurer and won out and his election subsequently to the United States Senate made him such a formidable power in the State as to estrange him from his old political colleague, Chris. Magee, of Allegheny. The latter had always, from the time of Bob Mackey, held the control of the State Treasury and all the power that goes with it. Now that Quay had gotten possession of it, it rather overshadowed the Pittsburgh politician and left him only his own county and the western part of the

State for support. Quay was a most peculiar character. A small man with singular-looking eyes—one of them almost sightless, he told me—a very florid complexion, with dark hair slightly reddened. He was very secretive and never ostentatious or effusive in talk or manner. As I had a good deal to do with him during my political career, I will have more to say about him later on. This Beaver statesman or politician, as you choose to term him (a statesman according to Tom Reed, of Maine, being a "dead politician"), with this election to the Senate secured almost absolute control of the Republican party in the State.

An incident occurred during the passage of the Brooks High License bill which was very amusing. Hughey Mackin, a Democratic assemblyman from the Sixth Ward, Philadelphia, a man of very little education but of large native wit and acuteness of mind, with the rest of the Democrats was very much opposed to this legislation, and when it came to the time of the passage of the bill there was great interest in the hall of the House, which was crowded with spectators. Favoring the bill as I did, I made a speech on its final passage, and Mackin opposed it. I had heard privately that Mr. Mackin was the representative of a large liquor firm, and in the course of his speech I asked leave of the speaker to interrogate him, and the question I asked was if he was not connected with the wholesale liquor business. He very frankly told the House that he was and had been for some time, but that that connection did not influence him at all in his views or votes. The sequel is that before coming into the House, with some other members who were in favor of the Brooks law, knowing that we were going to pass the measure, we had been indulging very freely in the festivities of the occasion and had just closed a sitting which amounted to a kind of banquet. Consequently, when I came to make my speech and interrogate Mr. Mackin, it might have been noticeable to him and others that I had been taking something to

stimulate me; so after I had asked the question from the member of the Sixth district, Philadelphia, he requested leave of the speaker to interrogate the gentleman from Delaware County, meaning myself, and I accorded him the usual privilege. The question he asked of me for the bolt I had shot at him was, "Had not the gentleman from Delaware been engaged in the retail business just lately?" The aptness of this interrogation and the repartee brought down the House, and the laugh was upon me. I enjoyed it as much as anybody else, because of the wit displayed. Mackin was very quick and bright and took part in nearly all the debates on the floor.

There was one member from Perry County, a Princeton graduate, a very able man and one of the best speakers in the House—Hon. William H. Sponsler. He is now practicing law, I believe, in the city of Pittsburgh and succeeding well. Sponsler had only one failing, and that was the wealth of his vocabulary and the frequency with which he addressed the chair, not only upon small matters but upon large, displaying great learning and knowledge, but naturally his efforts did not amount to much because of the number of times that he rose to speak. One day Sponsler was speaking upon some bill, something in this way: "Mr. Speaker, the day that I was born (naming the day and the month), which was in New Bloomfield, Perry County." At this point Mackin rose quickly and asked leave of the chair to question the gentleman from Perry County. This was accorded him, and Mackin asked Mr. Sponsler if upon the day when he was born, that he mentioned in his speech, it was not a very windy day. The brightness of the remark and the quickness of the interrogation and the knowledge of all the House of Sponsler's constant flow of eloquence gave force to the wit of the man from Philadelphia, and the House fairly roared with laughter. So it was, when he had the chance, Mr. Mackin would be on his feet either to puncture some weakness in the armor of his opponents or make him ridiculous by his aptness of interrogation.

Crawford, of Philadelphia, and "Long John Donohue" were two members who took a great part in matters connected with the Democratic side. Crawford, without any learning of any kind, was a very clever parliamentarian, and could always be relied on to tie up a measure with his knowledge of this kind of law. The boss of the Legislature at that time, Chris. Magee, used these Democrats very freely when matters were in "irons" or help was needed on the minority side. The Hon. John E. Faunce, of Philadelphia, was speaker in the Democratic Legislature of 1883, and was one of the ablest of the members.

I made many very pleasant acquaintances in the lower House at Harrisburg in the first Assembly, and also in the upper chamber. Hon. Boies Penrose, our present senior United States Senator, entered public life in that Assembly. So did the late Associate Justice John P. Elkin, of Indiana County. Both were very bright young men, and it could be easily seen that they had a political future before them. Mr. Elkin was a special representative of the agrestic community of the State and was sponsor for the Oleomargarine bill. Through his efforts mainly it became a law. I voted for this bill because of the dairy interests in our county, at that time being quite large, and receiving a number of letters asking me to support it, but my general views were against legislation of this kind. Another bill that was prominent and caused a great deal of discussion during the session was the Anti-discrimination bill. It was aimed against the railroad people and had a criminal clause in it which I could not see my way clear to vote for. In fact, the whole thing seemed to me to be of a kind that would not serve any good purpose either for the State or the corporate interest. I made an elaborate speech against this measure. and the Pennsylvania Railroad people were kind enough to ask me for it and had it printed at their expense, which gave me some little advertisement over the State, as I sent out a number of copies of it.

Among the leaders on the Republican side of the House were Sponsler, of Perry County; Robertson, of Allegheny, a labor leader who generally voted in favor of corporation interests; Stubbs, of Chester County; Dearden, of Philadelphia; Cochran, of Armstrong; Packer, of Tioga; Hardenburg, of Wayne. The Democratic members who were mostly in evidence during the session were Wright, of Luzerne; McDonald, of Lackawanna; Mackin, of Philadelphia, and Crawford and Donohue, of the same county. Hon. William R. Leeds, of Philadelphia, at one time postmaster and a prominent leader there for many years, was in the Legislature with me and always on hand to vote, and took a prominent part in all the affairs of legislation. Foote, of Tioga, was a good lawyer and logical talker. After his service at Harrisburg he went into the law department at Washington and did very good service there. Foster, of Luzerne, was one of the most level-headed men of the body, clean and upright in all his dealings. James Beacom, of Greensburg, was a leader, and afterward became State Treasurer. He was well versed in finance and always active, industrious and popular. Captain Gable, of Northumberland County, took much interest in affairs concerning the Grand Army and was himself an old soldier, a member of the G. A. R. Post at Shamokin, and one of the most substantial Post officials in the State. George Criswell, of Venango, a very careful and prudent lawyer, was well versed in parliamentary law and watchful as to pernicious legislation. Isenberg, of Blair, a Grand Army man, was one of the serviceable members of the House. McGowan, a Democratic leader of Philadelphia, was a dapper, small man, but a very bright and able lawyer and politician. He was the Beau Brummel of the House, always dressed in the latest fashion and the best taste. He has since died. The last time I met him was at the Saratoga races in 1907, where he used to go nearly every year for relaxation and that sport of kings, horse racing. Leonard Rhone, of Center County, was one of the most

noted Grangers in the State and head of that order, taking care to have all legislation pertaining to the farmers conserved and passed. Mr. Rhone is still alive and active in his home affairs at Center Hall and in the State. Nicholas Voegtly, from Allegheny City, that part of it which I mentioned in the early chapters of this work as "Dutch Town," settled by prominent Germans, was one of the most reliable and solid members of the body. He owned considerable property in Allegheny County and stood high in the estimation of his fellow-citizens there both of German extraction and those native of that county. Chris. C. Kauffman, a young lawyer of Columbia, Lancaster County, was a fiery, stormy speaker, always on the alert for any measure that allowed him to make a point against the machine or give himself that prominence which nearly all the members more or less sought for through the papers.

Among the Republicans of the Legislature during the time I was at Harrisburg was the Hon. Robert R. Dearden, who was quite a strong factor in the House. He served, if I am not mistaken, as chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. He was of a more independent turn of mind than many of the average men sent to represent Philadelphia in the House, and used his own discretion as to how he should vote upon the bills. After service at Harrisburg he remained inactive for a while, excepting locally, but within the last few years became quite prominent again in Philadelphia political matters. He was a candidate for postmaster of that city, and would have made an excellent official had he secured this billet. Hon. C. Wesley Thomas, of West Philadelphia, figured in the Legislature, and though a small man physically, was quite a brainy, competent legislator. He was a great chum and friend of the Hon. Horatio P. Connell, whose service in the Senate and that of his father was of considerable value to the party and the State. Mr. Thomas no doubt benefited by the superior experience and knowledge of politics of Senator Connell. He was

Senator Cooper's private secretary when he was collector of the port of Philadelphia and right-hand man, remaining with him for a number of years and finally himself became collector of the port and died while holding that office. Hon. D. Smith Talbot and Theodore K. Stubbs, of Chester County, were useful and capable members. There was a popular Democratic member elected from Chester County, which is normally Republican, Mr. William Evans, who served one term at Harrisburg while I was there. He was a very industrious and intelligent member and attentive to all his duties, and excepting upon party issues generally voted for the better measure. It is quite impossible to mention all the several members of the House and Senate I became familiar with during my sojourn in Harrisburg. I am only giving the more conspicuous ones, and perhaps have overlooked some of these, as it is over a quarter of a century since this service was had.

There were two things that I forgot to state. During the second session of the Legislature in which I sat, being on what was called the "Slate Committee," the position of message clerk was assigned to me and I appointed a gentleman named Thomas B. Taylor, of Chester, a moulder in the Engine and Machine Works of the Wetherills. I met him at the Odd Fellows Lodge one evening. He was a good all-around worker and mixer, and did heroic work for me in Chester during my second campaign for the Legislature. He was very prominent in the Knights of Labor, which at that time was very large, especially in that city. William Hulton, a friend of mine, was head of it. He was a gardener and florist, an Englishman by birth, but a man of more than ordinary experience and education. This organization was friendly to me, and partly out of Taylor's situation in it and his assistance with the Republican Club and other friends of his in Chester, I thought it a good appointment. He was not a very good penman, and his business was to message the bills over from the House to the Sen-

ate. I instructed him very carefully to keep the record of all these. Some of the other clerks, on account of his inability to write rapidly and well, tried to "queer" him, which he reported to me, and I went into the clerks' room and read the riot act to them. There was no more of this during the session, but unfortunately for Taylor, in the rush and hurry at the closing of the session he took the revenue bill over to the Senate and gave it to the clerk and saw it placed upon the table of the president pro tem., Senator George Handy Smith, but somewhere between the time it left Taylor's hand and afterward it was lost. It was a measure which would have cost the railroad companies in taxation a great deal of money, and they and other corporations could have afforded to pay a goodly sum to have the bill killed. All the blame of this was put upon Taylor, but a rigid examination by me and a cross-examination of Taylor under oath convinced me that he was entirely innocent of any complicity in the loss of the bill. Unfortunately for him, after he left the senatorial session and it had adjourned he bought a house in Chester, a small one, paying a small amount upon it, but my enemies and his used this against him and he was charged with selling this revenue bill, of which he was entirely innocent. This matter was used against me in the campaign of 1888, in which I was defeated.

I was in Harrisburg a great deal in 1889, and among the members of that session was the Hon. John H. Fow, a Democrat from Philadelphia, a noted lawyer and quite a character in his way. He resembled Ben Butler in his manner of movements and in the way he talked. In the House there was a bill to allow horse racing and bookmaking in the State, somewhat similar to the Ives bill of New York State. Fow was warmly in favor of it and made a speech along the lines in advocacy of the measure. In this speech he said, among other things, "Horse racing and betting have been the sport of kings from time immemorial. Roman emperors, senators and high dignitaries enjoyed this life, racing their horses in the Forum."

After the House had adjourned I went to Fow and said: "Mr. Fow, you must have gotten your history a little mixed. Horse racing in ancient Rome did not take place in the Forum. This was the place where lawyers and senators met to discuss national legislative questions. The gladiatorial games and the racing of chariots and horses took place in the Coliseum and Flavian amphitheater." "Oh," said Fow laughingly, "Jack, the fellows in the Legislature never batted an eye when I said that, nor cracked a smile. D—n it, they did not know the Forum from the Coliseum." I doubt a little whether Mr. Fow knew his history very well himself.

CHAPTER XI

FIRST DEFEAT—ELECTION TO THE STATE SENATE

My service in Harrisburg for two terms justly entitled me to be renominated, and I essayed to do this, but there was at that time a kind of tacit rule or custom that two terms was enough and the member should give way to new blood. The cry is always for new blood when a person wants to be elected the first time to a political office, but after he has been in some time his cry to retain his place is that experience should be considered and count most in the scale. The year 1888 was a Presidential year, and Grover Cleveland, in spite of all his promises not to serve more than one term, was induced to strive for the second time. Hon. Benjamin Harrison, of Indianapolis, the grandson of President William Henry Harrison, who died in office, was the Republican candidate, and his colleague on the ticket as Vice-President was that fine masterful old Republican, Hon. Levi P. Morton, of New York City. The latter is still living a quiet and advanced age, but I understand hale and hearty. "His eyes not dim nor his natural force abated." This Presidential nomination and election brought out quite a large vote.

I had for opponent this time Captain Jesse M. Baker, who has only lately died. Captain Baker was district attorney of the county for two terms, and had just given up this office when he jumped into the arena as a candidate against me for the Legislature. His knowledge of political affairs and his intimacy with all the workers of the county, on account of his holding the prosecuting place, made him a very strong candidate. He was, besides, a forceful character. In early life he had been appointed to West Point, and although he had not succeeded there, on account, I believe, of some lack of aptitude in the French language, he always maintained a love of military affairs and had more or less of a military

bearing. He had commanded the local National Guard company in Media, the Cooper Rifles, so the title of captain always stuck to him and he was never known as anything else but "Captain" or "Jess" Baker. His brother-in-law, V. Gilpin Robinson, a leading lawyer of the county, who had been district attorney for two terms previous to Mr. Baker, was then a leading political force, and his weight was naturally thrown on the side of "Jess" Baker. The contest was waged with activity on both sides and was a very heated one, but entirely without any personalities. Mr. Baker received the nomination, and I made the motion to have it declared unanimous in the convention.

This defeat left me in rather bad shape financially, as I had spent a good deal of money in the fight and owed quite a considerable amount to various friends and the private bank at which I dealt. In order to recoup myself, and knowing no other way so well to effect this object, I applied to Senator Quay, who had just succeeded in being appointed as national chairman of the Republican party to run the Harrison and Morton Presidential campaign, for work on the National Committee and the "stump." I received a message from Colonel Quay to go to New York, and did so and found him at the Everett House, he not having yet established his headquarters. Quite a curious incident occurred at this time, illustrative of Colonel Quay's lack of careful financial exactitude. He was strictly a man of integrity, but careless in his personal accounts, and cared very little for money except as an object to effect results. He talked to me about the late legislative campaign in which I had been defeated, and asked me how the thing had come about and some facts regarding my successful opponent, Captain Baker. He also questioned me as to my financial situation, and I was very frank with him and told him that I was "in the soup," as the expression goes, possibly to the extent of a thousand dollars or more. He told me that he would put me on duty at national head-

quarters just as soon as he opened them, that no money had been received so far to run the national campaign, and that he was putting up his own funds for the purpose. At this time, however, he very kindly wrote out and handed me a check for five hundred dollars on the People's Bank of Philadelphia and said, "Here, this will do you for a little while perhaps, and help to tide you over." I had also explained to him that I thought possibly I could secure him several subscriptions to the national campaign fund. It was evidently going to be a battle royal in the national campaign on the question of protection, as Cleveland had written his famous free trade message and stood by it, and the manufacturers were all anxious to take up the gauge that he had thrown down and test the results on the issue that had never failed the Republican party in previous battles.

I felt gratified after leaving Mr. Quay and hurried over to Philadelphia to get the check cashed and pay out some of the money to my importunate creditors in order to keep them a little quiet until I could earn more money. I got down to the People's Bank, presented the check to an officer at the front, and was sent for by the cashier, Mr. Kern. The following colloquy took place between us: "Where did you get this check, Mr. Robinson?" said the cashier. "I received it a few hours ago in New York from Mr. Quay, the national chairman. He advanced it to me for services that I am to render in the national campaign." "Why, d—n it," says he, "what does he mean? I am not going to pay any more checks of this kind. The colonel is sixteen thousand dollars overdrawn now, and he will draw the whole d—n thing if we let him." So there I was with a piece of paper in my hand that amounted to nothing, and he positively refused to give me a cent upon it. Very chagrined, of course, I borrowed sufficient money, as I did not have it handy, to go back to New York the next day. I went to the Everett House and found Mr. Quay in the parlor of his suite of rooms lying on a sofa smoking his cigar after

dinner. I told him the circumstances and handed him the piece of paper on the People's Bank. He said, "Well, Jack, there is not much friendship in a bank, is there?" I nodded affirmatively, and he told the truth. It expressed my inward conviction at that time. "I will try another bank, and perhaps we will succeed better." He handed me a check on the Beaver Deposit Bank, and I took this paper to the private banking house of Hoopes & Newbold, in Media, the next day, and they immediately cashed it.

I was a little on tenter-hooks for a few days, not having told Hoopes & Newbold of the People's Bank incident, until sufficient time had passed to let me know that everything was all right with the check. When this time had elapsed I wrote Senator Quay a very nice letter of thanks and appreciation and told him I was at his service for duty any time he wished at national headquarters. I received a telegram in a day or so asking me to come over to New York. By that time headquarters had been set up by the National Committee in a big brownstone double house on Fifth Avenue, with all the appointments and requisites of a first-class committee room, with telegraph, newspaper office, and a banking house even in the establishment. I was placed on the list of speakers and given twenty-five dollars a day for my services, and my expenses were paid by the National Committee outside of this. I lived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel until after the November election, and with one or two exceptions in central New York, I made most of my speeches in the city of New York, making them day and night to little crowds or groups of all sorts of people where we could engage them, on drygoods boxes and from the tails of carts, always giving them our side of the protective question.

The noted protectionist and lobbyist, Colonel Nathaniel B. McKay, now dead, was one of the speakers and accompanied me many times in going around the metropolis in these daily and nightly tours in behalf of the party.

He had only lately arrived from the continent of Europe and England, and had brought with him specimens of goods made over there, the prices asked for them in stores and mercantile houses, and the wages paid to the people who made these goods. This practical display of the difference between the production on the other side and the production on this was so much of a visible and patent exhibition that it made many converts. Our work, I am satisfied, was of some avail to the party. McKay's was more practical than mine, but I had made a thorough study of the subject and had every detail of the tariff question at my finger tips. I was sent by the national chairman, a few days before the election, on an important mission to Indianapolis to carry a packet to Senator Harrison, then the candidate for President, and to receive his answer under cover and return. What the nature of it was I did not know, but I was especially cautioned before I left and on my return to be exceptionally careful not to lose the packet or permit it to get out of my hands. As is well known to every school boy, the campaign resulted in the election of Harrison and Morton, and President Cleveland was retired for the nonce.

I witnessed the tremendous excitement in the metropolis at the betting scenes just before the result became known. At the Hoffman House, the Fifth Avenue Hotel and some other places there were large bets made on the election. While Senator Quay did not advise any of us to bet, we knew and could see the enormous amount of work he was doing and the Napoleonic way in which he managed the campaign in detail. He had his little desk room in the large third story of the house on Fifth Avenue and worked day in and night through with a diligence and assiduity that was astounding for a man who only had the use of one eye and was not by any means physically strong.

One peculiar incident occurred during this campaign. I was sent on a tour to Watkins, New York, to take part in a debate which was announced and advertised. I

found there a colonel from Colorado, whose name I cannot recall, who was to represent the Democratic and free trade side of the argument and debate the question with me, representing the Republican and protective side. We each were allotted a certain portion of time, and tossed up for who should open and close. I was thoroughly up in all matters connected with the tariff schedule and saturated with the argument and padded with the figures. When the debate began I could easily see that my opponent had evidently been around with some of his friends and had been on familiar terms with "Mr. John Barleycorn," but I was surprised when he came to open up the argument that he did not know the A B C on his side of the question. It was absolutely a walkover for me, and the audience, the hall being crowded, was in an uproar of laughter. Those who had come to learn something of the Democratic side of the question were astonished, and any school boy could have gotten up and made a better display than did my free trade opponent on the other side. I managed to close up the debate as quickly as the circumstances and courtesy to the audience would permit, and after the meeting was over I was very much astonished to have my opponent at the hotel ask me if I did not think the audience was with him in the debate. I told him I thought it might be they were with him, but it would take a pretty good sized telescope to find out how close they were to him or how fully they sympathized with him.

Another little incident occurred that night. I had made arrangements to catch the flyer on the Erie Railroad at Elmira after the meeting, some twenty miles away, and made a bargain with the livery man for a double team. If he caught the train I was to pay him so much more than the regular fee, which I think was fifteen dollars, and ten dollars if he did not make it. There came up the most terrible storm, the fall equinoctial, I should think, by its tempestuous ferocity, but as I had another engagement to speak the next day, or rather two,

and it meant fifty dollars to me, which was a good deal of money at that time, I was anxious to make the attempt to catch the train, and so was the liveryman for the stipend. We muffled up as well as we could in the tarpaulins and started away just as soon as I could pay my bill. The night was a "corker," and lickety split we went across the country at almost a gallop, with the horses covered with foam, arriving at the Elmira depot just seven minutes before the flyer came in. I gladly paid the "Jehu" his fee and a cigar, boarded the night express, and after a good sleep found myself at the Fifth Avenue Hotel the next morning, hale and sound.

The two big parades of the two parties in New York, just prior to the election, were well worth seeing, and for hours clubs and crowds of partisans of either side marched up Broadway shouting their peculiar slogans of the campaign, the Democrats crying out, "Chinese Harrison, bow, bow, bow; Chinese Harrison, chow, chow, chow," and the Republicans singing, thousands of them, "West, West, Sackville West, carried Grover Cleveland in the pocket of his vest," this being, as is well known in history, reflective of the dismissal of the British minister, West, by President Cleveland for his lack of diplomatic caution and failure to preserve the amenities between our Government in the matter of a naturalized citizen who had written him.

I never saw a man stick so closely to his work as Mr. Quay did during this campaign in New York. He had an enormous job on his hands, as one of his plans to circumvent the padding of the voting list of the Democrats and cheating at the ballot box was to take a poll of the electors of the whole city of New York. This he did through men who went out for that purpose, but purported to be preparing a directory of the city. Another thing which helped was securing the co-operation of one of the candidates for the mayoralty—I think his name was Coogan—and in this way he had a representative in every polling place that was friendly. Still, with all

these precautions and his immense work the task was a great one, and the fever between the two parties ran very high. The betting was very close up to the last. It then favored the Republicans a little and there began to be a feeling that there would be a trade on the governorship fight with Hill, who was running on the Democratic ticket for Governor of the State. Quay also secured the co-operation of McKane, the "boss" of Coney Island. This man held absolute sway in that part of King's County and could roll up any majority almost that he wanted to—more votes than there were voters if necessary. He afterward, for some election frauds, was sent to Sing Sing, where he served a term. The night before election there was great excitement around the hotel lobbies of the city, and especially at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and Hoffman House.

During my stay at the former hotel, I met an old friend from Pittsburgh—"Pud" Childs, brother-in-law of Mr. Henry C. Frick, the great iron master of the Carnegie works. Frick was not then the multi-millionaire he is now, although very wealthy. Childs, like myself, was shy of the necessary money a good deal of the time, but with my pay for speaking and with Childs' assistance from his brother-in-law, from whom he would get a wad every now and then, we managed to have a very good time. I felt, from what I saw of Quay's work and knew of the inside history of the campaign, that we were going to win, so I took every good bet that I could get to the limit of all the money I had available. These bets were put in the safe of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and the clerk was the stakeholder. The morning of election day I went over to Media and voted at my home polling place and then returned to New York. Toward evening I went to the Republican headquarters and up to Mr. Quay's room, where I found him walking up and down the floor nervously, with a wet towel around his head. He seemed to be undergoing an intense mental strain. I asked him what he thought of the outlook, and he said,

"It is going all right, I think. King's County is the key to the whole situation." Further questioning was without avail, as I knew the chairman was not given to talking very much.

As the returns began to come in in the evening they showed Republican gains, and by midnight it was almost certain that we had won. Word came from Mr. Quay, or was sent out by him, that special officers were to be detailed at every polling place in the city of Brooklyn and other places of King's County to hold at all hazards the vote and prevent any fraud after it was posted when the polls were closed. The morning sun dawned on the election of Harrison and Morton, and the Republican party was again victorious on the great issue of protection. We also won the Congress in this campaign, although it was very close. This was the celebrated Fifty-first Congress, in which Mr. "Tom" Reed was speaker and in which he introduced the rule of counting a quorum when the Democratic representatives, in order to obstruct legislation, would not answer to the roll call.

The Democrats sent out big bluffs of what they would do, and claimed Congress, etc., but in Quay's short interview he said we will hold with a mailed hand all that we have won—that is, the Presidency and the Congress. This was a crowning victory for Senator Quay and placed him at the very top as a national leader in politics. It also made him a target for the abuse of all the leading Democratic papers, particularly the New York *World,* which shortly afterward opened its batteries of mud slinging on him and sent reporters to Pennsylvania to ransack his past record and find out any peccadillos that he had committed in early life.

The bets that I won on this election put me on easy street for quite a little while. At Christmas time, in 1888, an aunt of mine in Allegheny City died, and the following February my uncle, both of them at advanced ages, and left all their assets to my mother. I had been promised the Assistant United States District Attorney-

ship, or one of them, in Philadelphia, and would undoubtedly have gotten it through the kindness of Mr. Quay, Mr. W. Dewees Wood and other friends, but that the changed condition in my circumstances and that of my mother enabled me to forego the taking of this office, although it would have been a very pleasant position.

Now comes on the great senatorial fight, the greatest political fight which I ever had, and which lasted for fully three months. Among the friends of Mr. Quay who aided him in the campaign in New York City, both financially and otherwise, was the Hon. George W. Delamater. He was an aspirant for the governorship of the State, and he and his father were engaged in the banking business at Meadville, Pa., and were rated very well. He was a bright, affable and intelligent man, very highly qualified for public service. He had been elected to the State Senate, but being a newcomer to a certain extent in politics of the Senate and State, and his aspirations for the governorship making him considerable opposition from the friends of other candidates, he was up against a pretty hard proposition. It was, however, seen that Senator Quay leaned toward his side, although not openly.

Until toward the last Senator Cooper had been a candidate for the governorship, and as State chairman had many friends all over the State. Holding this place and the control of the organization, he was a formidable candidate. Delamater had back of him, as a candidate for the chairmanship, Hon. William H. Andrews, of Crawford County, a noted politician of that locality, popularly known as "Bull" Andrews. I was the first person to acquaint Senator Cooper with the situation, of which he was ignorant, as he had been in Florida and the South during the winter and did not return until spring had opened. I was quite familiar with the situation, as I had been approached by the Delamater men to aid them. As soon as Cooper returned to Media I told him of the condition in the State, which he could hardly believe. The

next day he visited Philadelphia and the headquarters, where he ascertained that the facts told him were true, and that Delamater and his friends had already made a very vigorous and extensive canvass of the State and had many people at work for them.

The State chairman was elected by the State convention, and this was always held in Harrisburg. This year the lines were drawn between Cooper and Andrews. Senator Cameron backed Cooper, and he also had the aid of Chris. Magee and his friends in Allegheny, and many other warm and influential advocates all over the State. At the caucus the night before the election, to the surprise of everybody almost and particularly to the surprise and chagrin of his friends, Senator Cooper got up and announced that he had withdrawn from the contest of the State chairmanship under a compromise that he was to hold it until the end of the year, and that then Mr. Andrews was to succeed him. It was evident that this was a deal on the governorship, as Andrews was Delamater's right-hand man and with the control of the organization as chairman would be very potential in effecting the result. It began to be bruited about in a little while, as all things soon leak out, that Cooper was to be appointed collector of the port of Philadelphia by President Harrison. Here was the "milk in the cocoanut," also "the nigger in the woodpile." Cooper's friends were very much incensed at his action. The powerful Allegheny leaders, Chris. and Fred. Magee, his brother, were particularly angry and said, "Cooper has thrown the governorship out of the window." It is not certain how the fight would have turned out had it gone to a finish, but I have always believed that Cooper could have won, and I was friendly to him in this contest, although I controlled no delegates to the convention from the county, as I had just been defeated the year before for the Legislature. I will speak more fully of this matter when it comes to the governorship fight.

On May 25, 1889, Senator Cooper resigned his seat in

the State Senate, making a vacancy, and received his appointment as collector of United States customs in Philadelphia, a place paying eight thousand dollars a year and very valuable as a source of patronage and political power. The same day I opened my campaign for the State Senate, throwing down the gage of battle to my enemy of the year before, Captain Jesse M. Baker, then a member of the Legislature and also a candidate for the State Senate. Mr. James Watts Mercur, of Wallingford, Nether Providence, Delaware County, a very estimable gentleman and well known from being the son of the late Chief Justice Ulysses S. Mercur, who had also been a member of Congress from the old Tioga district, was also a candidate, and this made the battle a three-cornered affair. But the main fight lay between myself and Captain Baker, the latter a foeman worthy of any man's steel.

All the powerful influences of the organization and the leading politicians of the county were against me when I began this fight. Captain Baker had put out a good many promises the year before in order to insure my defeat for the lower House, and these promises came back like bad pennies to torment him this year. Where he did not or could not fulfill them it inured greatly to my benefit. In the early part of my first legislative campaign I was introduced by Mr. Coburn, a saddler of Marcus Hook, to Joseph H. Huddell, who had formerly been in the coal business in Philadelphia and had removed in the early seventies to Marcus Hook. He had taken part in the political campaign that elected Judge Clayton to the bench the first time, and when I ran for the Legislature in 1884 he was confined to his house by sickness and unable to move out of his room or to walk, and yet he succeeded by his tact and political ability in carrying that precinct for me. I had learned to like the man very much, as his discretion and judgment were of the very best. He was quite reticent in his manner and address, and never volunteered anything that he could not do, and

had a great deal of influence with all the workers because of his gentlemanly bearing and treatment of them. He had a special following among the colored people of South Chester and that vicinity which was valuable in that he had only to state to them what he wanted done and they believed in him so implicitly that they would work for him to their utmost. He was my right-hand man and lieutenant in this senatorial campaign and in every way aided me; without his assistance I do not know whether I could have been successful. I had the influence of the Chester *Times,* then edited by William I. Tribbett, a very bright newspaper man, whose editorials were of great assistance. Mr. John A. Wallace, the owner of the paper, and Mr. Sproul, who had after his graduation from Swarthmore College bought an interest in the paper, were very friendly to me. Mr. Enos Verlenden, of Darby, the manufacturer, since deceased, was very active in my behalf. William L. Mathues, who was then a clerk in the prothonotary's office, was quietly very friendly to me. He was a born politician and had great influence in Bethel township and that portion of the county. I had the united influence of the Heyburn family, of Concordville, quite a large connection and all with a taste for politics. They stood well in their community and had many friends.

I took the stump in this campaign and made speeches wherever I could. My opening speech was made at Concord Hill to a large gathering of farmers, and I made a point which took with them and others in the county. The county debt under the leadership which was opposing me had not been reduced since the war; there was no sinking fund, but the county was borrowing money for its current expenses by notes in the bank and paying six per cent. interest, while our neighbor, Chester County, on the contrary, had almost paid off all of hers.

As the campaign progressed the excitement grew greater until it reached fever heat. Everybody of any influence in politics was interested one way or the

other. Senator Cooper, being in the Custom House, at the head of it, had a chance either to place a number of people there or to promise them places, and this fact militated against me. Judge Clayton, whose powerful weight in the county, occupying as he did the position on the bench and his being the source of the license granting, was with the combination opposing me. This fact naturally threw a large force of liquor men to the side of Captain Baker. I had, however, two or three very good hotel keepers in the county who were secretly operating in my behalf and giving me useful information.

Night and day I traversed the county from Radnor to Marcus Hook and from the Brandywine to Cobb's Creek. In the evenings after I would return to Media I spent a great part of the time until midnight and after dictating editorials to various county papers, and I also corresponded with several of the Philadelphia papers which were friendly to me. This source of information of what was going on in the political battle was exceedingly useful, as nearly everybody read a Philadelphia paper in the morning at breakfast. I had coralled the correspondence, and with my own aid in writing made it so that Captain Baker could not get his side of the question presented by the papers of the city, and the Chester *Times* kept rapping and hammering at him and the machine with the most strenuous vigor and I was having the same paper distributed all over the county to offset the effect of the Delaware County *American,* which was friendly to "Jess."

I had my office in Media and also headquarters in the city of Chester. The latter headquarters were attended to mainly by Captain Huddell, who saw the workers there and gave them first information and aid as to what I was doing and how the campaign was progressing. One thing that helped me very greatly in my contest was the fact that Captain Baker had the confidence of a member of Congress, Hon. Smedley Darlington, and to a large extent distributed the United States patronage in this

county, such as post offices, etc. This, as everybody who is a politician knows, is a two-edged sword, and it brought a lot of hornets around Captain Baker's head in the way of disappointed applicants, and in one instance gained me the support of the entire working force in the borough of Upland. In this borough Mr. Baker, through some inadvertence or oversight, had written a letter to different parties regarding the appointment to the post office there, and these letters being compared put him in the very singular position of advocating two different aspirants for the same place. The result of this was to turn over to me the most influential men I had back of me in the campaign from that locality. Among them were three very indefatigable and tireless workers—Josiah Smith, who has since studied law, entered the Bar and served as district attorney of the county; A. J. Dalton, who was placed in the prothonotary's' office under the late William L. Mathues, at my suggestion, and who has risen to be prothonotary and served a number of terms, and who is now the deputy prothonotary; and James W. Barker, a boot and shoe maker, of that borough, a native of England, coming from the county not far from where the ancestors of George Washington emigrated. He is a man who has had little advantages of education, but great practical experience, wide reach, and chock full of information on all subjects, and had been leader in a number of political movements. In this fight of mine his cobbler shop in the borough was a sort of headquarters for the boys to gather and go over the various phases of the campaign. These three gentlemen never hesitated to walk from Chester or Upland to my home in Media or any other point in the county where I wished them to go in my interest, and left no stone unturned to win out delegates for me. They were strong enough to carry the borough of Upland, although Captain Baker had some very warm friends there, among them the noted Crozer family.

Nearly every evening, particularly on Sunday even-

ings, these gentlemen would call at my house and we would traverse the situation and see in what direction we could make new and forceful friends. Outside of my chief lieutenant, Captain Huddell, I think that these three men combined were of more use to me and aided more in my success to reach the Senate than any other three politicians in the county. Some of the townships and precincts I found were warmly in favor of Baker, and I did not until the last attempt to make any headway there except to put up such a fight as would keep some of the friends of Baker busy while he was at other places. Radnor township, Newtown and Marple were friendly to Baker, and Marple particularly so at the beginning, but at the heel of the hunt I succeeded in securing the influence of the two Hipple brothers, William and Harry, both of them latterly holding office in my leadership. They were influential farmers in that township and had lots of friends.

At the last it was doubtful whether I could carry the township over Baker, so we made a deal with the friends of Mr. Mercur that we give him the township as first choice and select such delegates as would be friendly to my nomination on second choice. This succeeded very well and in the end gave the township to me. The city of Chester at first was in favor of Baker, but by the careful organization of myself and my friends there we succeeded in turning it almost completely around, even in the districts controlled nearly always by the late William J. McClure, who was the leading liquor merchant in the county, a politician of great skill and discernment; also a very quiet and unostentatious gentleman. He never lost his temper under any provocation whatsoever, and always was affable and agreeable to all. He had a large number of friends in Chester, particularly in his own precinct and ward, but so strongly did the tide run in my favor toward the last that I succeeded in sweeping all these places. I also carried all the precincts of South Chester. One of them, the first precinct, which had al-

ways been held in the grip of Hubert J. Riley, a prominent hotel keeper at that time and a skilled manipulator in the game of politics, was carried by me through the offices of Captain Huddell, who secured the services of a colored man, Alexander Watson, who had been a right bower to Riley in previous contests, as he was a good man at figures and could read and write very well.

Mr. William I. Schaffer, then just entering upon the practice of the law, was very useful to me in this senatorial contest. He was one of the brightest young men not only of the county but of the whole State and a speaker of no ordinary ability and force. He afterward became district attorney and served a number of years as State reporter. He has risen to prominence at the Bar and is ranked now among the foremost lawyers in the State. Strange to say, his stepfather, Mr. John B. Hannum, who served as district attorney after Captain Baker came out of that office, was favorable to the nomination of the latter. This, of course, was a very influential position, and Mr. Hannum had many friends in the city of Chester and his influence counted for no little against me. He has a son, John B., Jr., a bright young man, who has also since become district attorney, serving at the present time. I had some very efficient friends in every township; farmers, merchants and storekeepers were working in my interest openly, others quietly. There was Charles Hanley, a drover of Haverford township, who through the silent influence of the hotel keeper there, a Mr. Johnson, carried that precinct for me from the very potent and widespread acquaintance of Mr. John Leedom. This family and its branches were numerous and counted for a good deal in a political struggle, so Hanley had his hands full, but he was a very adroit and popular worker and mixer. In Bethel I had the influence of the Mathues family, and in the lower end that of Mr. William S. Goodley, a farmer who stood very high in the estimation of his fellow farmers in that locality. Dr. Hayward, of Chadds Ford, was my lieu-

tenant there, and, while not a professional politician, was exceedingly clever in quietly gaining me adherents in the working of my cause against and over the strong influence of the Baldwins—Mr. Richard J. and Henry, the former at present a member of the Legislature—who has served a number of terms in Harrisburg with considerable prominence and usefulness to his constituents. In this township nearly every person who could cast a primary vote for the Republican party came out and voted for one or the other of the senatorial candidates, Baker or myself. The poll was decided by one vote, I believe, in favor of Mr. Baker.

In the Concords and Concord Hill I was more successful. I also fared very well in Aston township, where I had the support of the late John Standring, the Townsend boys, Samuel Fowden, and the Riddle boys, Samuel and Leander, both popular young men, just coming to their majority and having many ardent friends. It was a pitched battle in Middletown township and very close. In the lower end I had Charles Viguers and Robert Furman for me, and in Lower Providence it was conceded to Mr. Mercur as being his home locality, and the battle was for second choice. The late Llewellyn Clevenger, of that township, did me a great deal of good, as he was a member of the Improved Order of Red Men and visited a great many of the wigwams in my behalf. He was a good talker and canvasser and made no end of laborious efforts for me.

In the eastern end of the county and Northern Upper Darby, etc., I was not very strong, although I had quite a following. The old Darbys fell in line for me through the influence of the Verlendens. All along the river front from there to Chester I carried the delegates except in Ridley Park. Frank Lewis, a prominent railroad man there, who had a good deal of strength in that borough, was an advocate of Captain Baker and succeeded in carrying the Park for him. Chester was, however, the great arena for delegates, and as I had become acquainted per-

sonally with nearly all the workers there, through my having gone into the mills at the time I was a book agent, and having lectured a good many times before the clubs and in the churches and lodges, I found this a source of great help to me. The Burns Society, of Chester, a gathering of the Scotch-Americans, many of whom worked at the Eddystone Print Works, were all active and diligent workers for my cause. I had always been an attendant at the Burns' anniversary dinners and aided them in other ways, and through the efforts of John MacFayden, the leader of these naturalized citizens, who was then in charge of the street railway cars and superintendent and had a great deal of personal popularity and strength, did heroic work for me, as did his friends of the Scotch-American Society. The Young Men's Republican Club, of the city of Chester, the strongest political organization of the county, was almost a unit in my behalf. I had from my first entry into politics cultivated the acquaintance of nearly all the members, knew them personally, often stopped in their houses when in Chester, and had them visit me at my home in Media.

At Eddystone there was a fireman in the works, Robert Campbell, who was very strong for Captain Baker. His brother, an officer in the borough of Media, was, on the other hand, one of my most persistent and useful friends. Thornbury was a stamping ground for Baker's friends through the efforts of his lieutenant there, Ed. Hickman, who hardly ever failed to turn this township up as he wanted it. In Edgmont I had more success, as I had the quiet help of the storekeeper, Jesse R. Baker, no relative I believe of the candidate. Jim Mackey, the blacksmith, Lazells and the Smiths, the latter prominent farmers there, the son of one of them, Mr. J. Harvey Smith, being at the present time prothonotary of the county and a leading political worker; Squire James W. Howarth, of Glen Riddle, precinct of Middletown, a tall, gaunt, rough-hued but rather bright and able farmer and collector of autographs and historian, did all he could for

me. Colonel Ned Lyons, the hotel keeper at the Black Horse for many years and who has since died, although a close personal friend of mine in every way and with whom I had always been quite intimate, was equally cordial with my opponent, Mr. Baker, and in this contest was between "the devil and the deep sea," but I believe at the last gave his weight, which was no mean advantage, to Baker.

The excitement in the city of Chester at the time just before the primaries was equal to that at the period of a Presidential election. The streets were filled by partisans of both myself and Baker shouting for their respective candidates. The last week of the campaign I carefully canvassed every precinct in the city and saw nearly every worker personally. I began to feel exceedingly hopeful the last ten days, and the last three or four days I was so sure that I advised my friends that they could count me a winner. The convention, held at Media, was a stormy one and crowded the court house. Mr. John A. Wallace, of the Chester *Times,* presided as chairman, and the balloting showed a safe majority for me. Mr. Mercur's vote was very small, the only substantial part of it was that which was given to him by our coalition in Marple township.

This victory, which landed me the nominee for the Republican party for State Senator for the vacant term of the Hon. Thomas V. Cooper, was certainly a remarkable contest, and considering the forces arrayed against me at the commencement of the battle and the strength of the organization, which was thoroughly loyal to Baker's side at the start, which was a point in his favor; taking also the fact that the most prominent politicians in the county and perhaps the three foremost citizens—Judge Clayton, Captain Isaac Johnson and Thomas V. Cooper —were contending for Baker's success, with their skill and ability as manipulators and their knowledge of the county, it was certainly a master stroke that my friends were able to win out. It was, however, due a great deal

to the fact that in the course of time the voters became tired of a good thing and I had presented my case very strongly to the farmers and had thoroughly advertised these things to the county and shown up all the weak points in the harness of my enemies.

With this nomination to the State Senate I gained control of the organization and practically the leadership of the Republican party in the county. I took some rest after the campaign was over, but found very soon that I had another fight on my hands, as there were a number of Republicans who were dissatisfied and would not support me for the election. The Democrats nominated a bright and popular young lawyer of Chester, Mr. Hiram C. Hathaway, as their candidate against me. These Republicans aided him indirectly and behind the scenes, but my friends got wind of what they were doing and began to organize for me among the Democrats, and when the election began to roll round we had a pretty good contingent working for my election. I was returned in November by a majority of about fifteen hundred and fifty.

CHAPTER XII

THE STATE SENATE AND ELECTION TO CONGRESS

The State Senate did not convene until the winter of 1891, so that there was quite an interval between my nomination and election and taking my seat in the Senate. At Harrisburg I found all a very congenial and pleasant body to be with. The members were nearly all men of rank and position in their locality and communities, and had attained their places through several party contests, and some of them had been in the Senate for a number of terms. Senator Penrose was the president pro tem., he having advanced from the lower House to the Senate, as I did. At the organization of this body he appointed my friend Captain Joseph H. Huddell to be his clerk, thus repaying him for his strenuous efforts in my behalf during the previous campaigns. There was another election for United States Senator at this time, making the third time that I had a vote for a United States Senator in caucus and in the House and Senate. The vote in the caucus was very close, as there was opposition to the nomination of Senator J. Donald Cameron, who had gone into the silver movement at Washington and to a certain extent injured his prospects with the hard money men in the Republican party in the State. He was, however, nominated and elected, and this was the last term that he served at Washington. I voted for him in the joint sessions of the House and Senate and received a very nice letter of thanks from him. After this I became quite intimate with the Senator, being in Washington a good deal more than formerly and seeing more of him. I learned to appreciate him very highly. Senator Cameron is still living very quietly at the advanced age of eighty-two, being born the same year as Senator Quay—1833. He was a man of fine address, aristocratic bearing, pleasant manners, and one thing about him was that he never equivocated, but told you

bluntly and frankly how he stood upon any matters he was consulted about. I recall visiting him at his home at Washington with an application of my friends from the county with regard to the appointment of postmaster in the city of Chester at the advent of President Harrison in 1889. I was opposed to the appointment of the Hon. Robert Chadwick, the ex-member of the Legislature. I found, however, that Senator Cameron was for him. He told me very frankly upon our first interview that he had promised him sometime before. Chadwick was appointed and served until Cleveland's second term, and made a very good postmaster.

I spoke of Mr. Chadwick in another part of this work and that he was a man of very little education but of very good horse sense, large experience and a skillful manipulator at politics, and reliable in all his dealings in business affairs. I recall a ludicrous incident, which showed up his lack of the use of words and early education, when serving with him in the House. One morning he came up from Chester, and at the time Dr. Elwood Harvey of that city was very ill and not expected to live. As I knew the doctor very well, I asked my colleague, Mr. Chadwick, how he was. He said, "Oh, he can't live; he is in a catamoose condition," meaning, of course, comatose.

On both sides of the house while in the Senate I succeeded in securing an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars biennially for the Chester Hospital, an institution which the county or city never had had before. It was signed by the Governor and became a law, and the hospital has ever since been a public institution of great value because of the number of accidents around and near to Chester.

A short time after I became State Senator and before I took my seat, being in control of the organization, my friends began discussing the question of who should be the Congressman to succeed the Hon. Smedley Darlington, of Chester County, that county having had her four terms according to the agreement between the two mem-

bers of the district and coming over to be our term in 1890. There were a number of persons suggested for the position of representative in Congress, but the two most prominent were Hon. John M. Broomall, who had served three terms in Congress during the war, and had been a very bright and able representative, and Dr. J. L. Forwood, of Chester, a distinguished physician and surgeon, who had always been more or less of a politician, and while nationally a Democrat, he had many friends among the Republicans and those who were of independent inclination. He was a man of a good deal of force of character and a good speaker, persuasive and popular with the masses, and always had a strong following in the city of Chester, and was elected mayor there several times. In fact, it was said that Dr. Forwood could be elected mayor any time he wished to be. When the free silver craze became rampant and the Democratic party seemed to be getting away from its ancient moorings, Dr. Forwood came over to the Republican party. He was one of my active supporters for the State Senate and aided my success a great deal. It was found after the campaign for Congress opened up that Dr. Forwood controlled most of the organization in the city and lower end of the county, and that Mr. Broomall had the support of the upper end and most of the farmers and a good many of the older residents. This became so decided between the two candidates that it threatened to divide the organization, and my friends counseled with me as to what would be the best plan to prevent this disorganization and split, as it was foreseen that if either Broomall or Forwood were nominated, neither one of them would control the full party vote. Broomall would have received the opposition of the old Hickman forces that were so strong against him in the battles he made against that distinguished representative, John Hickman, who came over to the Whig and Republican parties in anti-slavery days and early stages of the war. So strong was this feeling that I recall a conversation that I had

with Ed. Hickman, of Thornbury township, the leader there, inquiring of him as to the situation and who would be the best to nominate for Congress. Mr. Broomall's name was mentioned by me, and Ed. Hickman flew off the handle at once and said, "What! nominate John M. Broomall; why, all the old friends of John Hickman will dig up his bones and run them for Congress against him if Broomall is a candidate." Of course, this led to a schism, and would have ended in a factional fight that would have been disastrous to my leadership.

My friends then began suggesting that I run for Congress myself. I scouted the proposition and said it would not do, as I had just come through one very heated and long contest for the Senate, and I thought the people would not stand my running for any more offices. Some of my friends, however, began canvassing the situation and made report to me and I found at first that the feeling was antagonistic to my being a candidate, but the situation between Broomall and Forwood became so evenly divided and later was so portentous to the party that organized leaders and my friends began to come around very cordially to my support without any solicitation upon my part. As I wanted to have some candidate who could unite the party, I even went with the chairman of the Republican organization, Josiah Smith, to Mr. Samuel A. Crozer, of Upland, the noted mill master there, and endeavored to secure his consent to be a candidate, proffering him the support of the organization. This he declined. Finally it resulted in an almost united call for myself to go into the contest. Among those who were very enthusiastic about my candidacy for Congress and who took a great interest in securing me the influence of the leading citizens of Chester and members of the Bar was Mr. William I. Schaffer. In fact, if it had not been for his active effort in this direction I do not think I would have consented to be a candidate, although I plainly saw that unless some one would stand who could

unite the party there would be trouble between Broomall and Forwood.

My friends got up a very strong call, asking me to become a candidate, signed by the most prominent men of Media and Chester and other members of the county. Having the organization well in hand and under my control, I found it very much easier to make the contest for Congress than I did for the State Senate. The latter contest was all adverse work for awhile, but the Congressional contest seemed to run along by itself. I was surprised after getting into the contest to find that Captain Isaac Johnson entered it also. He had stated to a number of people that he would not be a candidate under any circumstances, but many of his warm friends induced him to change his mind, which he had a perfect right to do. Dr. Forwood was also a candidate, but Mr. Broomall did not remain in the contest. The same representative delegate system prevailed as at the time when I was nominated for the State Senate. The year before the convention was a boisterous one, but wholly under my domination and in the hands of my friends. I had more delegates than Captain Johnson and Forwood put together and was nominated with very little trouble.

After my nomination for Congress there was considerable agitation about the district as to who would be pitted against me as my opponent. Finally a very clever lawyer and well-known gentleman in West Chester, Mr. Thomas D. Pierce, who had been at one time a Republican and who was of independent proclivities, was selected. He was chosen for the purpose of securing the Democratic vote as well as the Independent Republican vote, but he did not get either one of these fully. One of the most exciting incidents of the campaign was a debate which took place in Horticultural Hall, West Chester. Mr. Pierce, after his nomination, was challenged by me to this contest, and a number of political clubs and a host of my friends from Delaware County and a great many of them from West Chester and that county more than

filled the hall. The evening of the argument all the prominent Republicans and Democrats of the district and leading citizens were on the stage. The protective side, of course, was taken by myself, and Mr. Pierce argued for the more open revenue question, the free trade. The audience was very enthusiastic for its partisans and the excitement ran high. There wasn't any decision either way, and whether I had the best of the argument or not I do not know, unless the vote in November is to be considered a factor in the decision, which, of course, was in my favor. I made quite a number of speeches in my own county of Delaware and also at various points in Chester County, everywhere being very well received for a comparative stranger.

Thus it was that I was a State Senator-elect and nominee for the House of Representatives at Washington at the same time. This gave rise, of course, to considerable criticism, and particularly from one or two newspapers. The Philadelphia *Press* was very severe in its animadversion editorially against my holding the two offices. As I was not to take my seat or to be sworn in to Congress until December, 1891, I did not see that there was any great conflict or principle violated in my position. More than this, when the criticism arose in the newspaper I examined the records and precedents and found there were several persons who had done the very same thing. One of these was Judge Wilson, of Tioga County, who was a member of the State Senate and served and was nominated to Congress at the same time. So also was the great soldier, General Daniel Sickles, of New York State, who was in the State Senate at Albany when he was the nominee for Congress. There was still another and the strongest reason of them all for my maintaining the position of State Senator and nominee to Congress, and this was that my constituents, particularly the Republican organization and the leading men in the county interested in securing legislation at Harrisburg, wished me to serve the term in the Senate so as to pro-

cure certain laws, and particularly the bill and law for the Chester Hospital which was before the Senate.

After March 4, 1891, my pay commenced as a member of Congress, and I took the pay as Senator and member of Congress and the difference between the two pays I donated to the Chester Hospital, amounting to over eleven hundred dollars, I believe. As I stated, the most important measure that I had in hand and in which I took great pride was the appropriation for this hospital. All the leading merchants of Chester and manufacturers and other citizens of distinction there and in the county around, men like the late John B. Roach, the Wetherill brothers, Robert and Richard, and the Blakeleys and the Blacks all were interested in seeing this measure become a law, and I labored earnestly and industriously to effect it. It finally passed both houses, and, as I stated, a delegation came up from the city of Chester and interviewed Governor Pattison, and he was good enough to sign the measure, and ever since this institution has been a great benefaction to the city of Chester.

CHAPTER XIII

THE REPUBLICAN LEAGUE OF CLUBS FIGHT

About the time the State Senate adjourned there developed in the early summer of 1891 one of the most curious contests that ever occurred in this State politically and probably in any other. In 1888, through the efforts of the Hon. Edwin S. Stuart, the ex-mayor of Philadelphia and now the ex-Governor of the Commonwealth, there was created a League of Republican Clubs at Lancaster after the adjournment of the State convention. The object of this League was to disseminate information about the Republican party and advance the interest of protection and to help to elect candidates on the National and State tickets when nominated. Every club in the State was supposed to belong to it, pay dues, and send delegates to the annual convention, which elected officers of the League—president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, etc. The first president of the League was the Hon. Edwin S. Stuart, and he served for three years. He signified he was not going to be a candidate again, and as I had been prominent in the League some of my friends asked me to stand for the presidency. The Hon. John Dalzell, of Pittsburgh, a member of Congress there and quite a national politician, was also a candidate and was aiming for the United States Senate, to take the place of Senator Quay. Major Everett Warren, of Scranton, was also in the field.

By curious provision in the by-laws there was no limitation to the number of clubs to be formed, and the result was that this fight led up to a great scramble for delegates by the institution of what was called "mushroom" clubs all over the State. Senator Quay was friendly to me and I had pretty generally the support of the politicians of the eastern part of the State and the city of Philadelphia. Dalzell was supported by Chris. Magee and the Allegheny County Republicans and

throughout the State had quite a following. The convention took place in Scranton on the 21st of September, and was held in a large skating rink. The day was intensely hot and the place was crowded; the town was full of clubs and bands shouting for their respective candidates and marching through the streets. The town looked like a city on the eve of a great gala day. I had badges made of cheap tinplate and these were pinned on all my delegates. There were clubs from all parts of the State and all sorts of names given to them. In fact, we had so many clubs from Delaware County that we ran out of good names to give them. It was seen the night before the convention that unless they who had control of the convention limited the entries of the number of clubs there would be confusion and perhaps trouble, as the feeling ran very high. My lieutenants, William I. Schaffer and the late district attorney of Harrisburg, Meade D. Detwiler, Mr. Fred. W. Fleitz, of Scranton, and a few others counseled, and it was concluded to make a fight to throw out all the mushroom clubs and confine election to those clubs which were organized at the time the contest began and had paid dues up to and including the current year. This was fought by the Dalzell men, but when the convention met it was found that we had a good working majority and we put through all our plans and I was elected president without much effort. It was quite a useless sort of fight and expensive, although most of the expense for the eastern clubs was borne by the politicians in Philadelphia. It did have the effect of Mr. Dalzell being a candidate for the United States Senate, without any hope of success. I held the office of president of this League for two years successively.

The convention of 1892 was held at Williamsport, and we had a very fine turn-out. In 1893 we held the annual meeting at Reading, and this was a successful convention, but I found that it was possible to raise enough money by subscriptions from the manufacturers and

others interested in protection and the success of the Republican party to about pay the expense of the League for each year. It was a labor of love, but gave me extensive advertisement throughout the State, particularly the Scranton Mushroom Convention, as it was called. The contest gave rise to the nickname for me of "Jack of Clubs," and one of the many cries of the marching clubs was "Tin, tin, American tin, Ned goes out, and Jack comes in." This League has to a large extent since the abolition of the representative system of voting become obsolete, and while Republican clubs are kept up there is no annual convention nor any gatherings. It was a good primary school for young politicians, and many of them made their debut by going as delegates to these annual League conventions and making nominations of the candidates or speaking in the convention. I was succeeded in this League by the Hon. Everett Warren, of Scranton, and for a number of years it was quite an institution and adjunct to the Republican party of the State, and in my opinion did a great deal of good in giving the party a unity and fighting strength and spirit that it would not otherwise have had.

CHAPTER XIV

CONGRESS AND LIFE IN WASHINGTON

I TOOK my seat in the Fifty-second Congress, to which I was elected in 1890, the first Monday in December, 1891. It is a queer thing in the Constitution that the representatives in Congress are elected one year and do not take their seats until fully a year after. It was the intention of the Constitution to send members to the lower House fresh from the body of the people, but by reason of this appointing and manner of electing it does not do so, and very often a new question will arise between the election and the time the member takes his seat.

The Fifty-second Congress was overwhelmingly Democratic. It was the one that was elected just after the celebrated Fifty-first Congress, which passed the McKinley tariff bill, and by reason of the misrepresentation by the Democrats of this measure, which was one of the best ever put on the statute books, the people were for the time being deceived and the Democratic Congress was elected. If I remember rightly there were only eighty-seven or eighty-eight Republican members in the Fifty-second Congress, the Democrats surrounding us on both sides of the House. I took a house on Rhode Island Avenue, No. 1708, in Washington, D. C., and removed my family there temporarily. Owing to the factional fight in my county when I was elected in 1890, I was uncertain whether I would be renominated in 1892. It would have been unfortunate, probably, to have bought a piece of property. Real estate, however, in Washington at that time was very low, and there were properties to purchase which would have realized considerable money. President Harrison was on the last run of his term and the National election of 1892 was approaching.

When I entered the Fifty-second Congress I was suffering with iritis and wore a patch over my eye by orders

of the oculist. Uriah H. Painter, since deceased, of West Chester, who had been for a long time the correspondent in Washington, was in the press gallery, and when asked by some one of the newspaper correspondents who the new representative was from the Sixth Pennsylvania district, that being the number of it then, he said: "Oh, that is Jack Robinson; he has a black eye, the result of his first night in Washington, I guess." This interview was sent to the Philadelphia *Press,* and the next day copied by the West Chester *Local News,* the leading paper in circulation in our Congressional district at that time. This paper took an electrotype cut, ran a tack in one of my eyes, and inserted it with the reading matter, and it gave the appearance of a person with a black eye. This, of course, was entirely false so far as the remark was concerned, and libelous both in the pictures and in the matter stated in print. I immediately telegraphed to my friend and attorney in West Chester, Mr. C. Wesley Talbot, to issue a capias and bring suit for criminal libel against the West Chester *Local News.* This was done, and my wife and I and other witnesses, with the oculist who had attended me, went before the grand jury, a true bill was found against the newspaper owners, Messrs. Hodgson & Thompson, and the case went to trial. I secured the service, as assistant with Mr. Talbot, of the late Mr. Rufus P. Shapley, of Philadelphia, one of the best criminal lawyers in the State or country, an old personal friend of mine. Mr. Shapley tried and pleaded the case, as did my attorney, Mr. Talbot, with great shrewdness, and as the whole matter was outrageously false and libelous, there was nothing for the jury to do but bring in a verdict of guilty. This was all I wanted, and while I could have sent the proprietor of the newspaper to prison, it was my object only to vindicate myself of the slander of Painter.

After this suit and verdict in my favor in West Chester, the Philadelphia *Press* was very much agitated for fear they would have a verdict brought in against them.

However, this being a large and influential paper, and Republican, through the intermediation of friends of mine who did not wish to see the Philadelphia *Press* prosecuted, I finally consented to receive an apology, which was made editorially, and this closed the whole incident. It illustrated "how great a smoke a little fire kindleth." Here was a fool remark made by a fool reporter, a lie in the first place, copied and put in the press without investigation, which brought two newspapers into serious trouble and to a great deal of expense, as they had to pay all the costs in the two suits.

The Fifty-second Congress was organized by the election or the choice of the Democratic Congressman Crisp, of Georgia, for Speaker over Vest, of Missouri, and I with the other members went through the usual process of drawing lots for a seat. I drew a particularly good one, down near the front and to the right-hand side of the House, but as the Democrats were in complete control it did not make much difference where I sat. Mr. Crisp very kindly placed me upon the Naval and Invalid Pensions Committees. The latter gave me a good deal of work to do, but in the former most of the work was done by the majority members, the chairman being a noted newspaper man—Hon. Amos G. Cummings.

I soon made the acquaintance of a number of very warm-hearted and generous friends on both sides of the House, Democrats as well as Republicans. Of course, Mr. Reed, of Maine, I had known by reputation, but became acquainted with him for the first time on the floor of the House. Major McKinley, of Ohio, was not a member of Congress, having been beaten in the election on account of the Democrats redistricting his Congressional locality. He lost out by a few votes, but this proved a great card in the end in his favor, as he afterward became the Governor of Ohio, and from that stepped to the Presidency in the celebrated campaign of 1896.

One of the most lovable characters that I met in this

Congress and who was with me until his death was Myron B. Wright, who was from Susquehanna, Pennsylvania, and was the chief officer in the First National Bank of that place. Our families became very intimate, and as he sat next to me on the floor of the House our associations were very close.

Hon. James B. Wadsworth, of New York, a son of General Wadsworth, who was killed in the Wilderness during the Civil War, who represented the Geneseo district in the northwestern part of the Empire State, was another Republican in this Congress whose friendship I enjoyed during the whole time I was there. He was chairman of the Committee on Agriculture in the Fifty-fourth Congress, but in the Fifty-second and Fifty-third of course served the minority on that committee. He has a son of the same name, who has just been nominated and elected United States Senator from the Empire State under the primary system, which was tried there for the first time in 1914.

The Hon. Henry H. Bingham, of Philadelphia, since deceased, a brave soldier of the Civil War and a very noted Republican member of the House, was probably the oldest member then there, unless it could have been Holman, of Indiana, who was known as the great Democratic objector. General Bingham, as he was intimately known, was one of the most useful and intelligent members, and had made himself thoroughly acquainted with all the rules, and his long experience had given him knowledge of the details of legislation, especially that regarding the postal service, upon which portion of administrative affairs he was an expert.

Among other Philadelphia members, Hon. Charles O'Neil, who has since died, had been in Congress for a long time. He came to me upon my first or second visit on the floor of the House, and in a very fatherly way, which I appreciated very much, gave me a number of pointers which I found very useful to me in subsequent matters connected with legislation and the work and

duties before me. He particularly laid stress upon one fact, which I found was a secret to the success of a great many members in their associations and work on the floor; this was not to address the House upon any subject unless it was one upon which the member was familiar and one in which he had some interest and that his constituents required him to either oppose or defend. I followed this advice so closely that I do not think I made more than five speeches in the six years that I was in Congress, and only two of them were of any length whatever, one being upon the Dingley tariff bill and the other on the attempt made by the Democrats to lower the price per ton of steel rails and the attempt to introduce a Government armor plant.

Mr. Speaker Crisp, of Georgia, was the ablest Democrat, in my judgment, of all the members on that side of the House that I met with during these two years. He was well posted upon every question, and particularly so upon parliamentary law and the work of legislation of any committee. He was born in England, but came to this country in early life and settled in the South. He was a man of very broad and liberal mind and very fair and impartial in his decisions. He was the only member on the Democratic side of the House who seemed not to be afraid of Tom Reed, of Maine. He would cross swords with this leader when he saw fit, which very few of the members of the other side of the House would do.

Holman, of Indiana, of whom I previously have spoken, had been at various times a member and was an old-fashioned Hoosier farmer, but thoroughly drilled in matters connected with legislation. While he objected to and no doubt succeeded in defeating some good measures, his objections to many bills that were not proper ones to have introduced or passed saved the Government hundreds of thousands of dollars, and it is such men as this, who turn up in nearly every Congress, who are needed at Washington or in the State capitals to prevent that tendency to squander the people's money which is so apt

to be a mania with some of the politicians who succeed in getting elected to these bodies.

Springer, of Illinois, who always came on to the floor of the House with a pink carnation in his buttonhole and looking as if he came out of a bandbox, was prominent in the affairs of this Congress and also the Fifty-third. He took a leading hand in the work preparatory to the Centennial Exposition in 1893 in Chicago and aided in getting the appropriation from the Federal Government for it, and was very often upon his feet whenever any matters concerning his State were before Congress.

Hatch, of Missouri, was very well versed in agricultural legislation and farming matters and was a type of the Western farmer. Nearly all the members of the western part of the United States in this Congress were tainted at this time with the free silver craze. The sixteen to one fallacy was rampant and William Jennings Bryan, who has since cut such a wide swath in the affairs of the nation, was a member and one of the most active and industrious, always anxious to put himself to the fore, a speaker of more than ordinary ability and eloquence. At one time during this Congress he secured, by resolution, permission to have the hall of the House in the evening for the purpose of delivering a lecture. It was a very unusual thing to grant this privilege, but I recall it was well attended and that Bryan, who had not then become famous, held his audience and made a very good impression upon them. I became acquainted with Bryan, as well as with a number of other members on his side of the House and from other States—Blount from Georgia and Myers from New Orleans. Blount was the personage whom President Cleveland sent as minister to Hawaii to pull down the flag, and was afterward known as paramount Blount. He had the broadest Southern accent of any of the members from that part of the United States, and I could easily recognize him, when speaking, with my eyes closed.

One of the singular things about Southern members

was that they usually dragged in something in their speeches about the Constitution of the United States, and they were always familiar with it and appeared to wish to clinch their arguments with some portion of it that would prove the unconstitutionality of the measure before the House. I often thought this quite odd, because it was from this part of the United States that the rebellion cropped up and from which the attempt was made to strike down not only the Constitution, but the very pillars of our Government. When I heard these Southern members discussing the constitutionality of some measure it reminded me of that story of a man who was about to take a drink of whisky at the bar, when an older gentleman tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Young man, don't you touch that vicious stuff; it will ruin your constitution." "Oh," said the other man, as he swallowed the beverage, "I have lost my constitution long ago; I am now living on the by-laws." My associations with the members of President Harrison's cabinet during the short portion of that time that I sat in Washington while he was President were very pleasant, and they were all very able and prominent men. Charles Foster, of Ohio, known as "Calico Foster," was a particularly affable and pleasant companion and widely known for his experience and knowledge of revenue matters. He was Secretary of the Treasury, and a very good one.

Shortly after settling in Washington, in 1892, I called at the State Department to pay my respects to the Hon. James G. Blaine, the most prominent man in America probably at that day. He was not in good health and lived in what was known as the "Red House," on the corner of Lafayette Square opposite the White House, a very historical old building noted as having been occupied temporarily by more than one President while repairs were going on in the White House. In the great tragedy which lost to the country the services of the immortal Abraham Lincoln, William H. Seward was living there, was ill, in bed, and was attacked there by one of

the conspirators—Payne—and had it not been for the courage and bravery of a man named George Robinson, who was his attendant, he undoubtedly would have lost his life. This Robinson, I believe, afterward became paymaster in the army for this distinguished service.

Another historic fact in point about the "Red House," the present site of which is occupied by the Lafayette Theatre, was the old sycamore tree which stood in front for many a year. It was a conspicuous landmark and had a noted historic significance, as it was near this tree that the late General Daniel E. Sickles shot and killed Mr. Key, the brother of Francis Key, the author of the "Star Spangled Banner." This led up to a memorable trial in the courts of the District, in which General Sickles was defended by Edwin M. Stanton, then one of the leading lawyers of the country and coming rapidly to the front as a national character, together with other counsel. He was acquitted through the unwritten law, the assassination of Key being due to a discovery by General Sickles of an intrigue between the man that was shot and his wife. They lived on the opposite side of Lafayette Square, and Key was in the habit of receiving signals by means of a handkerchief from the second story windows. It was just after one of these signals was put out from the window that the Union general, who afterward so greatly distinguished himself in the Civil War, met Key and without any ceremony whipped out a gun, shot and killed him. A great many people were in the habit of taking pieces of this sycamore tree away with them as souvenirs on their way through Washington, and in the course of time it came to be pretty badly damaged, but survived the removal of the "Red House" some time, and was a well-known landmark for years, to be observed by people of the locality and called to the attention of visitors on account of the tragedy that had been committed at the foot of it. This shooting of Key occurred in 1859, I think, and was one of the sensational trials which was read with interest and watched all over the country. It

was a valuable point to lawyers, as it was among the first of the trials where emotional insanity or the unwritten law was urged as a defense for homicide that took place under such circumstances as this Sickles-Key tragedy.

Blaine received me very cordially, and before I could more than tell him the district from which I came in Pennsylvania he said: "Ah! yes, you are from the Quaker district of Chester-Delaware, which with the western reserve of Ohio are probably two of the greatest Congressional districts in the United States in their intelligence and character of the constituency. You had one very distinguished man representing that district when I first came to Washington—John Hickman. I knew him very well, and he came very near being President, as he was prominently mentioned for the Vice-Presidency at the time Lincoln was nominated in Chicago the first time, and would probably have succeeded him after Lincoln's death had he taken that post." Blaine also spoke to me about my relatives in western Pennsylvania, asking particularly about one of them, my uncle Frank, who was connected with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which passed by the old homestead of the Blaines in East Brownsville, Washington County. He seemed to know as much about my family and predecessors as I knew myself. This was Blaine's characteristic—his memory for details of locality and family history and matters pertinent to individuals. Mr. Blaine had a great sorrow in Washington in the loss of his son, Walker Blaine, who was mentally a very able successor to his father and did a great deal of the work in the State Department. I think he died of pneumonia. It was a great loss to the secretary, and no doubt hastened his own demise.

One of the troubles that a Congressman had on his hands in those days, when civil service had not been so rigid as it has been up to the Wilson administration (under this latter administration it appears to have been thrown to the four winds entirely through the patronage

distribution), was the appointments. My predecessor, the Hon. Smedley Darlington, had placed nearly all the offices allotted to the district before my time, and I did not remove any of them until there was a resignation or death. Some of them I did not find out belonged to the district until they got into some trouble or other and then they came to me to get them out of it. The most trying of all matters connected with this patronage business was the post office appointments, and I had more trouble over my own home appointment at Media than any other in the district. I had named for this place Mr. Henry C. Snowden, Sr., still living in Media at a hale old age, doing good service for the county in the court house as assistant county treasurer. This nomination created a factional fight, as nearly all the adherents of my opponents for Congress and for the State Senate in 1889 took sides with the Cooper following and tried to defeat this appointment.

John Wanamaker, as is well known, was the Postmaster General of the Harrison administration, having been appointed at the very last moment when he formed his cabinet on March 4, 1889, for his service in raising the money from the manufacturers and others and financing the campaign for Mr. Quay in New York which won out the election in 1888 so brilliantly for Colonel Quay. It is wonderful to what ends some persons will go when they get excited over a political matter, and this post office squabble gave rise to all sorts of bitterness. Letters were written to Mr. Wanamaker by a number of people in Media assailing Mr. Snowden's character, which had never been in dispute before, and, of course, the Postmaster General hung the matter up and it remained in abeyance for quite a long time. A compromise was finally arranged through the offices of the late Jared Darlington, a warm friend of mine and also of Mr. Snowden's and of Postmaster General Wanamaker's. It was suggested that I name Henry C. Snowden, Jr., as postmaster instead of the father. This satisfied me and all my friends,

as it gave me not only the son as the head of the office, but I had the son appoint the father as deputy postmaster and the latter was actually the postmaster during the term. I must say, in justice to President Harrison, that he was in favor of having my appointment sent to the Senate and confirmed, and it was only the position of Wanamaker that held it up for so long. In point of fact, toward the close of the Presidential contest of 1892, Harrison wired Wanamaker that he wished the appointment made, and it was this mandate from the President that brought about the compromise which led up to the appointment of Mr. Snowden, Jr., instead of the father. The only interest that I had in the matter was to give the citizens of Media, both Republicans and Democrats, the very best postmaster that I could pick out. The person upon whom the other faction had centered to oppose Snowden was Mr. Isaac Ivison, proprietor of the Charter House, at that time a citizen and Republican against whom nothing could be said and who had been a warm supporter of mine in all previous contests. Mr. Snowden, however, had done very able service for the party for quite a long time and was getting up in years. He had been secretary of the county committee for a number of terms, and I felt that this appointment was more satisfactory to the party as he stood in the county at that time than the nomination of Ivison, and not because of any personal or political opposition to the latter gentleman.

Mr. Henry C. Snowden, Sr., is quite a humorous personage, and during one of our visits with the delegation to the White House in his behalf the President gave us an interview. It was the first time I had the honor to introduce Mr. Snowden to the head of the nation. After the interview I asked Mr. Snowden what he thought of the President's manner and whether our arguments in his behalf would be potential and whether his chances would be good. He said to me, 'I'm afraid I won't get it. I never had much faith in these dish-faced men." I did not

exactly catch on to what he meant at first, but it soon struck in upon me that it was the appearance of the late President's visage, which resembled to some extent an inverted dish. Hardly a proper application to apply to the executive of eighty-five millions of people, but as I never heard it before it may count for something with others. I put it in for what it is worth. However, it didn't turn out exactly as Mr. Snowden anticipated, because he really did get the equivalent of the appointment, and the whole affair and excitement closed very happily for him and myself.

The Democratic sweep in 1890 brought into Congress a great many new men, among them Professor William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, whose name is attached to the Wilson free trade tariff bill. He was leader in the House, inasmuch as he was followed in all party measures, and was close to President Cleveland. In many respects William L. Wilson resembled the present President of the United States, Woodrow Wilson. They were both spare in stature and scholastic in appearance, men of letters and professors in colleges. Before going into public life William L. Wilson had served for a short time in the Confederate Army and was for some time president of a college in West Virginia.

One of the big guns on the Democratic side of the House who was in evidence a great deal in debate and when a speech of some importance was to be made was the Hon. Bourke Cochran, of New York. Mr. Reed, on the Republican side, and this gentleman were very chummy during their sojourn in the House and generally lunched together in the House restaurant. Cochran was a Tammany man and had been sent to Washington by this Democratic organization of New York, but he was of too independent mind to remain in the traces very long and jumped from them occasionally, and the result was that Croker, who was the boss in New York at that time, had another man nominated in his district and the country lost his able service, for he was a man born for po-

litical life, a debater and speaker of the highest caliber and quality.

The wit of the House was John Allen, a Democrat from Tupelo, Alabama. He never made a speech that he did not illustrate it with some story, and he usually told a story rather than make a speech. The most incisive and logical speaker upon our side of the House, a very widely read and experienced man, was Sereno Payne, of New York.

The ablest man in the Pennsylvania delegation by all odds from a legislative standpoint was the Hon. John Dalzell, of Pittsburgh. He was a Yale man and did not enter Congress until he had acquired a reputation at the Bar and was one of the leaders of it in Pittsburgh. He never spoke that he was not listened to with the greatest attention, and his addresses to the body upon all subjects were prepared with the greatest care and were fine specimens of diction and data, exhausting the subject and the argument generally upon the topic before the House.

Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, who has since become a United States Senator from that State, was one of the dignified and aristocratic members who received attention more from the weight of his learning than from general respect and appreciation of the man personally. He and Mr. Reed were very intimate and generally conferred about a good deal of the legislation on the Republican side. There was one queer thing about Speaker Reed. As is well known, he was a large man, elephantine in appearance, and would come lumbering into the hall of the House just before it opened like a great mammoth or some other powerful animal and, gazing around the body, give a few grunts and then ascend the rostrum where the Speaker sat and take the gavel preparatory to the chaplain opening the House with prayer. During the intervals of legislation, when the House was in committee of the whole, some member usually presided and Speaker Reed would chat around with the members. Some days he would come and sit down alongside of you and put his

hand on your back and call you by your first name and talk very familiarly and pleasantly with you. The next day he would hardly recognize you, and if you spoke to him would simply reply by an inaudible grunt. There was no questioning his great powers of mind and intellect. He seemed to grasp a subject intuitively and to reason it out with mathematical precision and exactness. As a close observer I thought from what I saw that his health was not good, and after he left Congress, for he resigned several years ago, feeling that he had not done his duty in the way of providing for his family, he opened a law office in New York, and not long afterward, on a visit to Washington, he died there at the Shoreham Hotel.

I had one very pleasant experience with Mr. Reed. Hon. Thomas M. Bayne, of Allegheny City, who had served in Congress for several years from that place, and Reed and myself went on a visit to Pittsburgh to one of the annual dinners of the Americus Club there. On our way out we had a social game of cards, and it was an opportunity to catch the little peculiarities in Mr. Reed's make up. He seemed to be at times dreamy and absent-minded, but when brought up to the subject his flashes of wit and learning would be exceedingly interesting and were greatly appreciated by those who were of the party. He spoke at the dinner of the Americus Club, which is always held upon the anniversary of General Grant's birth, and I recall the magnificent tribute that he paid to that great soldier of the Civil War. It was not a prepared address, or at least not a carefully prepared one, but was off-hand. He never spoke at length, and his great point in debate in the House was interrogating the members of the other side. He had a way of asking and questioning or punctuating some remarks of the member on the other side who was speaking that would entirely overthrow his balance and destroy his argument. Nearly the whole Democratic body of the House seemed to be afraid of his powerful intellectuality. He was aggressive and had a habit of saying some rather sarcastic things sometimes

about public men and members of the House. This, of course, did not tend to make him popular, and when it came to the question of who would be Speaker—Reed or Major McKinley, of Ohio—the latter, who never made an enemy in his life and who was always suave and particularly pleasant with every one and willing to assist them whether of his party or of the other side, had no opposition and could easily have defeated Mr. Reed for the Speakership, as he did for the Presidency at St. Louis in 1896. Mr. Reed rather felt the defeat in 1896, and it was not long after this that he gave up legislation and political life together, and died shortly after. He was unquestionably one of the greatest men this country ever produced. His speech upon the Wilson tariff bill from the Republican standpoint was a philosophic argument, representing the question from the sternest and severest logical standpoint. There was really no answer to be made to it.

Mr. Grover Cleveland was inaugurated March 4, 1893, and immediately called Congress together. The day of the inauguration was a frightfully cold, snowy, wintry one. The President took the oath and delivered his inaugural speech bareheaded from the front of the capitol steps, on the platform erected for that purpose, amid all the severity of the winter's gale, snow and sleet, and never seemed to mind it at all. The outgoing President, Benjamin Harrison, seemed a small man alongside the President-elect, Mr. Cleveland. The Wilson tariff bill had evidently been prepared in the interval between the inauguration of Mr. Cleveland and the meeting of the Congress, and was ready for the committee. There were very few hearings given the manufacturers and it was pushed through with railroad speed. One of the most brilliant pictures I ever saw in my life was the day in which the great debate took place. When the bill was passed the rules were thrown down for the admittance of ladies to the hall of the House, and their presence on the floor, in the galleries, and all round added greatly and

gave a touch of color to the scene. Many men of notoriety and distinction were there from all over the country. William L. Wilson and Bourke Cochran sustained the burden of the debate on the Democratic side, while Reed and Mr. Nelson Dingley, of Maine, Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, Payne, of New York, and Doliver, of Illinois, were the wheel horses upon the Republican side. It was an historic sight and one not easily forgotten.

In the Fifty-fourth Congress the Republicans had a good working majority and Mr. Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, was nominated in the caucus and elected the Republican Speaker in the House. In this Congress I was fortunate enough to have an appointment assigned to me by the "Slate Committee," as it is called, which distributes the offices allotted to the various members on the floor. I was first assigned the carpentership, which I offered to Captain Henry G. Cobaugh, who had been one of my stanch political friends from the time I first went to Washington. The carpenter of the House attends to all the repair work during the interval of adjournment, and refurnishes the desks, carpets and personal property on the floor, which he purchases through an appropriation given to him for this purpose. As Mr. Cobaugh was in the insurance business, he did not care to take up the position I first offered him, so in looking round I found that I could give him instead a place as doorkeeper, and one with entrances to the House floor which would bring him into close communion with all the members. He was a very efficient and intelligent official, and afterward became captain of the guards at the United States Treasury Building, and I believe still occupies this place, a very extensive one.

During the time I was at Washington I had the Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club down to visit me, and they enjoyed the trip very much. Nearly all the old members who have since passed away were in the body, and some others. They came in their fox hunting dress and created quite a sensation for a time

around the capital as they passed in and about to see the sights there. Had it been a half-century or more earlier, it would not have been anything to see a member of the House from Maryland or Virginia come in on the floor in this sort of rig. Hon. John Randolph, of Roanoke, the celebrated statesman, was accustomed to so appear, as well as others whom I cannot recall at present. I had my friend and secretary, Mr. Henry Gilpin Clements, act as major domo for the parties, and as he knew all the ins and outs of Washington, from the brilliant to the seamy side, he gave the Rose Tree boys, old and young, quite a run for their money, and they all spoke in high praise of the manner in which he conducted them about the capital and his knowledge of the prominent men and places there. It was a great outing and long remembered by the Fox Hunting Club. I had at the banquet which I gave in the evening a number of my classmates in the Naval Academy, who were then stationed in Washington, among them Commander R. M. G. Brown, who has since died, who was the hero of the *Trenton* in the hurricane at Samoa; Charles W. Stone, or "Doggie Stone," as we used to nickname him at the school, who represented the Carnegies at Washington and was on the retired list, and who also has since passed away; Commander Davenport, Singer and some others.

A very frequent visitor at our home was the Hon. Charles A. Boutelle, of Maine, who had been in Congress for some time and was an experienced politician and a speaker of more than ordinary capacity. He was chairman of the Naval Committee in the Fifty-fourth Congress. Mr. Reed appointed me upon the same committee. I served with him there during that Congress, and our relations were very agreeable and pleasant at all times, socially and officially.

I had the honor of appointing several cadets to Annapolis and West Point during my three terms in Congress. The appointments to the Military Academy at West Point I had selected by competitive examination,

and generally found it to work out very well; but in the appointments to the Naval Academy, being a graduate myself of that institution, I felt I could size up the capacity of the young gentlemen to whom I tendered the honor better myself than could a board of examiners. One of the young men now living and a professor at the Naval Academy, standing very high in service, was Charles Lewis Leiper, of Chester, the son of Captain Thomas I. Leiper. The latter was a brave and gallant soldier of the Civil War, and his son went through the Academy with honors and graduated number two in his class. He was constitutionally unfit to go to sea, on account of seasickness, and took over a professorship at the Academy and is doing good service for the Government there at the present day. He graduated in 1896. I also had another appointment in that class—my wife's brother, Charles Edward Gilpin. There was a judge from Michigan, I forget his name, who had a Naval Academy vacancy open, and I having a West Point one, we made a trade, and in this way I got Mr. Gilpin appointed to the naval service. He also graduated very satisfactorily in his class and served with distinction for a number of years afterward. He was in the Philippines and was wounded in the arm there while in command of one of the small gunboats. He also was in the expedition to Pekin under Admiral Seymour, of the British Navy, which was repulsed and had a hard time of it, as at one time it was very nearly captured by the Chinese Boxers. He was in several brushes with the enemy at this time at Tien-Tsing, and for this he was promoted three numbers and mentioned in general orders. He is not in the service at present, but represents a large manufacturing firm in Boston, Massachusetts.

I had the honor of being appointed by Mr. Speaker Crisp in 1892 to be one of the members of the Board of Visitors to the United States Naval Academy, and returned to my old alma mater at Annapolis with my family, as all the members of the board took their families

with them. It was an exceedingly enjoyable visit. I presume that Mr. Crisp gave me this appintment on account of my being a graduate of the Academy. I was again appointed in 1896. That year the board selected me as president and also for the work of addressing the graduating class in the chapel. I had the distinction of doing this, and it was a very agreeable service for me, taking me back as it did many years to the time when I was a cadet at the same place. Of course, the institution had greatly changed and improved. Much new ground had been purchased and new buildings built, a fine new chapel among the number, and through the generosity of Colonel Robert Means Thompson, a graduate of my class, the handsome bronze doors on the chapel were installed. He was instrumental also, and, in point of fact, the chief person, in engineering the work of building the new improvements at the institution. His great interest in the navy, and in the Academy especially, every one now knows. He is the president of the Orford Copper Company, of New York, and is well known not only nationally, but internationally. He was assigned to entertain the Duke of Battenberg when he was over with his Majesty's ship *Drake* a few years ago, and also president of the Olympic games held at Copenhagen, I think in 1913.

Colonel Thompson entertained all the living members of the class to which he and I belonged, in June, 1914, the fiftieth anniversary of our entrance to the United States Naval Academy, at his magnificent residence in Sheridan's Circle, Washington, upon which he has lavished all that good taste can collect and wealth can buy. He has always taken the deepest interest in his classmates, whether they have been graduates of the Academy or not, and in many instances has helped them out of difficulties or aided them to secure a substantial footing in the world. Colonel Thompson in the early part of the year 1914 secured the services of one of our classmates, Commodore William H. Behler, who is on the retired list, to hunt

up all the members of the class of 1864 and invite them to this reunion at his residence in Washington on the 3d of June. Commodore Behler was given a free hand and took a great deal of pains to ascertain the situation and location of every living member that had entered in 1864 at Newport. We all met at the colonel's residence on the evening of the 3d of June, and were given a most magnificent banquet. The decorations and appointments were very neat and appropriate, referring to naval matters and our class, giving pictures of each one of the members so far as they could be taken from the files of the Academy, many of them having been secured from those that were taken when the classmen entered the Academy fifty years prior to this event. With the menu these souvenirs were at our plates when we sat down to dinner, and it was a surprise to all to find so many living and speaking members of the old times in the faces of our fellow classmates who a half-century before had been boys with us at Newport and had started in a career in the navy, all expecting and looking forward to being admirals.

A very sad occurrence took place at the close of the Thompson dinner. One of the classmates who had been present from New York State, from Schuylersville, Mr. Alva B. Carpenter, who was greatly interested in all the things connected with the dinner and had written a number of times to Mr. Behler regarding it, left about midnight with two of the class for his hotel, the New Willard, apparently in the best of health and spirits. On the street car he fell to the floor with an affection of the heart and died within a few minutes. The matter was telephoned to Colonel Thompson upon knowledge of it coming to the attention of the authorities. Colonel Thompson gave orders that all that was necessary should be done for our deceased classmate to make his funeral proper, and that as many of the class as could spare the time should accompany the remains to the home of the deceased member. Commodore Behler and Captain

Creecy took an active part in the matter and went to Schuylersville, where they saw that all the appointments of Mr. Carpenter's funeral were carried out in an appropriate manner. It appears that he had been ill for some time prior to the dinner and had consulted the doctor, who told him of his heart trouble and advised him to avoid intense excitement or any undue exertion. Letters that he wrote to Mr. Behler showed that he was exceedingly desirous of going to the dinner, and nothing could have occurred that would have pleased him more, as it appears by what took place at the banquet. He was one of the most interested and took the most enjoyment out of all of it. Of course, it was a very sad termination to the affair, but it could not have ended better for Mr. Carpenter than it did, because of the circumstance that his classmates all were near him and took extra pains to see that he had every attention paid to him.

A day or two after this dinner there was a dedication of the monument to the Confederate soldiers and sailors in Arlington Cemetery. I received an invitation to this affair, and as I knew the President would be there and other prominent members of his cabinet and men connected with the Confederate and Union services, I thought it would be very well worth seeing and hearing. I went to the affair in one of the "rubber neck cars," and was surprised to see so many women from the South, all wearing the "stars and bars" and all for the old Confederate secession feeling. It seemed like carrying one back to the war times when "copperheadism" was rampant and the preservation of the Union was in the scale and the rise and fall of it was uncertain. The President and his daughters were on the platform and a number of the officers connected with the Grand Army of the Republic and camps from all over the country. Speeches were made by both ex-Confederate and Union officers. They were all full of patriotic sentiment. There was no question but that the old issue had been forgotten and that there was but one flag, the true flag to be revered. That

day I had a very pleasant chat with the Secretary of State, William Jennings Bryan, while waiting for the opening of the exercises. It was an extremely warm day, in fact, one of the hottest of the season, and toward the close of the proceedings, about the time the President was to be called upon to speak, a most terrific thunder storm, with dust, rain and wind, came up, and everybody scattered as fast as they could. The President made an apology for not talking and hurried to his automobile, and all of us ran as fast as we could to our conveyances so that we could avoid the fury of the storm, but we got most of it before we got half-way back to the city of Washington. However, I did not regret going to the affair, as the exercises were extremely interesting and all the speeches were well worth hearing; in fact, it surprised me that there was so much patriotism shown by those who had themselves or their fathers taken part in the war between the States.

Among the speakers was a young man from Washington, a fine looking, athletic fellow of about thirty or thirty-five years of age, Robert E. Lee, the grandson of the famous commander of the Confederate forces. That this young man should have so little rancor or ill feeling that he could make an address, which he did, teeming with strong and powerful patriotic bursts of eloquence, there on the very spot where his grandfather had lived at Arlington, which place had belonged to him and his ancestors and had been taken from him by the misfortune of war, was remarkable. I learned afterward that Mr. Lee was a lawyer in the city of Washington and took an active part in all philanthropic work, and particularly with the initiation of the work ending with the erection of this Confederate monument. For a long time Arlington had been barred to the Confederate cause, and the United States Government would not permit the ground to be used for the erection of Confederate monuments, but finally the feeling between the sections became so mollified by the passing of time that all

the old antipathy passed away and the last President who had taken part in the Civil War was the one who signed the bill to permit the Confederate officers to erect the monument, and a most beautiful work of art it is.

CHAPTER XV

1894 AND THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNORSHIP CONTEST

In 1894, the third year of my incumbency as president of the League of Republican Clubs of the State, I had a very wide acquaintance. I can say, I think, without contradiction that I knew personally more of the political workers in the sixty-seven counties of the Commonwealth at that time than any other politician of prominence in Pennsylvania, not excepting Colonel Quay himself. After my first nomination and election to Congress in 1890, the Fifty-second Congress, I had very little trouble in being renominated and elected in 1892 and 1894. The president judge, Hon. Thomas J. Clayton, who opposed me in my first contest, took the very sensible ground that I ought not to be disturbed by any factional fight until the time allotted to our side of the Congressional district, six years or three terms of Congress, should have expired. With his powerful influence in my behalf, and with the strength I had gained by being the leader of the county and in Congress, I was in a strongly intrenched position for a State fight. It was the year a Governor was to be elected, and I held my own county without any difficulty and also Chester County and the adjoining districts. I felt that for my services to the party and my standing in my own county and district I was entitled to a State office, and the high honor of being nominated for Lieutenant Governor was one of the ones I could reasonably aspire to without being inordinately ambitious.

In 1890 General Daniel H. Hastings, who had gained a great deal of notoriety and fame by his Johnstown work at the time of the flood there, ran for Governor and was defeated by George W. Delamater. This latter nomination was not a popular one and Delamater was himself defeated in the November election by ex-Governor Robert Pattison. General Hastings held the po-

litical forces in hand from the 1890 contest and came up with a strong following for the nomination again in 1894. My opponent in the contest for Lieutenant Governor was the Hon. Walter Lyon, a leading member of the Bar in Pittsburgh. He was not very widely known over the State except by the leaders of the Republican party. I fully expected in this contest to have the support of Senator Quay. I did not have his opposition, as he remained neutral, and wrote me to the effect that he had made a promise to aid State Senator George Handy Smith, of Philadelphia, if there was any chance for his nomination. Senator Smith not entering the contest allowed Mr. Quay to be non-committal. His son, however, Hon. Richard R. Quay, was a close friend to Walter Lyon and used all his influence and also the influence of his father against me in this contest. I had every prominent leader in the State against me in this fight, and yet I elected nearly one hundred delegates, nearly enough to nominate me had there not been this interference of Mr. Richard R. Quay for Mr. Lyon. Of course, he had a perfect right to do this individually and politically, but the dragging in of the powerful weight of Senator Quay's influence, which his son could wield, hurt me at the crucial time. I could have had the support of the leaders of Allegheny County, Hon. Chris. Magee and others, but for the fact that Mr. Magee was a warm friend of the Hon. George F. Huff, of Westmoreland County, and the leader being a Congressman-at-large and wishing to be renominated, it was impossible for Magee to help his friend to this place unless he would "ride with the hares and hunt with the hounds."

When the convention met there was a boisterous crowd of my adherents in Harrisburg, and from the outside noise and free demonstration one would think that my nomination was assured, but when the votes came there was not a sufficient number for me, and the Hon. Walter Lyon was selected as the nominee. My nomination for the office was presented to this conven-

tion by my good friend Mr. William I. Schaffer, of Chester, of whom I have spoken several times, in a very brilliant speech which carried the voice and sentiment of the convention. The nomination was seconded in my behalf by another friend of mine whose acquaintance I had made in my League of Clubs work, Hon. Walter Merrick, of Tioga County. He had never made a presentation speech before in a State convention I believe, and his address in my behalf was a fine piece of eloquence and aggressive sarcasm against the power of the organization that was being wielded for Mr. Lyon. His speech was a masterpiece and led to his being taken up by Senator Quay, as the latter had a faculty of doing these things, selecting men of ability who made their mark in conventions or other meetings in the State and tying them to him politically with hooks of steel. Mr. Merrick became the United States naval officer at the port of Philadelphia in the McKinley administration, and was reappointed under Presidents Roosevelt and Taft.

Hon. Walter Lyon and myself are very great friends, and while I did not know him very well at the time he defeated me for Lieutenant Governor, our subsequent acquaintance has been very close and agreeable. I never go to Pittsburgh that I do not have the pleasure of calling upon him at his office or meeting him socially at the Duquesne Club. I had my lieutenant, Mr. Schaffer, make the nomination of Mr. Lyon unanimous, and wherever I could aid in effective work for Governor Hastings or the whole ticket I did so with all my vigor and force and with all the power and assistance of the Republican League of Clubs, which I had then brought up to its full efficiency.

Jno Friend
Md 2nd cav
Aug 28 95

CHAPTER XVI

SENATOR QUAY'S GREAT FIGHT FOR THE STATE CHAIRMANSHIP IN 1895

THE administration of Daniel H. Hastings had hardly gotten warmly installed in Harrisburg when the head of it began plotting or marplotting for the United States Senatorship to succeed Senator Quay. In order to do this it was necessary for those who supported Hastings to gain possession of the organization and the State chairmanship. Under the rules, as I stated previously, the power to elect the State chairman lay in the State convention. Senator Quay was in the habit of spending his winters at his fishing bungalow at St. Lucie, Florida, and in 1895 did not get back until late in the spring; and in the meantime during his absence the emissaries of the Governor were at work all over the State building up an organization to defeat him. A great many of the politicians that Quay had made himself and had showered with favors deserted him and joined the Hastings combination. Nearly every politician of any prominence in the State was in the movement, and I do not believe that the Senator got wind of the true situation until he returned to Philadelphia. I had elected the delegates in Delaware County, seven of them, early that year, and had them well in hand. In Montgomery and Bucks Counties the old lieutenants of Mr. Quay deserted him. Fetterolf and Colonel B. F. Gilkeson joined hands with the opposition. Gilkeson was State chairman, and had been put in that position through the influence of Mr. Quay, just as he had been given other political positions through the favor of the Senator.

Shortly after Quay's return to the North I received a telegram from him to come to Smith's Hotel, Brigantine Beach, near Atlantic City, where he used to make his headquarters when on his fishing trips there. I went

down the next day. Mr. Quay had been up all the night before and was not feeling very well. When I had an interview with him he opened up the situation by asking me if I knew what was going on in the State politically. I said I certainly did have a pretty good idea of it—that they were after his scalp and that I thought they had gotten it by this time. He rejoined that perhaps it would be possible to go into a contest and straighten the matter out. "I do not think," he said, "that all of those fellows who have deserted will stand by the Hastings colors. At any rate, I am going to make a fight, and I would like to have you with me." Said I, "How about last year, colonel, and the lieutenant governorship?" "You ought to have had it," he replied. "I see my mistake now. The Republican people and the party were for you, and personally I did not take any hand in that contest. Of course, I knew that my influence was being turned against you, but it was altogether against my wishes. Now, I suppose you want to go back to Congress next year, and I will do all I can for you in that matter, or if you want the lieutenant governorship next time, I will promise to have things lined up for you if I am in position to be of any service." I replied to the Senator by saying that I thought I was badly treated in 1894, but that I bore no animosity to him nor, in fact, to any of the leaders excepting Colonel Gilkeson, who after I had elected delegates to the State convention in my interest covertly sent for them and endeavored to seduce them by promises from my allegiance. "I understand that he has turned against you," I continued. "I do not want it to be stated that I took up arms against you because I was defeated last year, as I despise that kind of politics that cannot suffer a reverse. I believe you are beaten in this fight already, Senator, but notwithstanding the fact of the strong combination against you, you have a powerful following in the State and can raise up new friends and possibly be successful yet. Whether you can or not I am going to be with you whether I go to

Congress next year or go into office in the future. Promises or not, you can have the seven delegates from Delaware County and can announce it any time or to anybody." He thanked me and appeared to be very grateful.

In a few days Quay opened headquarters on Pine Street a few doors west of Broad, in Philadelphia, and the contention for the chairmanship began. I believe that this was the greatest battle that Colonel Quay ever made politically in Pennsylvania, at least in my experience, unless it might have been the one in which he made Samuel Whittaker Pennypacker the nominee for Governor over John P. Elkin in 1902. Almost all the Senator's friends in Montgomery and Bucks Counties had left him but one, and he was a new factor in the game, but a very able and discreet one—the late James B. Holland. He was one of the loveliest characters that I have ever known. Quiet, unobtrusive, with excellent judgment of men and knowledge of detail in politics, he had won out his fight for district attorney in Montgomery County against the organization and had control. With myself he backed up the fight for the chairmanship in behalf of Colonel Quay. We worked "cheek by jowl" for a number of weeks at the Pine Street headquarters, aided by the very efficient and influential service of the Senator's secretary, Frank Willing Leach, who conducted most of the work of the headquarters and the correspondence. It was a battle of giants. Holland won out the nine delegates in Montgomery County. By newspaper work with my friends I succeeded in turning the contest aggressively against the Hastings combination and particularly against Gilkeson, the State chairman. I was astonished in this campaign to ascertain how many close and intimate friends Mr. Quay had all over the State; many of them men in moderate circumstances and humble place, who stood by him like a stone wall for some little favor that he had done them years before. He had letters and telegrams from a number of them

after the headquarters were opened, and outside of this he summoned to his ranks some of the most powerful, wealthy and influential manufacturers and business men of all parts of the Commonwealth.

As the convention approached the contest became very acrimonious, not only through the newspapers, but in many other ways. When the convention was about to meet in Harrisburg crowds and partisans on both sides went up to the capital. Harrisburg was filled with all the politicians in the State of the Republican party and a great many Democrats besides, who were helping Colonel Quay on the other side on the "Q. T." A close poll showed that the delegates were about evenly divided. Possibly the majority was in favor of the Hastings combination. All the strong-arm men in the State, detectives without number and crooks of all description, were on the scene, just as birds of prey would come around expecting a great battle. Our side secured possession of the Opera House, where the convention was to be held the next day. It was a big coup in our favor. The doors were held by armed men and the mailed hand was around the building and everywhere else. The night before the convention the partisans of Senator Quay held a caucus in the Board of Trade room, elected a chairman and called the roll, and announced that he was a winner by a good safe majority. As soon as the caucus adjourned all the clubs and followers of the Senator swarmed the streets and marched about with bands playing and spluttering fireworks, and shouts of the privates, subalterns and captains of politics declaring that Quay had won and that there was no doubt about the fruits of the victory. There was very little sleep for any of us that night, and runners were out all over the town coralling and guarding the delegates and others of whose loyalty we felt some doubt.

The next morning I suddenly ascertained that one of my own delegates, to whom I had given a position in the Mint, had been corrupted by the other side and was

counted on to vote against Quay. I was almost astounded when I heard this, as I felt certain that my seven delegates were absolutely loyal; but this shows the uncertainty of politics. However, I sent out from my room in the Lochiel Hotel, which had two doors in it, one on each side, Walter Welsh, of Chester, and another stanch friend of mine, both powerful men physically, to bring the delegate to me. He was a very small man physically and absolutely insignificant in many ways except in his own voting precinct, where, by importuning men to support his candidates and his talk he gained considerable local influence, and through this his position. The men soon brought him to me. After everybody had gone out but myself and the delegate, I turned the keys in both doors and locked them. There was pen and ink on the table and some paper. I told him to sit down there and write out what I should dictate or take his chances of going out of the window, which was a third story one and wide open. He was white as a sheet. He acknowledged that he had been bought, but said that the other side was going to win and that he needed the money that they gave him; that he was poor and had very little money even to go home with. I dictated a proxy for myself as delegate and he signed it, and I then called in witnesses and gave him enough money to get out of the town and told him friends of mine would see that he took the train, which he did. It was the first incident in my experience in politics in which any delegate that I had chosen or that had been elected in my interest had ever been disloyal.

All the details of the convention were carefully arranged the night before, and even daylight saw us at work. At the last moment I found that some of the friends of Senator Quay who had been stirred up by the factionists of my own county were endeavoring to secure the nomination or election of Judge Samuel H. Miller, of Mercer, to be the temporary chairman of the convention the next day, and my friends had previously

gone to the Senator in my interest for the position. Mr. Quay said, "Certainly I want Robinson for it. He has made this fight with Jim Holland, of Montgomery, for me with my other friends, and he is the logical candidate for the position." The attempt in the interest of Miller fell through, and it was arranged that I should be named the temporary chairman of the convention.

The next day the Opera House was filled to its utmost capacity. All the leading politicians in the party of the State were there, and for a time it seemed as if there would be trouble, but our side were on the alert and watched every avenue of danger and every move made by the enemy. I was named for temporary chairman of the convention and made a short speech, in which I advocated the utmost harmony and peace for the sake of the party. It was soon found that the effect of the caucus of the night before and the forcible demonstration made by the large body of people who had gone to the capital in the interest of the election of Senator Quay had weakened the stamina of the opposition. On a roll call Quay was elected State chairman, with a few votes to spare. It was a "famous victory."

Now that twenty years have elapsed, I may not be giving away any of the secrets of politics to say that we really did not have the necessary number of delegates at the caucus the night before, but we had bluffed the other side, and that it was a game of bluff on our side all through that won out. In point of fact, in a close contest in politics it is often a question of nerve and individuality more than anything else that carries the day. Of course, "sinews of war" is a great help, and hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent in this memorable campaign, but it was the character and initiative of such men as Holland, Cooper, Lane, and a number of others who stood by Senator Quay in this contest that made him a winner. The Senator was very grateful to me and so expressed himself. After the convention he sent me a small photograph of himself, unasked, and wrote on

it "Your friend, M. S. Quay," which I have hanging on my library wall to-day. Had the opposition to him been successful, it was all arranged that Governor Hastings should have gone to the United States Senate in 1897, and the other officers to be chosen in the interval would be distributed among the men who were ordinarily Hastings' adherents and the renegades from the side of Quay, some of whom came back regretting their temporary aberration.

Quay did not forget the aid I gave him in this contest, and my subsequent appointment, years afterward, as United States marshal was indirectly through his political friendship and desire to repay me in some way for my efforts in his behalf in this year when he came so near going down to defeat. In fact, I do not think he ever came so near meeting his Waterloo as he did in this 1895 battle. He did not forget others who assisted him. James B. Holland, who, as I stated, was one of the ablest, most competent and active of his friends, was afterward made United States naval officer of Philadelphia, United States district attorney, and United States district judge, in which latter position he remained until his health failed, and by an act of Congress he was retired, and died only a few months ago. It was singular that he lived as long as he did, for he was a very frail, delicate man, giving to all the appearance of a person in the last stages of consumption. It was wonderful, however, the amount of labor that he could perform, and the acuteness of his intellect and his poise and acumen in sizing up various political units in a contest were remarkable.

CHAPTER XVII

1896, PRESIDENTIAL YEAR, AND DEFEAT FOR CONGRESS

As the year 1896 began to approach it was plainly evident that the Republican party was going to come back to power again. The Democrats had been in charge of the country for four years and had proved their incapacity to manage it, and the Wilson tariff bill had so affected the industries of the country as to create the greatest depression that the United States had ever seen up to that time. There were more people idle and out of work, more houses vacant, more mills stopped and more manufacturers idle in the fall of 1896 than ever before. To give an illustration, there were about twelve hundred vacant houses in the city of Chester. Grover Cleveland, though an able, dignified and upright President in many ways, was unfitted as a party man to manage political affairs. He really got along better at Washington with the Republicans than he did with his own people within his own party ranks. I had occasion more than once to visit the President at the White House, and I always was treated with the greatest courtesy and given more time than I thought was due me from so busy a man and the executive of the nation; in fact, more time in several affairs affecting my district than was given me by President Harrison, Cleveland's predecessor, during the Media post office difficulty.

I had three interviews with President Harrison about the matter, one by myself, which lasted only a minute or so, the President apparently being busy. On the occasion of the second interview, when I brought the delegation of a dozen or more very prominent men of my county down to Washington to intercede in behalf of my appointment of Mr. Henry C. Snowden, Sr., the President accorded me very little time. The third experience I will relate. It was shortly before the death of Mrs. Harrison, whom it will be recalled was ill quite

a while at the White House and died there. I had sent in my name with a messenger and waited some time in the anteroom for the President to appear. Finally he arrived and the following interview took place. Rather brusquely the President said to me, "What is it, Mr. Representative, the Media post office again? I have asked Mr. Wanamaker to make that appointment, and I think this ought to close the incident." "This is all very well, Mr. President," I replied. "I wish the incident closed as much as anybody. However, I am here to represent my people and not myself, and I have had three interviews with you on this topic, and on neither one of them have you given me more than a few moments of your time. I know how busy you are, and I know the exigencies of the high station you occupy, but this matter is of great importance to me and to my people, and I think I should be allowed to state fully the case, and then I will rest it and leave it with you." The President appeared chagrined, and it was evident that he saw that he had been in the wrong. He replied, "I am sorry, but Mrs. Harrison has been very ill, as you know, and I have been very much at her bedside. I will give you all the time you wish at this time if you care to state the case." I thanked him and put the case before him as fully as I could. I noticed at the time that Mr. Harrison seemed to have been shedding tears before he appeared in the room at the interview, and a few days after this Mrs. Harrison died. There was ample excuse in this, as I realized afterward.

Cleveland was always very willing to see the representatives, and exceedingly amiable and pleasant to them on all occasions. I recall one incident, the time when I brought a delegation down with Mrs. Walton, of Kennett Square, Chester County, who was the postmistress there and whose commission was about to expire. It was cabinet day, and the rule was very strict that the President did not see any representative on this particular day. I explained, however, that the delegation and

Mrs. Walton had come down at some trouble and expense, and it would occupy but a short time to see her. To my surprise, the President came out and very cordially met her and the delegation and heard her plea for reappointment.

As is well known, the Republican Presidential convention of 1896 was held in St. Louis, and the choice fell upon Governor William McKinley, of Ohio. The Democratic nominee was William Jennings Bryan, who has since cut such a wide figure in the affairs of the country. I knew Bryan very well, because he entered Congress at the same time I did and served two terms. He was very active there and always anxious to exploit himself. There was no question about his ability and power of speech and argument. The celebrated cross of gold metaphor which he used in the presentative speech which nominated him at Chicago for the Presidency for the Democratic party I had heard before in one of his addresses or speeches in the hall of the House. When Bryan was in Congress the silver question was the great issue and Bryan its great apostle.

I had been to the National League of Republican Clubs convention at Cleveland, Ohio, prior to the national convention, and at that time we had great difficulty in preventing a resolution prohibiting free silver from passing. It was only by the efforts of myself and one or two other Republicans that I succeeded in beating by one vote Senator Du Bois, of Idaho, for the chairmanship of the Committee on Resolutions. At that time it was not known exactly how Governor McKinley himself stood on the silver question, but he was very discreet about his position, and after his nomination and the declaration of the St. Louis Convention in favor of hard money we did not hear anything except the echo of his early sentiment upon this financial topic. A great many of the prominent men on both sides of the country who took the strongest kind of cards for hard money in 1896 afterward were uncertain how they stood for a

while on the silver question, especially about the time when the country was purchasing silver bullion at the rate of five million dollars a month and more. This was stopped, as is well known, by President Cleveland calling a special session of Congress in August of 1893, which session repealed the silver purchasing act. It was called for this very purpose, and it was greatly to the credit of Grover Cleveland that he always set his face like adamant against anything like free silver or the fallacy of fiat money.

The Presidential contest of 1896 was one of the most stirring ones that this country ever passed through, and the business portion of it trembled for awhile in the balance, fearful that Bryan might possibly win. However, the tide set in at last for honest money in gold and the Nebraska Congressman went down to defeat.

Most of the summer and fall of this year I spent in my own district engaged in the contest for re-election to Congress. There was an agreement, not in writing but understood between the politicians of the two counties, that a Congressional district which was composed of Delaware and Chester should be allotted four terms to Chester County and three terms to Delaware. When this agreement was made, in the early sixties, the poplation of the two counties was widely different and Chester had a population double or treble the population of our county, but after the war we increased in population at the rate of forty to forty-five per cent. and Chester County, which was more agricultural in its make-up, only gained at the rate of about six to seven per cent., so in 1896 our population was almost equal to that of it; at least it was growing so rapidly that it would attain the size of the sister county in a year or two. On the basis of this fact, and because I had many friends in the Chester County end of the district and felt that I could make a strong fight for re-election, I entered the arena. I had no difficulty at all in getting the unanimous nomination in my own county, but in Chester County the

Hon. Thomas S. Butler was named by the convention there.

The conferree system was in vogue at that time and always during my Congressional career. I appointed three strong friends of mine as conferrees for our side of the district, and Mr. Butler had three equally stanch adherents for his. At the head of the conferrees on my side was the distinguished Chester shipmaster, the late John B. Roach, who always had supported me in my political battles, as did his father, the distinguished founder of the shipyard and the American navy of later days, John Roach. At the first meeting of the conferrees it was seen that there was a deadlock, our conferrees voting for me and those from Chester County voting for Mr. Butler. This was kept up for a number of meetings until it was found impossible to agree or to find any break in the delegation from either of the counties. So there was nothing to do but to make the fight each upon his own individual record and resources. I was not very well that summer and fall, and was overwhelmed with work. My correspondence was tremendous, so much so that I could not reply to it nor fill the dates for speeches in the various places in the district where it was almost imperative I should have gone. I expected very strong support from a number of my independent friends in Chester County, who had always stood by me in previous contests, but Mr. Butler's home county lined up pretty solid for him, and he had the support and aggressive aid in my own county of all the elements of discord and opposition that were created during my leadership, by reason of the fact that all the local nominations and appointments were blamed upon me, or, at least, I had to bear the brunt of these matters, and many persons whom I should have looked upon as stanch supporters and whom I had aided in many ways took up the cause for the Chester County candidate and I found a vigorous fight on against me.

The industrial depression all over the country was re-

flected in the city of Chester, and, as I before stated, the empty houses there and the loss of voters from Upland, South Chester and the city of Chester, by reason of their going South or having left work, was almost sufficient to have given me the election. There were several efforts made behind the scenes to compromise the contest by retiring Mr. Butler and allowing my return. Senator Quay used his influence for all it was worth in my behalf, and we had one or two meetings at the Fifth Avenue Hotel between the two candidates and their adherents and endeavored to settle amicably the contest. Mr. Butler seemed at one time willing to withdraw, but the stern and bitter denunciation of my political opponents in Delaware County compelled him to remain. This locality rule arrangement, which prevailed for many years before the primary system, which is now very much in effect over the country, was the means of throwing out of politics many strong and influential men just when they were going to be familiar with matters in Washington and to be of some service to their constituency, and when the time came for the other county in the district to get the nomination, no matter how great the service of the incumbent or how little known the personage who was aspiring to the place, the rule had to be carried out. It was a Draconian agreement that worked injury to the best interest of the public service, and it is well that it does not any longer prevail. Mr. Butler has remained so long in Washington and served so faithfully and well there that there is a strong argument showing how fallacious the old system was.

As the November election rolled around I found the opposition to me growing intense and my difficulty in reaching and covering all the points necessary so great that I saw my chances of going back very precarious. Another thing which helped the Chester County candidate was the Presidential election. This always brings out a very large vote, and of course the local candidate receives more votes in proportion than the one from the

other county. I was defeated by about seventeen hundred votes. The change of eight hundred or a thousand votes would have returned me to Washington. My return there would have made me one of the most powerful Congressmen on the floor of the House in point of service, as I would have been on my fourth term. I would have been made, very soon after the inauguration of Major McKinley, chairman of the Naval Committee, as the Hon. Charles A. Boutelle, of Maine, who was appointed to that post by Mr. Speaker Reed, who was elected to that place at the beginning of the Fifty-fifth Congress, became affected with some mental disturbance which ultimately resulted in his loss of reason and death. The Spanish War, which occurred in 1898, would have thrown the responsibility upon me for a great portion of the naval work of that struggle, as millions of dollars would have to be appropriated by the committee. It was from all standpoints the most essential of all the committees of the House during that war.

Although I was very much disappointed, more greatly so, I may say, in not going back to Washington and continuing my Congressional life there than at other defeats, after I looked back upon the matter and became reconciled to the fortunes of war, I saw that it was for the best. I doubt whether I could have stood the physical strain put upon me in the next few years had I been successful in the election of 1896. Hon. Thomas S. Butler went into Congress at the same time that Major McKinley was inaugurated as President, and has served the district from that time until the present, the longest period any Congressman from the district has ever held the position. He has been a very useful and industrious member. He does not address the House at any length, nor take part in debates to any great extent, but his work upon the committees and his departmental attention to all details affect the very industrious and populous district he represents, and is to be commended and cannot be excelled by any other Congressman in Washington.

CHAPTER XVIII

M'KINLEY INAUGURATION AND THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY CONTEST

THE advent of Major McKinley to power March 4, 1897, with a Republican Congress and a good working majority, brought the country to a position where it began to revive its drooping energy. My acquaintance with Mr. McKinley was very intimate. I had known him from 1887, in which year I had been sent by Senator Cooper, who was then chairman of the State Republican Committee of Pennsylvania, to Ohio to stump for the Republican ticket, and was allotted by the chairman of that State to speak in the eastern counties, among them Harrison, Stark, Columbiana and the adjoining ones composing the district which was represented at that time by Major McKinley. He was out at the time stumping himself, and I met him the last night before leaving Canton, when I addressed the Republican Club of that city, one of the largest clubs in the State of Ohio, and the next morning had quite a pleasant chat with Mr. McKinley for the first time. He had just come in from a speaking tour and was dusty and warm from travel, but was full of life and energy, clear of head and thought, and as the great apostle of protection he pressed that issue to the front. In our conversation he wanted to know from me how I thought the country felt upon the subject at that time. I told him that his district seemed to me to be strongly in favor of the idea, particularly the farmers and sheep raisers of Harrison County and the pottery men of East Liverpool, and indeed all of them. He was very greatly pleased and thanked me for my effort, and many times afterward at Washington and other places I had the pleasure of talking to him, and always found him a common, plain, democratic and affable gentleman, never offending any one, not even

giving the color of offense to any one. He rose gradually by steps that were natural to be one of the floor leaders of the House of Representatives, and he would have been Speaker of the Fifty-first Congress but for the fact that the majority was only two or three and it was feared by the Republican leaders that McKinley's kindly disposition and desire to please would lose at times the fruits of the Republican victory in the House, so the stronger and more aggressive and powerful influence of Hon. Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, won out at that time and not because the members did not want McKinley.

Coincident with the inauguration of the Ohio President he called an extra session of Congress, and immediately the tariff bill was taken up and hearings were given all along the line to the various manufactures and other industries in the country. This had hardly been completed and the bill ready to go to the President for signature when the country began to boom and things to revive. It was so apparent that the wayfarer, though a mugwump or free trader, could see it.

With the end of the Fifty-fourth Congress my public service as a Congressman from the Sixth District of Pennsylvania ended. Prior to that I had been looking around for some place to which I could be appointed by the President which would be suitable for me, as my family would have to remain in Washington for a year more or a little longer on account of the lease of our house on Rhode Island Avenue not expiring until that time. As I was a graduate of the Naval Academy and the second member of the Naval Committee, and familiar with all naval affairs, and as our associations in Washington were almost wholly with naval people, I thought that the position of Assistant Secretary of the Navy would be a very agreeable one. It is a *quasi* cabinet position and has always been occupied by some one more or less connected temporarily with naval affairs or with the social manners which ramify throughout the navy at the capital.

I had the support of the chairman of the Naval Committee, Hon. Charles A. Boutelle, and all the other Republican members except one, an old gentleman named Hulick, a judge in Ohio at one time, whose term, like mine, had just expired, and who was a man upward of seventy years of age. I found out afterward that he was an applicant for the place himself, quietly, and relied upon his personal acquaintance with the President and the fact that they both came from the same State. I also had the support of all the heads of the Navy Department, the late Admiral George W. Melville, chief of the Bureau of Engineering; Surgeon General and Admiral Rufus Tryon, whom I had served with in China and Japan, and who was at the time head of the Medical Department; General Heywood, who was a commanding officer of the United States Marine Corps. Our United States Senators, the senior one, Hon. M. S. Quay, and Boies Penrose, who had just entered Congress with all his laurels fresh upon him, were friendly to me, but of course there were a host of applicants for places under the President in the hands of these Senators to which they had to give attention and from which they had to discriminate as to appointments.

I had one man for me, since deceased, who perhaps was closer to the President than any man in the United States and had more to do with the success in 1896 than any other factor or person, and this was Senator Marcus A. Hanna, of Ohio. I had first met him at the League of Republican Clubs convention at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1895, and found then that he was beginning to set up the machinery with great care and detail for the nomination of Mr. McKinley. Without any solicitation upon my part I received from him in my contest for re-election to Congress in 1896 a check for one thousand dollars. I do not know whether it was because of our friendship or because he had sent to all the Republican Congressmen who were running, or because the National Committee had a surplus of money in its exchequer, or a combina-

tion of the three that induced him to do this, but at any rate it was done, and I did not return it. But in that contest and at that time money was of very little use in politics owing to the depression and the number of people out of employment. Senator Hanna was more than active in my behalf and said I should have the place, but there is "many a slip between the cup and the political lip," and I found out after I had entered the contest and had all the forces I thought necessary to win (my home senators and all the influence of Pennsylvania that was of any account whatsoever; Congressmen, manufacturers, many members of the Legislature, captains of industry, leaders in political affairs, publicists, lawyers, etc.) that there was a candidate against me, a man who has since spread over the whole United States and out beyond the seas, and, indeed, to the four corners of the earth—Theodore Roosevelt, of Oyster Bay. I had no idea why he wanted a position of this kind. I knew that he was a learned man, a graduate of Harvard, a rustling, hustling young Westerner for a while, a police commissioner in New York City, a defeated candidate for mayor in that city, ex-member of the Legislature of New York, but I could not imagine what particular aptitude he might have for the headship of the navy or the assistant headship. He had been Civil Service Commissioner in Washington for some time during my service in Congress, and I had seen considerable of him, but did not know him personally very well, the first time that I met him being at a dinner to the Navy League in New York City.

The efforts to have the President name me for the place went on for quite a while, and I used all the influence I could summon, but after a month or more laboring at this work and feeling certain that I had exhausted all the efforts in this direction that I could bring to bear on the executive, I let it remain in abeyance. I was somewhat disappointed and astonished when some days afterward my friend, the chairman of the Naval Com-

mittee, Mr. Charles A. Boutelle, of Maine, came to my house and told me that the President was going to appoint Theodore Roosevelt to the place. Senator Hanna also sent for me at the same time and told me he was very sorry, but that the President had made some sort of a promise to some one and that he had to appoint Roosevelt, and that there would be something else given to me. This was quite disappointing, but I did not find out the sequel to the story until quite a good while afterward. I do not think that Theodore Roosevelt had anybody for him but Speaker Reed and Senator Lodge among the leading politicians and public men in Washington. Of course, he had a wide acquaintance personally and otherwise, but I do not know of any influence being brought to bear upon the President for him of the kind that I had, and I did learn of the friendship for him of the Speaker of the House, Mr. Reed, and the Senator from Massachusetts, Mr. Lodge. The latter and he were Harvard men and old chums and friends.

It will be remembered by newspaper readers that not long ago there was some trouble, when Mr. Roosevelt was President of the United States, between him and the ambassador to Austria, Hon. Bellamy Storer, of Cincinnati, who was in Congress with me. It arose through the interference, or the alleged interference, of Mrs. Storer in diplomatic affairs at that post and finally resulted in the recall of the ambassador by the President. It gave rise to the celebrated "Dear Maria" correspondence. Mrs. Storer was one of the Longworths, of Cincinnati, a woman of great good sense and public spirit and one who took a prominent part in matters of general interest to the people. At the time Major McKinley ran for Governor he was not very well fixed financially, as the country knew, and was aided by many of his friends, as he had failed a short time before and lost all his money invested in manufacturing. At that time I understood that Mrs. Storer helped him out financially and also in the Presidential campaign of 1896. Prior to his going to

Washington to be inaugurated, Mrs. Storer saw Major McKinley or communicated with him, I am not absolutely sure how it was, but am certain as to the facts that it was through her influence with the President, asking for and receiving a promise to appoint Theodore Roosevelt, a friend of hers, to the position of Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Here's where "Teddy" got the position ahead of me and where all my technical backing by the Naval Committee and the heads of the Navy Department and my knowledge of navy affairs, etc., was whistled down the wind. It was a clear case of where experience was of no account against the influence of a woman of commanding force of character and wide personality.

I took my defeat very nonchalantly and learned that the President did not appoint Roosevelt without a protest. He was told by Senator Hanna and he knew of his own knowledge of the combative disposition of the Oyster Bay politician, and was afraid that he might begin scrapping in his cabinet; and if there was any man in the world that was the very personification of peace and peaceful methods it was the late President McKinley. His character might be described as one long life of sweetness and light. The President told some one that he feared to appoint Roosevelt for this reason, but he was assured by Mrs. Storer and other friends of Roosevelt that this was exaggerated and the appointee would behave himself if he got into the position sought. At any rate, shortly after his name was sent by the President to the Senate and confirmed, not without some traversing of it in the Naval Committee and the Senate for the same reasons given above.

A few weeks afterward, Senator Hanna, at the request of the President, tendered me the position of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, but as I found the position was a very onerous one and required an intimate knowledge of finance, I declined it and bided my time for any reward I might expect from the Administration.

This is the history of the appointment of Roosevelt to the Assistant Secretaryship of the Navy. The Spanish War had nothing to do with it. He did not know the Spanish War was coming on at that time, nor did the President. He had nothing to do with preparing the navy for the Spanish War, nor getting the vessels in trim for it, nor buying ammunition or anything of that kind, nor had he anything to do with assigning Admiral Dewey to the command of the Chinese fleet, which was such a bright thing for the United States and which was claimed through the newspapers to have been the personal act of the Assistant Secretary himself. He did have considerable to do with buying, at outrageously high prices for the Government, a number of transports for the Spanish War and detailing a number of officers who were pets of his or relatives of his friends to certain places. He had hardly gotten into the position until he got to scrapping with the Hon. John D. Long, of Massachusetts, who was the Secretary of the Navy, and I do not think they got along very well during the time Roosevelt was on his job, which lasted until the declaration of war with Spain, when, as is well known, Colonel Roosevelt resigned and raised the regiment of Rough Riders. The true inwardness of the Assistant Secretaryship of the Navy contest is simply the history of appointment of a young man of ability to a public place through the influence of a prominent, wealthy, very bright and intelligent "skirt."

JOHN B. ROBINSON
CONGRESSMAN FROM 1891 TO 1897
U. S. MARSHAL FROM 1900 TO 1914

CHAPTER XIX

STATE SENATE FIGHTS AND STATE SENATORS

Our county has been singularly fortunate in having had very able and intelligent representatives at Harrisburg in the State Senate, and this position makes the State Senator a natural political leader in the county. As far back as the time before the war and when the district was composed of more than one county, the first Senator of importance was the Hon. H. Jones Brooke, of Media. He was a man of distinction and property, and resided at Media, where he was interested in the development of that borough and town. He was a friend of General Cameron and was a very useful representative at the State capital, securing for the senatorial district all that he was justly entitled to and attended to his duties and the wishes and wants of his constituents with great care and industry. He was succeeded by Senator Thomas V. Cooper, who rallied the younger men and the younger blood to him and succeeded in unhorsing Senator Brooke, notwithstanding the great power and influence the latter had through family relations in the county. Many of those of the younger generation are still living, but some few of the older ones and the older politicians of the county will recall the desperate contest between Cooper and Brooke for the Senatorship.

Prior to this time the Republican party had no set rules to govern it, and Senator Cooper was the first to introduce a regular system of delegate voting and representative government such as I have described in former chapters. He made his contest partly on these grounds, claiming that it was customary for Brooke and his friends to meet at some place like the Black Horse Hotel or the Rose Tree or some other old and well-established inn and agree as to the distribution of the county and State offices, and even those higher. Of course, this was autocratic, and Cooper had a very good argument on his

side; besides, he was an aggressive fighter and always hopeful and full of resources.

The convention contest for the nomination to succeed Brooke was very close, but Cooper carried off the honor and represented the district with great ability until he resigned to take the collectorship in 1889. It was then that I succeeded him as has been related. My resignation and election to Congress made a vacancy, and in 1892 there was another contest for this place, and a very spirited and bitter one. The same forces that had lined up against me were pretty much against the candidate that I and my friends had agreed to support, the late Colonel William C. Gray, of Chester. Colonel Gray was a man who stood well in the estimation of his friends and the citizens of Chester and the county, and had been in political and public life a good deal, at one time being a candidate for Congress. He was the candidate that our organization and my friends would support. Captain Jesse M. Baker, his opponent, was, as I have stated in other places, a man of very clever parts, full of political inventions, and never at a loss to make capital for himself and his friends on the political project that he had in view. He had a great many of the strong and young workers for him, and Colonel Gray had the organization and the support of Judge Clayton and his friends in Chester. Major J. R. T. Coates, of Chester, a very estimable citizen of that place and a gallant soldier of the Civil War, one of the First Pennsylvania Reserves, was also a candidate.

The contest was very close, and at the convention there was the greatest excitement, and the vote for chairmanship of the convention for some time was in doubt. The chairmanship carried with it the power to appoint the Committee on Contested Seats, and as there were several seats in dispute it was important to secure this committee. Hon. V. G. Robinson, brother-in-law of Captain Baker, was named on that side for the chairmanship, and he won out, some members of the convention voting for

him thinking they were voting for me. The outcome was that the contested seat committee was favorable to Captain Baker and he was nominated, with few delegates to spare, as close as one and a half, I think. Senator Baker proved a very influential and effective official at Harrisburg and one of the leaders in the body to which he was elected. He was the author of the Baker ballot law, which some people thought was a very great reformatory measure, but about which there is a difference of opinion. However, Senator Baker was foremost in all affairs to uplift the politics of the State and to defend the interest of the senatorial district, and represented it in the very best manner and took care of his constituents.

In 1896 it was suggested to me by my late friend and lieutenant, Captain Joseph H. Huddell, that young William Cameron Sproul, a young man of fine address and bearing, who had just graduated from Swarthmore College and had married a daughter of John B. Roach, would be a good candidate to pit against Baker. After examining into the matter and sounding leaders of the organization and talking with prominent Republicans of Chester upon the subject, I found a very general sentiment in favor of taking up Mr. Sproul as a candidate for the State Senatorship. He had bought or was about to buy an interest in the Chester *Times,* which gave him a political power which would aid him considerably in the contest, but it was found after his name was announced that Senator Baker was unwilling to enter the contest against him, so Sproul had really a walk-over. He has remained at Harrisburg ever since, and is now the oldest Senator, I think, in point of service in the body. The interests he represents outside of politics in the county are very large, and his attention to all the details of politics in the county and the wishes and desires of the district are carefully attended to by him, and he has made one of our best Senators. He is a man of considerable wealth and has a very beautiful country place at

"Lapidea," in Nether Providence township, the old Miller place, part of the old Leiper homestead, which he has beautified and ornamented and made one of the prettiest suburban residences outside of Philadelphia. He has been mentioned for a number of high offices, particularly the Governorship, and had he been willing to accept the nomination in the year 1914, he would unquestionably have been nominated and elected, but he was loath to give up his large commercial and industrial interests, which he would have had to do had he taken the governorship. Possibly there are higher honors in store for him, as he is a young man and has not by any means attained the climax of his political record.

Of the political leaders in Delaware County who were in the saddle during my residence there, which covers half of my life time, there were two that held local offices who were very able men in their way, although entirely different in the manner in which they did their political work. The gentlemen I refer to are Captain Isaac Johnson, the president judge of the county at the present time, who succeeded the Hon. Thomas J. Clayton, since deceased, and the late William L. Mathues, who was a clerk in the prothonotary's office and afterward prothonotary for a number of terms. Captain Johnson when I first moved to Delaware County was also prothonotary. He was the real political leader, and on Sunday evenings Senator Cooper and he would map out the program for the political work of the next week or ensuing period. His manner was always pleasing and suave, and he was always willing to do a favor for any one around the court house or in his office, especially for the young lawyers coming on, and in this way he advanced his interests greatly. They used to say when he first came into the county that he was the political brains and the plans were made by him, and that Cooper executed them; that the latter could not have gone to the Senate at any time had Captain Johnson wished to assert himself for this position, but he preferred to have the

more quiet and lucrative office of prothonotary. I think he served there for four or five terms with the satisfaction of the whole Bar and community. In point of fact, any one having business around the court house was exceedingly desirous that he should have remained in the position.

We come to a different character when we speak of the late William L. Mathues. The first time I met him he was not of age, but was doing active political work, really carrying the township of Bethel for the ticket he favored at those primaries. He was a good mixer and had a natural bent for politics. It was something that the whole family had a taste for. His father and his uncle Charles both served as sheriffs of the county, and one of his cousins is now deputy sheriff. He was prothonotary himself for many years. His manner was just the opposite of Captain Johnson's, being brusque and straightforward. He generally ascertained how a man stood when he talked to him on any political subject. I never knew him to fail in this direction. He would gear up a team at any hour of the night and would ride ten or fifteen miles to see a political worker, and when he came back he would know how the fellow stood—whether he was for or against the ticket. There was no prevarication or evasion about it, and he had the utmost contempt for any one who was not bred and built upon the same lines as himself, and these were stalwart of stalwarts.

When I was defeated in 1896 for Congress naturally my prestige was diminished, but I did not care, as it would not have been easy for me to have continued as leader of the county. So the reins which Mathues had always more or less held in his hands while I was performing the duties of political leader he then assumed altogether. We got along very well together excepting for one political scrap in 1898 and another one in 1908. The one in 1898 was due to some trouble over the conferrees appointed for Congressmen in the district, and the case went to the Dauphin County Court under the laws

of the State, and was decided by Judge McPherson, the presiding judge there, in favor of our side, Mathues losing his contention. Again in 1908 he was dissatisfied when Mr. Albert Dutton MacDade, who was district attorney and had been placed in that position through the influence and aid of Mr. Mathues, did not altogether coincide with the leader in all matters of political import in the county, and there were some differences of opinion over the question of pool rooms down on the river front, against which Mr. MacDade, as district attorney, had set his face and used all the influence of his position. Mr. Mathues was opposed to them at the beginning, but afterward changed his mind and began to importune the district attorney to do the same, but Mr. MacDade would not be moved to change his position, which was the right one and entirely in accord with the sentiment of the better class of people in Chester and on the river front. This incensed Mathues, for one thing he could not do, and that was brook the position of any one whom he had been instrumental in putting into office or doing a favor for if their stand was against his.

This was one of the most interesting and exciting campaigns that occurred during the Mathues leadership, although it was only six weeks long. MacDade was a young lawyer, good speaker, and had organized his own campaign pretty well in Chester and the county, believing that Mathues would oppose him. I took up the battle for him and Mr. J. Rohrman Robinson, who was the assistant district attorney of Mr. MacDade. We stumped the county every night for about six weeks. The result was that the people began to thoroughly understand the situation and to see that MacDade was going to be done a great injury if defeated for the nomination, as every district attorney before him had been given two terms and he was clearly entitled to it, and there was no reason why he should not have gotten it excepting a personal matter between him and Mathues.

In the same campaign Charles Wolfe won out for

sheriff against the candidate of the organization, and so did Mr. George W. Allen for county commissioner. Mr. Wolfe did not live long enough to enjoy the fruits of his victory, as he died suddenly of pneumonia before the end of the year when he would have taken the office of sheriff.

Mr. Mathues during his leadership secured quite a number of places for his workers at Harrisburg and other points, and he was always very earnest and industrious in looking up holes in which to put political pegs. He finally looked out for one for himself, the office of State Treasurer. He consulted me about it and I advised him not to take the position, because it would remove him from Delaware County and to a large extent weaken his hold on the leadership. However, he found that the State organization would keep their promise which they made to him of increasing the salary of the office to seven or eight thousand dollars and make it more desirable. His death occurred shortly after the expiration of his term in the State Treasurer's office and was rather sudden, as nobody thought he was so seriously ill. He was a comparatively young man, but had a great deal on his mind and probably was overworked mentally, as he often complained to me of severe pains in his head, especially in the back of it. He told me once that he felt as if there was a soda fountain there and the thing was bubbling up all the time. His son Frank is now residing in the county and is taking quite an interest in public affairs and inherits some of his father's taste and aptitude in politics. One of his sons, Samuel, is in the register of wills' office as marriage license clerk.

Mr. Mathues had little or no capacity for approaching men high up in public life, but for the average person he was an adept at securing his service. Although he had studied law in the office of the Hon. John M. Broomall, he never practiced to any great extent, entering into a partnership after he left the prothonotary's office with Mr. H. J. Makiver. Nor did he have any more than the

ordinary country school education. Nearly all the time that I was leader of the county I permitted him, being in Washington a good deal, to direct the local affairs. Sometimes he would embroil me in a contest which I did not court or desire, as he was very abrupt at times and spoke his mind with considerable plainness and directness. He was the very soul of generosity and would give away almost anything he had to a friend, and was kind and good to his family, and in every way a desirable citizen, and of him we can repeat the old Latin maxim, "Of the dead say nothing but good."

CHAPTER XX

PRESIDENTS I HAVE MET

THE first time I saw Abraham Lincoln was in February, 1861, when he was on his way from Illinois to Washington to assume the reins of government. He got off at the depot in Allegheny City, now north side of Pittsburgh, and was received there by a committee of the leading citizens. I can recall his personality and address. He was particularly tall, very tall, with a high silk hat on, one that seemed to be of the vintage of twenty years previous, and the frock coat rather dusty with travel. He looked the very personification of a Western plainsman or farmer. However, you could see in his eye at a comprehensive glance that he was observant and knew what was going on about him. He remained over night in the city of Pittsburgh, and was serenaded at the Monongahela Hotel, where he stopped, and a committee requested him to make a speech. To show the innate honesty of the man, his utter lack of guile or pretense, he asked them what to talk about, and the committee said, as Pittsburgh was a manufacturing place, it would be well to say something about the tariff. He said, "Gentlemen, that is a subject of which I know very little, and have read little or nothing about it." Which, no doubt, was absolutely true, but a more adroit and politic statesman would not have admitted that he was ignorant of the great manufacturing question of the day and would have probably made a speech, evolving it from his inner consciousness rather than have the citizens go away with the idea that he was ignorant about the subject matter. Lincoln, however, was above deceit of mind, and his conscience was like a white sheet of paper.

The next time I saw him was in Washington, in September, shortly after the battle of Antietam, when my grandfather took me there to secure the release of my elder brother, who was in the Sixty-first Pennsylvania

Volunteers and had been taken prisoner at the battle of Fair Oaks in the seven days' fight. For some time after the battle we did not hear of him and we thought he was dead, as his name was published in the list of killed. At least we mourned him as dead, but some time afterward, through another soldier, a letter was received stating that he was in prison at Salisbury, North Carolina. He was afterward transferred from there to Libby Prison, at Richmond, and from Libby taken to Fortress Monroe, where exchanges were usually made, and from there the prisoners were transferred to Annapolis and redistributed to their homes or regiments. In this case he came to Washington, and I was given funds to get him cleaned up and buy clothes for him from the skin out, which was absolutely necessary, owing to the circumstances of his close confinement in prison. Among other things, he told me the shoes he had on were a pair that he had taken from a man who died in Libby Prison, as they were much better than his own. This was a case of wearing dead men's shoes to some advantage.

Washington at this time was full of wounded soldiers disabled in the battle of Antietam, and all along Pennsylvania Avenue nearly every other place was an undertaker's shop, where bodies were being embalmed to be sent home. During this visit my grandfather took me to the office of the Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, who married a Miss Hutchison, of Pittsburgh, and who was a close friend of his, and they went to the White House to see the President, and I accompanied them. He seemed to have changed considerably from the time when I saw him nearly two years previously. A few years of the anxiety and trouble of the Civil War, burdened as he was with all the care of the struggle and the armies in the field, had left its mark; no man carried so great a weight. Even a young boy like myself could observe the careworn, far-away look in the President's eyes. However, he seemed to joke and chat with the visitors quite freely, and while I did not pay much at-

tention to what was going on or to what the conversation was about, I recall that it had something to do with the Emancipation Proclamation and its effect upon the people. This paper had either just been issued or was about to be issued. The President said that he had made some sort of an inward vow to himself that if Lee should be driven from Maryland and across the Potomac in 1862 by McClellan, of the Union Army, he would issue the proclamation freeing the slaves in the South. This was done and pleased most of the radicals, as by this time there were more of them in the country than there had been at the beginning of the war. My grandfather was a stalwart radical and swore by the New York *Tribune,* which was always on the breakfast table after prayers in the morning.

Andrew Johnson succeeded President Lincoln after the assassination. I saw him only once, which was when he was "swinging around the circle" on his attempt to bring the people of the country to his point of view politically. He had with him the admiral of the navy, Farragut, and the general of the army, Grant, and some other high official, and spoke at some length in Pittsburgh. He was a short stocky man, or at least appeared to be such from the place where I saw him. His voice was vibrant and clear, without any of that peculiar Southern accent so noticeable in many of the "poor whites" or those allied to them like Johnson, who had sprung from the very common people, being unable to read or write until he had almost grown up.

Grant succeeded Johnson and was President, as we all know, for eight years. Most of this period from the 4th of March, 1869, until 1876 I was in the naval service and abroad. The Centennial year I was in Philadelphia and was at the opening service of that Exposition. The President was there and made a short address, and this was the first time I saw General Grant. I saw him again in 1879 or 1880, when he returned from his tour around the world and was received in Philadelphia. I was in

charge of a delegation of the citizens from Media, without respect of party, to go in a parade in a procession to greet him. We were in the line for some time waiting, and I had a pretty good opportunity, as his carriage passed slowly, to see him. He had grown stout and florid and looked the picture of health. The next time I saw him he was in his coffin in the City Hall, New York City, at the time of his funeral there, which was a military one, the command being in the hands of General Winfield Scott Hancock, who was then in charge at Governor's Island. A party from Media with myself went over on that occasion. Colonel Edward C. Lyons, of the Black Horse Hotel, one of the party, had a brother or relative on the police force in New York City, and through his courtesy and good offices we were enabled to get into the line up near the head of it. It was a long one, extending from the City Hall a mile or more down across the park and down Broadway, and as it came under the rotunda of the City Hall it divided, two going on each side of the bier where the late general lay in state with guards of army and navy officers around him, then rejoined as they passed the coffin.

I witnessed the military procession from the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Broadway, and had a most eligible position, thanks to a patriotic Irishman who had come out to see the demonstration himself, bringing his dray and family. Our party hired the dray, family and all, and got its owner to back it close up to the curb, and under the shadow of an enormous flat we had a magnificent view of the parade as it came from Fifth Avenue down Fifty-seventh Street and wheeled at our corner into Broadway and thence to the Boulevard. That night, through the courtesy of Captain Williams, of the police force, I was put into the enormous four-abreast line of persons desirous of viewing the remains of General Grant, near the head of it, and, waiting eight minutes, had the satisfaction of seeing the dead general. I noticed but the changes of long sickness, the emaciation and shrunken

condition of the body. I should not think he could have weighed 100 pounds. The beard was much grayer than when I last saw the general.

This did not strike me as the particularly great feature of the obsequies so much as the enormous crowd of people who lined the streets, swarmed on the tops of houses and hung from the highest balconies, windows and roofs of flats like the Osbourne, which towered sixteen stories high, to see the procession. The quiet, orderly and absorbed attention of the multitude was marked and remarkable. When the catafalque appeared, after a very tedious wait and interval between it and the last of the New Jersey militia, a great solemn hush came over the mass of people swarming and elbowing each other like maggots on the curb. It was, indeed, a wonderful tribute of respect—the homage of thousands of uncrowned kings to him who but a few years before was but one of them himself, and among the humblest.

At the Fifth Avenue Hotel the evening after the funeral I met many old friends of Grant among the St. Louis crowd who knew the "old man," as they called Grant, before the war, and in the days of his adversity. Indeed, up to his fortieth year Grant never knew anything but adversity. Judge Phil. Lanham and Judge Wright, both old neighbors and friends of Grant when he lived at "Hardscrabble," on the old Gravois Road, attended the funeral and were full of reminiscences of the dead man, in his genial St. Louis days—reminiscences which were full of evidences of the wonderful persistence, tenacity and pertinacity of purpose Grant possessed. Phil. Lanham, who was known all over the West as "Toothpick Lanham," because of his fashion of presenting a friend with a toothpick whittled by himself out of Missouri hickory, lived on one side of Grant in the days when he was building "Hardscrabble," and Wright was his neighbor farther West. The latter assisted him to put up the house. It was a bleak, uncultivable part of

Missouri and Grant got out of it all there was to be had, which was the timber.

Judge Dent, the father-in-law of Grant, never particularly aided Grant. He opposed the union of the daughter to him, and there never was much cordiality between them. The struggles of Grant in the times he lived at "Hardscrabble" and at St. Louis were very hard, and most of the time he had to face the pinchings of poverty with a growing family. Every effort to better his condition seemed to fail, and yet he did not lose heart, nor complain, and his old companions and those nearest to him in those days speak of his cheerful disposition amid all his misventures. In those days Grant was compelled to borrow money in small and large sums from friends. Many of these debts remained up until after he became lieutenant general and general, but were paid with interest then, and Grant never forgot one of his old acquaintances who had befriended him in his St. Louis days. The turning point in General Grant's career was after Donelson. A very great effort was then made to have him superseded. He was growing too fast for the politico-generals, and the jealousy that so often emasculated the energy of the Army of the Potomac began to show its green head on the Western frontier. Grant disarmed it by absolutely possessing none of it himself. Seemingly careless himself where he did his duty, and equal to his duty, he was left alone more because it was presumed that one not jealous of his command or ambitions would not succeed. But herein were the elements of success. Again the fact that Grant came from Illinois helped him. Lincoln was pressed to remove him, but State pride, of which "Old Abe" possessed as much as we all do, restrained him. He liked Grant because he hailed from Illinois and the halo of his early victories, which broke the long line of military inactivities and reverses, threw some of the public credit on the State which had commissioned him.

This is not to argue that Grant's rise was fortuitous.

The discipline of his early life made Grant at forty, with his early military education, just the mature and rounded man demanded by the occasion. He could fight, and it made no difference whether he had drunk more or less whisky in his early career, or was a failure in a business sense. When the war broke out we needed fighters, and Grant could do this, as his early Mexican campaigning showed, where he won his junior brevet by conspicuous bravery at Chepultepec and the Molino del Rey, and that was the essential thing. His simplicity of character, doggedness of purpose, equipoise under victory and flattery, were all attributes making in the right direction for his fame.

Asking one who was very near to Grant in New York if he ever possessed or showed any of the ordinary human vanities over his great successes, he said: "No. General Grant was the most singularly unselfish man I ever knew. I knew him to have but one single vanity or self-absorption, if you could call it that, and it was this: the general imagined, or had an idea, in the last few years of his life, that he was a business man and had the financial tact or commercial aptitude to a great degree. Strange to say, it was the one thing he knew nothing about, and he was as clay in the hands of the potter before the Wall Street sharks, and it is a wonder Grant escaped as well as he did from worse than the Ward scandal. He was an honest man, entirely so, but about business he knew nothing. Still he thought so."

I saw President Hayes several times in Philadelphia on his visits there to deliver addresses, but never on any other great occasion that was notable.

I never recall seeing President James A. Garfield excepting once with a group of Congressmen who came down to the Naval Academy on some visiting expedition or reviewing business. He had not become a national character at that time.

Garfield's successor after his death, Chester Alan Arthur, I had seen quite a good deal in New York State

during the time Harrison was a candidate and won his nomination and election in 1888. General Arthur was then secretary of the Republican City Committee, and used to be instrumental in securing finances to run the campaigns. It was through his ability to do this successfully that secured him a place upon the ticket when Garfield was nominated against the wishes of the Conkling, Cameron, Logan, Grant party. To placate the offended Senator from New York State, Roscoe Conkling, a committee went to him to request a name for a Vice-President, and after some little parleying Conkling suggested they put Arthur on if they put anybody, but without any idea that he would have any chance of being President. At the time that I saw Arthur in New York in 1888 he was noted as being the last man to leave the Fifth Avenue Hotel among the coterie of good fellows who occupied the café up to midnight and afterward. He was known for the tenacity with which he could hang on and his facility and ability to make a "Manhattan cocktail." In point of fact, some of the people have said that he gave the name to this famous decoction.

General Arthur was probably one of the most dignified Presidents we ever had. He was always very neat and fashionable in his attire and had a mannerism about him which gave him distinction at once to a stranger or to the person first meeting him. The accident of his getting the Presidency put him, of course, under a cloud, and there was a very strong feeling against him when he came up for renomination in 1884. The bitter Blaine men would not touch him under any consideration, and most of his support came from the Federal office holders. Had he been nominated it is more than likely that he could have won out, as his strength in New York City was greater than that of Cleveland and more than equalled that of Blaine.

Of Grover Cleveland I saw very little during his first term, the first time being at some function in Philadelphia in the Academy of Music, where he made a short

address. I have stated in the previous chapter my relations with him during the time I was in Congress and he was President, and how pleasant they were at all times and how cordially he always received Republicans, especially the Representatives and Senators, much more so than those of his own party. Both Harrison and Cleveland had the misfortune to break with their parties while in the White House. During Cleveland's second term he disagreed with the Democrats on the tariff question and the Wilson free trade bill. Many of the leaders of his party did not visit the White House at all. The same situation existed between President Harrison and the leaders of the Republican party. Senator Quay, who had done so much to elect Mr. Harrison, and without whose strenuous efforts in this direction he could not have made the election, disagreed with him over some question of patronage shortly after Harrison took charge of the Government. He was a strong President intellectually. His speeches, especially those he made on his Western trip to California, were splendid specimens of statesman-like work and deep philosophical knowledge of Government affairs.

I attended the convention in 1892 at Minneapolis when he was renominated, our delegate from the county of Delaware being Mr. Enos Verlenden, of Darby. Our people were for the renomination of Mr. Harrison, although there was a very strong Blaine sentiment in the county and district. The convention was composed almost wholly of Federal office holders. When we reached Chicago, on our way to the convention, we learned of the resignation of Mr. Blaine from the cabinet, he and the President having fallen out over some question of state. This immediately made Blaine a candidate for the Presidency and we all thought he would go through the convention like the Ten Commandments would go through a Sunday school and be nominated, but we found it different when we got to Minneapolis. The office holders stood like a stone wall for the President's renomination,

and it was impossible to budge them. Mr. McKinley was the presiding officer of the convention, and there was an effort made to stampede the convention for him, but it was unsuccessful, as were the efforts that were also attempted to nominate Mr. Blaine.

Among the active workers of the Republican party after the nomination there was a feeling of frigidity as to the candidates, Harrison and Reed, and it was seen that the Republicans would not work for success in the fall elections. The Democrats had made successful deals with the populace in the West and Cleveland had been renominated over the efforts of his own leaders to defeat him, and without the assistance of his own State, New York, he swept the country and had the unique honor of going back to the Presidency, the only executive that ever returned to the White House after leaving it with a term intervening.

Of Theodore Roosevelt, when he was President, I saw very little, not often being in Washington at that time. McKinley's assassination at Buffalo was one of the greatest shocks the country ever received, no one having any idea that he had an enemy, and I have always thought that it was carelessness upon the part of the secret service agents who had been detailed to guard him in their allowing any one to approach him to shake his hand with a handkerchief or any other thing covering their hand. Roosevelt, as it is remembered, was up in the Adirondacks at the time, and it was a little while before he received word of the shooting of McKinley.

There happened to be a young officer of the army, a West Pointer and colonel of the engineers, Thomas W. Symons, of whom I spoke in the early chapters of this work, and who married one of my cousins, Miss Letitia Robinson, who was in charge of the forts on the lake at Buffalo. During the confusion ensuing at the Exposition at Buffalo and the attempt on McKinley's life Symons took charge of matters of detail to preserve order and prevent any excitement. He was present when

Colonel Roosevelt was sworn in as President, and was always very close to him. I have always thought that he ought to have been rewarded for this work by President Roosevelt with the appointment of the headship of the Engineer Corps when the vacancy occurred there during Roosevelt's administration. He was in every way fitted for it and would have made a splendid official, but the President saw fit to appoint another. Colonel Symons is living in Washington at the present time on the retired list and is serving on one of the commissions of the Pennsylvania Legislature for the formation of a canal between Ohio and the State of Pennsylvania, for which work he is eminently qualified by reason of his experience and education.

The convention that nominated Major McKinley for a second term was held in West Philadelphia and brought together a remarkably fine number of prominent Republicans from all over the United States. There was a contest over the Vice-Presidency, as the managers of the McKinley campaign, whose manager was the late Senator Hanna, of Ohio, had in view the nomination of a Western man, I think the late Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, but an adroit movement was started by Senators Quay and Platt, of New York, to bring Theodore Roosevelt forward for this office in order to get him out of the governorship of the State of New York. He was very much averse to accepting the honor of the Vice-Presidency, and felt, like many persons do, that it was a means of shelving him from all active and influential political work. In the end, however, it proved to be his making through the unfortunate circumstances that shortly afterward removed the head of the McKinley administration. Roosevelt only agreed to accept the Vice-Presidency nomination at the last moment when he found there was a unanimity of sentiment in favor of his being named by the whole convention. He was exceedingly popular at that time, and could have secured almost any office in the gift of the Republican party. He was hold-

ing the governorship of New York and did excellent work there, but the Platt organization were not altogether satisfied with some of his political actions, and for this reason engineered the movement, in combination with Quay, of Pennsylvania, to make him the nominee for Vice-President at Philadelphia in 1900.

The Republican party has always been very fortunate when it has secured the National Convention to sit in Philadelphia. It is a great Republican city, protectionist to the very core, and has always received the party leaders and party speakers with great enthusiasm. I was a constant attendant at the 1900 convention, and it was in many ways a remarkable assembly. The late Senator Edgar A. Wolcott, of Colorado, was the temporary president, and the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, was the permanent president. Both gentlemen made very able speeches, and all the prospective speeches were of a high character and aroused the greatest applause in the convention.

No one looked forward to the horrible incident at Buffalo which removed McKinley from political life, and all the Republicans left the convention when it adjourned in high hopes and certain of a victory in the fall. This was accorded to the party, and McKinley was the last of the Presidents who served in the war of 1861-65 to hold the executive office. The incidents of the assassination of the President at Buffalo are too familiar to receive much comment in this book, and all that is necessary to say is that Roosevelt succeeded to the high office and in a true measure carried out the ideas and projects that his predecessor had in contemplation when he was removed by the assassin's bullet.

There were several public acts of President Roosevelt's that gave him great notoriety while holding the Presidency. One of these was the settlement of the famous coal strike in Pennsylvania through the establishment of the commission headed by Judge Gray, of Delaware, and the arrangements he made for sending the

fleet of "ironclads" around the world. This latter was one of the most powerful demonstrations that this country has ever made of its naval strength, and the whole country to a man, I think, approved the action of the President in expending the money necessary to have the fleet make the voyage and circumnavigate the world. It carried the power and displayed the flag of the republic to the Orient, the far distant seas and islands of the ocean, where little had ever been known of it or seen of it, and gave many of the natives of these countries a new and interesting view of the military power of the United States. The command of this fleet was held by the late Robley D. Evans, more familiary known as "Fighting Bob." He continued in command until the squadron reached San Francisco, when illness caused him to give over his flag to a junior officer.

The administration of President Roosevelt was so successful and popular that it foreshadowed his renomination, and this was brought about at Chicago in 1904 without any great contention or opposition. He made a magnificent run, and his opponent, the Hon. Alton B. Parker, of New York, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, was a very badly beaten man. During this administration Roosevelt struck out for himself, as he had received the commission directly from the people, and he felt that he could act more individually than he had done when he received the succession to the McKinley régime.

We come now to the campaign of 1908. President Roosevelt's association with public men in Washington had led him to believe that the Hon. William Howard Taft, of Ohio, would be an admirable candidate for the succession to himself. The ambition of Mr. Taft was to go on the Supreme Bench, but the President induced him to forego this and become a candidate for the higher office. Roosevelt used to say, when he left Washington on his various tours around the country, "I do not feel at all afraid of leaving the capital, as 'Big Bill Taft' is

there sitting on the lid and everything will go right." He felt sure that through the powerful strength of the organization in 1908 there would be little difficulty in securing the nomination of Mr. Taft as the Republican candidate. He proved to be a strong selection from an intellectual standpoint and his speeches were always well timed and able, but he lacked a certain power of mixing with the people and a certain personality that would draw the public to him. His administration proved to be a successful one for the country and I saw quite a good deal of him both at Washington and Philadelphia, as he frequently visited the latter place to make addresses and appear before the various political and other social clubs. What was the true inwardness of the difference between President Roosevelt and President Taft has never been written, and I cannot say that I know what it is myself, but it seems very singular that Roosevelt should have been so anxious to place Taft in the high office which he held and to assure the country of his knowledge of him that he was an all-round well-fitted man for the place; then that he should have, in less than four months, lost his confidence and become estranged politically.

It is hardly necessary to review the circumstances of the stormy convention of 1912. It was one of those political assemblies that occur where the bottom forces become rampant without the public knowing exactly why or wherefore. President Taft received the renomination in the same way that he had been nominated four years before. President Roosevelt was only questioning his own ways and manner of nominating him when he made his candidacy and tried to force Taft off the ticket, all of which seemed to the public quite incomprehensible. The politicians, of course, could see the workings of human ambition back of the scenes. Roosevelt's wonderful personality and powerful mentality made him a strong man any time to the country, and he had behind him at Chicago at this time a most potential body of able and aggressive Republican workers and leaders. He

made a most remarkable run, although there is no doubt hundreds of thousands of people voted for him thinking he might stand a chance of being elected. The result of the election showed that no division of this kind or no personal ambition of the character such as caused the campaign of this year could be successful, and that only two great parties can ever stand opposed to each other in this country for any length of time. The members of the party known as the "Progressive" or "Bull Moose" party have fallen almost wholly away from its distinctive leader, and the men, active and powerful, who were back of Roosevelt in 1912 at Chicago are all lined up now for the Republican candidates of 1916. That year is rapidly approaching.

President Wilson, like President Lincoln, was a minority President. His ability as a scholar and diplomat of national and international law is not to be questioned, yet many of his political acts were novel and can hardly be said to have met with the approval of his countrymen, certainly not with the approval of the members of the party which opposed him. The Mexican situation and the great war in Europe are all working for the nation's financial benefit, but it cannot be said with any truth or fairness by an observer of history that the political acts of the Democratic party under the Wilson administration have added any degree of steadiness or betterment to the commercial and industrial power of the country. The most striking turn of the wheel in President Wilson's career (which has been one long history of devotion and service to reform and civil service) was that he permitted his cabinet officers, shortly after he had become installed in the White House, to make a sweeping removal of Federal officials all over the country. There has never been any such flagrant and direct violation of the civil service since it was established than has occurred under the Wilson administration, and not since the Jackson administration, when William L. Marcy, of New York, established the doctrine that "To the victors be-

long the spoils." There has been no political party that has ever taken such a stand in favor of throwing out forcibly, *vi et armis,* any official whose place was desired for some hungry and disconsolate follower of the Democratic standard. How President Wilson is going to justify himself when it comes to the question on the stump, as he will probably be up against the proposition sooner or later if he is renominated, the country will be anxious to find out. He will justify himself, however, and his close and stanch friends will justify him also, and they will appeal to his diplomatic acts and his Mexican policy and his treatment of the foreign matters connected with the European war, and claim that he has been a perfect giant of intellectual strength and political force, and that the country never was in better condition than while in his hands. Certainly the condition of the treasury at the end of the Taft administration and as it stands now is not in any way favorable to President Wilson's conduct of affairs.

CHAPTER XXI

THE CITY OF WASHINGTON AND WASHINGTON LIFE

My term in Congress expired March 4, 1897, coincident with the advent of the McKinley administration. I was unfortunate enough in one way to be in Washington in Congress two terms under Democratic rule. While it gave me less official work to do, as I had no relations concerning patronage with the administration, so far as my influence was concerned I might just as well have remained at my desk in Media. The lease of my house not expiring with my term in Congress, I was compelled to remain in the city until 1899. It was fortunate in one way, as I was close to headquarters in the Spanish War and heard and saw a great deal of the inner workings of that peculiar struggle, which threw into our control all the possessions of the crown of Spain in this hemisphere and the Philippines and Guam in the Orient. It also enabled us to have the benefit of the fine large house in which we lived on Rhode Island Avenue in 1898 for the marriage of my eldest daughter, Elizabeth, who wedded A. Welling Wyckoff, of Elmira. He was a young man, the eldest of four brothers, all of whom were educated at Cornell College and were prominent and popular in their classes, especially in the athletic field. Both Welling and his brother Clinton took a leading part in football games and were standard authority on this subject. The father of these boys died when they were young, and their mother, a very excellent woman of strong character, had them educated, and they all turned out very well after they went into business life.

I was able, owing to my relations with the Naval Committee of the House and through the service of the late Hon. Charles A. Boutelle, of Maine, to secure a place in the Bethlehem Steel and Iron Company for Mr. Wyckoff. He started at the bottom, but had not been there long until he made his mark. On my return to Washington,

and I should say after I had left it in 1899, I was surprised to notice the wonderful change in the capital city. It will become in time, and is now, one of the most beautiful cities in the world. A large number of public squares and fine monuments have been erected by the Government, and public buildings for the various departments, all of which are erected on an artistic plan, with a system, making all of these buildings and public institutions have a symmetrical appearance. The White House was renovated, improved, and additions added to it, giving more office room and better accommodations for the family of the President in the main building.

I have stated that our relations socially with President Cleveland and his popular wife were very pleasant, and we were a number of times entertained at the White House, particularly at the receptions in the winter, when the various delegations of Congress, the army and navy, and the judiciary are entertained there, and all the official part of Washington turns out to attend. There was no prettier sight than at the opening of one of these receptions to see President and Mrs. Cleveland come down the main stairway of the White House, she on his arm—a most beautiful lady she was—with their social attendants. They were the cynosure of all eyes, and took their station afterward behind what was known as the rail, where the invited guests were not admitted except by special card. The President and his wife stood at the side of this rail, and as the persons came forward they were introduced by the marshal of the district, each name being called out loudly so all could hear who the parties were, and frequently there were prominent and distinguished personages from all over the United States. It was quite a social privilege to get an invitation to stand behind the President and his wife at this railing, as one could then observe all the fashion and beauty of Washington as it passed in review before the executive of the country. The cabinet officers and their ladies were

privileged characters, and at the front of this rail stand behind the President.

During the Presidential term of President Cleveland, especially his second term in Washington, there was a wonderful growth and extension of properties in the outskirts of the district. The President himself purchased a beautiful country seat—"Red Rock"—some distance out from the White House, and of course the property in this vicinity rose in value very greatly, and other prominent people bought property and built or remodeled old houses in that locality.

The only part of the district that did not seem to progress with the spirit of the times was the adjoining city of Georgetown, a very old and very historic place in its houses and environment. It is noted for its very excellent Catholic schools for boys, girls, young men and women, many of whom have risen to eminence. The curriculum was a very rigid and efficient one, and the teachers women of the Catholic faith, sisters, many of whom had not been outside of the institution for years. My daughter, Mrs. Wyckoff, was educated at the Georgetown school for young women, and I can speak by the card for the very excellent character of the work that they did for her and those young women of her acquaintance who were schoolmates at the same time. Many of the daughters of the most prominent men went to school there. Some of the most distinguished scholars and priests have come out of the Georgetown institution for young men, and it has a repute equally as old and well established as the one for the young women. The head of the latter institution, when my daughter was going to school there, told me she had not been outside of the place for thirty-eight years, and as she lived for some years after that, she must have spent the greater part of her life as an inmate behind the four walls of this old seminary, doing good work in laying out the course of instruction for the young ladies who were left to her care and tuition.

I recall the second time I went to Washington after my renomination, in visiting my daughter at this place, the Mother Superior had quite a pleasant chat with me and congratulated me on my return to Congress. I said to her, "How is it that you are so well posted in matters that take place in the outer world when you don't get outside of the four walls of the institution?" "Oh!" she said, "a little bird brings us our news and we hear a good deal through various sources and try to keep track of the public men who have daughters here under our care and instruction."

One of the interesting sights near Washington is the Arlington Cemetery, which I mentioned in my visit to the dedication of the Confederate monument, which is now approached by a handsome road and bridge leading up past the noted Fort Myers, where the cavalry and officers of the army and aviation corps are nurtured and drilled. This approach to Fort Myers and the cemetery is the successor of the noted long bridge known in war times as the one over which hundreds of thousands of young men of the loyal North, coming from the hills and valleys of nearly every State of the Union north of the Mason and Dixon line, tramped to join the forces in old Virginia that were engaged in the tremendous struggle which began with Bull Run and did not end until the bugles sang truce under the apple trees at Appomattox. Arlington Cemetery is a beautiful burying ground filled with the tombs of some of the most noted dead of the country. On the brow of the hill, in front of the old colonial mansion of General Lee, is the granite slab and grave marking the burial place of General Philip H. Sheridan. As you go through the gate to the old mansion you pass by rows and rows of marble slabs, headstones and footstones supplied by the Government, simply marking the burial place of the unknown dead of the Union Army. Here rest many thousands of boys in blue who died that the Union might be saved and the institutions of this Government be perpetuated. It is one of

the most impressive sites in the surroundings of the cemetery.

There is a very good view of the Potomac and its reaches as it stretches in a silvery streak eastward past the navy yard, Alexandria and Mt. Vernon on its course to the sea. Very few of the large vessels of the modern navy could get up the Potomac in safety to the present navy yard, but the old wooden walls which were sailed by the men with iron hearts of the old navy were fitted out, commissioned and remodeled at this navy yard. The ordnance and gunnery section of it supplied a great many of the munitions that helped to win the victories of the Civil War, and from the heights of Arlington one can see Mt. Vernon, the old home of the Washingtons, where rest the first President and his wife.

The capital lies somewhat defenseless to the approach of a foreign fleet, and I am reminded of a story I think told of President Jackson, the old lion-hearted and iron-nerved leader of the Democracy of nearly a century ago. President Jackson, or "Old Hickory," as he was known, was in the habit of riding out in the suburbs of the city with his private secretary, who was a linguist and well versed in all foreign languages. Jackson had invited the French minister to enjoy the afternoon riding with him and his secretary, and while they were rambling around the environs of the capital they approached a point where a broad view could be had of the Potomac stretching away to the sea. The secretary and the minister were conversing in French. After some little time Jackson straightened himself up and said quietly to his clerk, "What is he jabbering about?" "Oh!" said the secretary, in a quiet tone, "he said how easy it would be for the wooden vessels of his country, the men of war of that day, to come up the Potomac from Hampton Roads and, anchoring off Washington, take the capital." The only reply "Old Hickory" made to this remark was a grunt out to the secretary, "Take hell!"

Whatever may be laid to the credit or discredit of

President Jackson for his views as a leader of his political party, it cannot be denied that he had the warm-hearted and popular following of the Democrats of the country and that he was a patriot to the core. There was no question but that he would have hung Calhoun had he persisted in his nullification ideas after the President called the turn upon him and sent word that South Carolina had gone far enough.

No one attempts to detract from the patriotism of James Buchanan, the only President Pennsylvania had the honor to have seated in the White House, yet if there had been a Jackson in the White House in the closing days of 1860 and the opening days of 1861, instead of the Pennsylvania President, there is little doubt that "Jeff" Davis and the other conspirators of the secession movement would have halted in their attempt to overthrow the Government and found a new republic with slavery for its cornerstone; but perhaps it has turned out all very well for the whole nation, as through the blood shed in the war and the intercourse between the North and South, through the mingling of the soldiers on the battlefields during the struggle and at its close there came to be a better understanding between the sections, and what was misunderstood before 1860 is now fully comprehended, and the South does not believe to-day that one man there is more potential than three Yankees, nor could the most blatant abolitionist fail to have superior understanding of the courage and high character and tireless efforts for the lost cause of the leaders of those who followed the "Stars and Bars."

It is all past and gone, and those who sleep in the national cemeteries of the country, at Arlington and all the other burial places in the country, have paid the penalty, but as Abraham Lincoln said in the wonderful inaugural of his second term, "If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that he gives to North and South this terrible war as

the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him?

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

CHAPTER XXII

AT THE EDITORIAL DESK AGAIN

In 1899 we moved back to Media and I took up active work again at my desk in the Media *Ledger* office. This paper I had bought when politics was very lively and it was necessary to have some sort of a mouth-piece to repel the opposition and tax upon me. The paper originally was started by a man from Maryland, a Democrat, who came here with his three sons and family and got a lot of yearly subscriptions to the paper from the Democrats, but as these subscribers did not materialize as fully as he anticipated, the result was that the paper got down at the heel. I found it a very convenient avenue to publish articles in favor of my own cause or to defend my friends, and would pay the owner of the paper for them as they were inserted. Finally the paper went into the sheriff's hands and I bought it at the sale. Of course, I changed the political nature of it and made it a Republican sheet.

In 1895 I built, on the corner of Jackson and State Streets, one of the most substantial buildings in Media as an office for the *Ledger* plant and for the composition, press and engine rooms.

I found it very congenial work editing a country newspaper again at the county seat, although the day of a weekly newspaper had almost passed, yet the *Ledger* was recognized as having a special attraction on account of the editorials from my pen, and we had a large subscription list which was held for this reason alone, as I never had any hesitancy in speaking my mind on any matter, political, civil, or religious, the whole time I owned it, and nobody owned it but myself. It really was the only paper of the county that could be said to be absolutely Republican and independent.

With the loss of my seat in Congress, to some extent my prestige and leadership in the county was diminished.

As my right hand man, William L. Mathues, since deceased, whom I had made prothonotary and political lieutenant, took charge of the active work of running the organization, I was very glad to give it over to him. He had a natural faculty for politics, and for a good while proved to be a very successful head to the organization.

In 1900 the long-standing promise to give me a Federal political office was redeemed, and I was asked whether I would take the United States marshalship, a position in the eastern district of Pennsylvania. I inquired into the duties of the position, and, finding them very agreeable, with very little responsibility and a compensation of four thousand dollars a year, I accepted the office and was sworn in on May 1, 1900.

Good luck is often accompanied by the black specter of bad luck, and two days before I was appointed to this position I received a telegram from Pittsburgh of the death of my elder brother, James Robinson. I was sworn in as marshal in the morning of May 1, 1900, and left the court room for Broad Street Station, taking the train for the West to attend the funeral, and saw that all the circumstances of his interment were proper and suitable. The members of the G. A. R. to which he belonged attended to the details of his funeral. The body was buried in the family lot in the Allegheny Cemetery, where there are so many of our family interred that my son-in-law, Mr. Wyckoff, the first time he went with me to this cemetery, made the remark, "Why, the Robinsons are all dead ones." I think I showed some of them in some of my political contests in the county, and also in some of the articles I wrote for the newspapers and for my own paper, the Media *Ledger,* that I still was quite somewhat alive. The position of United States marshal is that of sheriff to the United States District and Circuit Courts, but it is surprising how many people do not know what the duties of the United States marshal are nor how to spell the name. Of all the letters I received while in the position, I think I can safely say that more

than seventy-five per cent. of them spelt the name marshal with two l's.

My predecessor in the office was the Hon. James B. Reilley, of Pottsville, Pa., a very estimable Democratic lawyer who had served in Congress with me and whose acquaintance and friendship I have enjoyed for a number of years. He had been appointed in April, 1896, by President Cleveland, and his commission ran for four years. He was not disturbed during the term of President McKinley after the 4th of March, 1897, but remained in the office until May 1, 1900, when I succeeded him. In point of fact, he not only served out his four years but some little time over. When it came my turn, thirteen years later, to serve under a Democratic administration I enjoyed no such grace from the President or the Department of Justice, but was requested to resign very promptly after the Wilson administration had gotten warmly seated in the White House.

My chief deputy in the marshalship was Thomas Marple, of Philadelphia, who had been in the office for quite a number of years. He was a veteran of the Civil War and had been wounded in battle. He was one of the most faithful public officials I ever met in a long career of public service. He loved work, and with the exception of John G. Johnson, the lawyer whom I studied law with, I know of no man who could do more work or loved work better for its own sake. Most people rather dislike work. Robert Ingersoll used to say that "every day was labor day to him," and when he did not work he felt unhappy. That was the way with this chief deputy. He wanted to do all of the work of the office himself, and really was capable of performing most of it, as he would generally correct or go over the papers of the other deputies and assistants who had to serve writs or attend to the details of the office. The other gentlemen in the office were Mr. Abram Myers, who died only last year, a Democrat whom I allowed to remain in the office on account of his fidelity and efficiency

and good record; Captain Joseph H. Huddell, whom I appointed to a vacancy caused by the resignation of one of the deputies of Mr. Reilley, and Mr. Solomon Foster, of Scranton, Pa., a well-known newspaper man. Captain Huddell had been during all my campaign in Delaware County my right-hand man and very close to me in every way; in fact, he was more like a father to me than any other man that lived or that I had known since my own father died, when I was nine years of age.

When I was appointed to the office Colonel Quay sent for me and asked me if I would accept a place. I told him I would be very glad to do so. After I had examined into it and saw what I had to do and whether I could perform the duties with integrity and competency, he said to me, "Jack, if you get in there I hope you will stay hitched," meaning, I suppose, that I had a little tendency to independence in my constitution politically, as I had made one or two political contests without asking the consent of any political leader, himself included, which in my belief was the proper way of doing it; but some persons are more subservient to others and rather like a master, and there are still others who are like dogs who prefer to wear a collar, as it is not only an ornament to them, but it tells the public who they are, as the collar did on the Prince of Wales' dog in England several years ago, which was inscribed with the couplet, "I am the Prince's dog at Kew; pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?" Some politicians that I have known and met have had collars on them with similar mottoes paraphrased. I replied to Senator Quay by saying, "My dear Senator, I have always stayed hitched when I thought the hitching post was the proper place to remain, but when I didn't I untied myself and gave full notice of the fact to the world. Now, as long as I am in this office I will be true and loyal to those who have put me there and to their interest, but when I cannot be so I will ask the department to let me resign." The Senator said that was very satisfactory. A few days afterward, when I was

sworn in, the Hon. James B. McPherson, United States district judge, handed me my commission signed by William McKinley, which hangs on my library wall today.

During the time I was in the marshalship I conducted my newspaper at Media, as it gave me something to work at and was a source of some revenue. I nearly always supported the candidates named by the organization, represented at the head by William L. Mathues, through the columns of my paper, advocating the election of the Republican ticket, National, State and local, where it was fit and the candidates were men of integrity and capacity. It is my opinion that a newspaper has a great deal more influence when it takes a position of this kind than where it is abjectly at the service of any dominant person politically or commercially, and particularly where the services of the paper are made the subject of barter or sale.

My duties as United States marshal took me to Philadelphia almost daily, and although I remained at the office at Ninth and Chestnut Streets in the Post Office Building but a very short time during the day, sufficiently long to transact all the official business and within call for any business that might come up, I found that when my four years were up and President Roosevelt had taken charge of the Government after the assassination of President McKinley, there was opposition to my reappointment from the organization in Delaware County. The gentleman who was an aspirant for the place was the Hon. Crosby M. Black, of Chester, Pa., an ex-mayor of that city, a man of high standing and character there, and in every way qualified to fill the marshalship. As, however, I did not want to give up the office, naturally I made every effort to rally my friends to urge the President to reappoint me. The matter hung fire for quite a long while, and many persons thought that Mr. Black would be appointed, but I had assurances from Washington early in the contention that I would be recommissioned. The leader of Chester at that time was a

large liquor merchant, William J. McClure, a man of very keen political sagacity and quite noiseless in his political movements, who was back of the attempt to give Mr. Black the place I held, and of course I knew that he was a very strong man to combat, but after the matter had remained in abeyance for about nine months I received word from Washington that my name was to be sent to the Senate by President Roosevelt, and it was so sent to the Judiciary Committee and I was unanimously confirmed, and had the pleasure of receiving my commission from United States District Judge Holland, signed by the historic character who had defeated me as Assistant Secretary of the Navy a few years before—Theodore Roosevelt. I am very proud of it, as I also am of the one signed by the lamented McKinley.

I had no more trouble in the way of opposition, and had the pleasure of serving in the office for a number of years. After this I was elected national delegate to the convention at Chicago which nominated the Hon. William Howard Taft to be President, and I received my last commission in 1909. This valuable piece of parchment also hangs on my library wall, and I am more than proud of it, as it represents the signature of a man for whom I labored, spoke and voted, whose courage and ability the whole country admired, and who took his defeat in 1912 so heroically and with such an utter absence of any resentment. His four years at Washington, as I think I have said, were four years of good Republican rule. The whole country boomed and prospered under his administration and the protection principles which he conserved. The only criticism that could be made against President Taft may have been that he was a little too lenient regarding Democrats in office when their commissions had expired and when he had a chance to appoint good Republicans to their places. I don't mean to say that I would have justified him in violating the civil service rule, but there were many opportunities to put Republicans on guard that he could have taken advantage of, and

it would have strengthened the party and availed him a good deal in the 1912 fight; but, of course, when the indomitable "Teddy" flew the coop in 1912, in which coop he himself had been put in the same way in 1904, and in the very same way as Mr. Taft had been in 1908, there was absolutely no hope of electing a Republican. This led to the election of the Hon. Woodrow Wilson, a minority President.

Elected in the manner he was and by the vote he received, one would have supposed that the policy of his administration would have been confined to at least a restriction upon the legislation which the Republicans had put upon the statute books for the benefit of the country, but, on the contrary, President Wilson, as soon as he had formed his cabinet and gotten matters well in hand, went to work to change the whole administrative policy of the country, and not much for the better if we are to believe the best judges of political economy.

The great continental war has been beneficial to this country in a financial way, as large sums of money have been pouring in to buy the munitions of war for the Allies, thereby supplying the deficit that surely would have been very large if we had been running along entirely under the Wilson administration and the legislation passed by the Democratic Congress of 1913-14. The outlook for the future is particularly auspicious for the Republican party. All signs point to a victory in 1916. There is no doubt but what Woodrow Wilson will be renominated by his own party, but there will be no Republican division, no "Bull Moose" party with a Roosevelt as a disturbing element to set the country aflame from one end of it to the other. He has absolutely shot his political bolt, and while he interferes in nearly everything that comes up, and is interviewed on all the subjects of the day, yet there is not that wild enthusiasm for him that prevailed in 1911 and 1912. Who the Republican nominee for President will be is a problem, but there is plenty of good material, and it is to be hoped that the

National Convention will be held in the city of Philadelphia and that the campaign of 1916 will start off under the good luck auspices which won it so many victories when nominations were made in that city.

CHAPTER XXIII

FUGITIVE PIECES

THE pieces that compose this chapter were written some time ago, and many of them will be of interest to Pittsburghers and also persons in this county and Philadelphia. They have never been used in book form and will, I think, be more interesting than would be original matter of the same kind.

GALLANT TARS

MEN FURNISHED THE UNITED STATES NAVY BY PENNSYLVANIA

The late Alexander Murray, whose remains were so recently interred in the Allegheny Cemetery, was one of the few Pittsburgh boys who achieved the highest honors and eminence in the national service. He died a rear admiral—the highest grade of service in the United States Navy—at his own home, Washington, highly respected by all who knew him officially and with a record covering a half-century of career afloat and ashore, for capacity, bravery and honor equaled by few officers. Admiral Murray entered the navy in 1835, and, as midshipman, lieutenant and commanding officer, he served in every quarter of the globe prior to the war. During the war his services were eminently patriotic and brave. Indeed, he was tried in three wars, serving off the Florida coast in the Seminole War and in the Pacific squadron during the Mexican conflict, where he was wounded at the taking of Alvarado. Subsequently to this, in 1849-51, he cruised in the Mediterranean. His services at the battle of Kingston, N. C., in 1862, and during the combined military and naval expedition up the Pamunkey and Fork Rivers proved his skill and valor. At the close of the war he commanded the Ports-

mouth Navy Yard, where, I believe, he married. He was selected for special command of the squadron which visited the Russian capital in 1867, bearing Assistant Secretary of the Navy Fox and the good wishes of this Government officially to the Czar Alexander for his steadfast amity during the Civil War. Admiral Murray commanded the sloop *Augusta,* and in the fleet was the armored, turreted ironclad *Miantonomah*—the first of her class to cross the Atlantic. On this visit Captain Murray was the recipient of a handsome present from the Czar, as were all the officers of the fleet, which was received with the highest honors wherever it went in the Baltic and Neva. Captain Murray was later stationed at the old naval yard in this city, and flew his blue peter as commodore in command of the Pacific squadron in 1871, taking with him on this occasion as his secretary his nephew, Alex. Murray Guthrie, Esq., of Pittsburgh.

HIS GAME OF WHIST

The commodore, like all old salts, was passionately fond of a game of whist and was an excellent player. His nephew took equally as good a hand, and when sitting opposite to each other at the rigors of the game they were no mean match for Cavendish and Pole.

During this cruise Captain Maury, who commanded one of the Pacific Mail coast liners, and who was one of Murray's old companions in service prior to the war, but who espoused the Southern cause, was wrecked on a sand-bar off Monterey, losing his vessel, cargo and all personal effects, reaching land with his crew in the clothes only on their backs. A relief subscription was taken up on the United States flagship, and Commodore Murray headed it with a very handsome sum. Some cynical subofficers, familiar with the commodore's fondness for and superiority at whist, were wont to depreciate the charity by saying, "Oh, the old gentleman will go ashore to-night

and he and his secretary will win it all back from Maury before morning." Commodore Murray attained the admiralty in 1876 and retired, at his own request, a few years later. In his long and eventful career in the navy he displayed always the highest qualities of a sailor and officer. When a young man he was fearless, genial and the life of the gun-room mess. In stature he was tall and of slight build, but symmetrical, of handsome demeanor and courtly manners, and when in full uniform and on the quarter-deck not only looked but was the thoroughly competent commander.

GALLANT PENNSYLVANIA SAILORS

He attained the highest rank, I believe, of any Pittsburgher in the marine service, and this slight sketch of him may be appreciated. Pittsburgh is not undistinguished by the list of men who went from her smoky surroundings to the sea. Among the first burials in the old Allegheny Cemetery after its purchase in 1845 were those of Commodore Barney and Lieutenant James Walker Parker, of the navy. Barney was a very distinguished Revolutionary naval officer who died during a casual visit to Pittsburgh. He had attained to the chief command in the old service at his decease. Those Pittsburghers who possess one of the early reports of the Allegheny Cemetery Company will read therein an interesting and eloquent address by the late Judge McCandless, delivered in 1848 at the burial of Commodore Barney and Lieutenant Parker, who was mortally wounded at Tabasco during the Mexican War. Lieutenant Sewell, of the Duquesne Grays—a gallant and chivalrous young officer—who met his death at Pueblo, was buried at the same time. Parker was one of the bravest officers in the old navy. He was born in Pittsburgh and was appointed a midshipman by Old Hickory on presentation

of his own case to the President over 124 other applicants. Like Decatur or Cushing, no deed was too daring for Jim Parker. He cut out the *Creole* under the guns of San Juan de Ulloa and officered the boat that rescued the survivors of the fatal brig *Somers*—the vessel that previously had young Spencer swung to her yard-arm—capsized in a norther, and met his death on shore duty for which he had applied, chafing under the inaction of the fleet, when the military was winning glory in the march from Vera Cruz to Molino del Rey and the capital.

I recall a story told me by a grand-aunt apropos of Parker. She was walking one day with the wife—or, perhaps, at that time the fiancée—of the gallant lieutenant, who was then stationed in the remote Pacific. In those early days, before cables and steamships, mail communication between the Indies and the United States was often a matter of many months, and exchanging letters was the business of a year or more. The promenade of my kinswoman and Mrs. Parker lay to the post office, where the latter received a long-looked-for and dearly prized letter from him who was to her the chosen being in the world, although a hemisphere divided them. On the way home their route lay over the old Allegheny bridge, and while crossing this Mrs. Parker took the opportunity to open the letter. While unfolding it and eager to seize the contents, a sudden gust of wind caught it up and carried it beyond the rail, where, floating and scurrying, it slowly settled down into the waters of the river nearly a mile away and hopelessly beyond reach. The relator of the incident said never could she forget the look of absolute and painful disappointment, blended with tears, on Mrs. Parker's face, as the cruel wind tore the cherished missive away.

Lieutenant Parker entered the naval service in 1831 and was senior to Admiral Murray four years.

PITTSBURGH OFFICERS

Lieutenant Thomas M. Crossan—another Pittsburgh officer and the brother of the late John McD. Crossan—entered the service in 1836. Tom Crossan was one of the most popular and gallant officers of the old service. Genial, whole-hearted and a thorough sailor, he was led by affiliations with the Southern officers to take service with the South during the war. It was a temptation few could resist, as all the old naval officialism was Southern. Captain Crossan's choice and record was offset by the gallant career of his young nephew, James C. Chaplin, who entered the navy in 1850, graduated with distinction, and served throughout the war with the highest courage. Pittsburgh and Western Pennsylvania has furnished many conspicuous names to the naval branch of the national service. Among the line officers I can recall without special effort Lieutenant William Little, son of William Little, Esq., of the Safe Deposit Company, your well-known townsman; Lieutenant Commander George C. Reiter, son of the late Dr. Reiter, the distinguished physician; Commander William Stewart, son of Tariff Andy, of Fayette, who lost his life on the sloop *Oneida* in the collision with the British P. & O. Mailer, in Yokohama harbor, Japan, in 1870; Commanders H. F. Picking, of Somerset, one of the most accomplished officers in the navy; Jas. C. Robertson, who died at his post with yellow fever; and Jim Gillis, of Beaver, who had a famous notoriety and experience in command of the *Wateree,* on the South American coast during an earthquake, followed by a tidal wave, which took his vessel, crew and all, a mile and a half inland and left her there, high and dry—not to mention the long list of distinguished officers of the staff corps of the United States Navy, who, many of them, bore an honorable part in the late rebellion—but, I would be trespassing on the domain of the historian to extend this brief mention.

SOME NOTABLE PEOPLE

Dr. John K. Kane, who died last week at Summit, N. J., rather unexpectedly, in the prime of life, adds another name to the obituary list of a celebrated family. It was but a little while ago that his brother, General Thomas Lieper Kane, the brave commander of the Bucktails, passed away. Elisha Kent Kane, the Arctic explorer, was the oldest of these brothers and the most distinguished. With Robert Patterson Kane, still residing in Philadelphia, they were all children of Judge John Kintzing Kane, who sat on the bench of the United States District Court in this city many years, and was a gentleman of the old school, both of politics and manners. Philadelphians of the early days, who were wont to drive out the country roads to the southwest or north and east of the city, will remember two familiar old homesteads, where a hospitality that drew much of its grace and generosity from the Revolutionary period, was dispensed. One was the country seat of Judge John K. Kane, Rensselaer, afterward Fern Rock, near Germantown; the other, the romantic manor of Thomas Lieper—and after his day the home of Judge George Lieper—in Ridley township, not far from the old Queen's highway, near Chester.

Thomas Lieper came to America from Scotland in 1764, settling first in Virginia and afterward in Philadelphia, where he acquired a fortune in business prior to the Revolution. An ardent Whig, he was the first man in Penn's colony to advocate a rupture with the crown. It was his fortune to be one of the last to lay down arms, for as treasurer of the First City Troop he bore the last French subsidies to Yorktown. He was orderly sergeant, treasurer and secretary of the City Troop, president of the Common Council of this city, frequently a Presidential elector and an intimate personal friend of Thomas Jefferson in the days when Jeffersonian simplicity was an actuality. Dr. Rush, in his "Lives of Eminent Philadelphians," says that Jefferson stated it was only to his

table, that of Major Butler, of South Carolina, and Mr. Lieper he was ever invited in the days of Federal persecution, and that here in this city—think of it, O Commonwealth Club!—Federalists used to cross the streets to avoid the illustrious author of the Declaration.

The Kanes and the Liepers intermarried and the three dead brothers Kane, each of whom has an enviable record, were grandsons of this Scotchman from Strathaven, Thomas Lieper. Their grandmother, Helen Hamilton, was of the Hamiltons, of Kipe. The blood was good and it told. Thomas Lieper gave largely of his private fortune to assist the colonists, at one time £5000—an enormous sum for his day—to the North American Bank fund. After the war he gave $100,000 to this State in subscriptions to various public improvements. On his place he introduced many of these to develop the famous quarries which bear his name. He built a canal when such aids to transportation were novelties, and the first railroad in the country was the one leading from his quarries to tidewater and which is still in use. He died at the advanced age of eighty-five, in 1825. His son, Judge George Lieper, was associate justice, and a congressman from 1829 to 1831, in Delaware County. Two other grandsons, General Charles I. Lieper and Captain Thomas I. Lieper, made highly creditable records in the Civil War. A daughter of the latter, who was a leading manufacturer of Chester, married William A. Magee, assistant controller of Pittsburgh, and brother of the prominent politician, Chris. Magee. The old patrimonial mansion of the Liepers, having about it the flavor of the olden time, still stands overlooking the great quarries on the banks of Crum Creek, about a mile south of Wallingford, on the West Chester Railroad.

John K. Kane was the favorite law student of Judge Hopkinson, and as a Yale graduate gave brilliant promise on entering the Bar. The promise fruited well and he became attorney general of the State by Governor Shunk's appointment in 1845. This was only a half-way

house of honor, however, as President Polk owed him much for the famous tariff letter of the 1844 campaign, which the obscure Tennesseean had framed for him to Judge Kane and which kept Pennsylvania in line for the Democracy against the appeals of the protectionist Whigs and their idol, Clay. Polk appointed Kane in 1846 to the district judgeship made vacant by the death of Judge Randall, and there he served until his death, through stormy times and serene ones, always with suavity, legal ability and unswerving integrity. In person he was handsome, of slender build and medium height, fine eyes, aquiline nose and excellent teeth, and in dress was like the old school, scrupulously exact and liked to see the same neatness in the practitioners about him. Judge Kane's latest prominence was in the time when the anti-slavery excitement ran high. Like most of the Democratic officials of the slavery days he despised the abolition agitation, which was constantly interfering with the aristocratic peculiar institution. It was Judge Kane who committed Passmore Williamson for contempt, an action variously viewed by our fathers, and it was he who said to the Friends and others who thought Williamson's committal a harsh procedure: "He carries the key of his jail in his own pocket," meaning he could purge his contempt.

When the frigate *Brandywine,* under Commodore Parker—the vessel specially built to take the Marquis Lafayette back to France after his last visit to this country—was going out to China in 1843 with Caleb Cushing, on a special envoy, Judge Kane asked President Tyler for his eldest son's appointment as physician to the embassy, and he was so commissioned. This was the beginning of Elisha Kent Kane's adventurous career, so graphically described in Elder's life, which those of us who were boys along in the '50's remember so well—his adventures in South America, in British India, China, Egypt, on the continent, the west coast, in Mexico during the war—for on his return home he got transferred into

the army—his successive Arctic voyages closing with the thrilling two winters in the *Advance* almost under the twinkle of the North Star, his ice march back, rescue by Hartstene and triumphal return to this country to receive from it and foreign powers the homage of true bravery and intrepidity.

Dr. Kane, the explorer, like the lately deceased brother, was educated a physician, and before he was of age he was resident physician of the Pennsylvania Hospital. His record proved him, like his brother, the general, a commander of men. He was the first to imbue Arctic voyaging with the glamour of romance, and the fatal Jeannette and Greely expeditions drew their inspiration as much from the story of the *Advance* as from love of science. Kane's open Polar Sea theory has totally given away. Doubtless he saw such a sea, as Arctic topography varies with the thermal averages, but explorers now agree that the paleocristic seas which Markham and Nares added to the cartography of the regions within the circle best describes the Pelion on Ossa piled of primeval ice, which covers these northern areas of eternal silence and gloom.

Some of us remember just before the war a noted funeral from the old Presbyterian Church of Dr. Cuyler, at Seventh near Arch, now, with other buildings, gone like its illustrious tenant of that day, Dr. Kane. He died at an early age, thirty-seven, and though always an invalid and sufferer had crowded an immense amount of work into his brief career and reached the fame he yearned for with feverish activity. The famous "Bucktails" which General Tom Kane, Charles Biddle and Roy Stone led to many a gallant fight owe their origin to an idea of Dr. Kane's. In one of his Arctic visits the thought entered his mind that such a body of backwoodsmen would be of inestimable service in Polar exploitation requiring nerve, hardihood and iron physique. General Kane took it up at the outbreak of the war. The explorer Kane had a belief—not an erroneous one, as a

rule—that sailors were no account ashore, were "web-footed," as he said (an expression afterward adopted by President Lincoln, who used to speak of the navy as Uncle Sam's "webfoot").

Amos Bonsall, lately deceased, one of Kane's explorers with the *Advance,* lived in this city, where he was widely known for his interest in city charities, being on the Board of Trustees of the House of Refuge and other eleemosynary institutions. He was a gentleman of quiet ways and tastes, of middle age and well preserved, and to look at him one would never suspect his early life was coupled with an Arctic adventure which made every participant famous in greater or less degree. Dr. John K. Kane, who lately died, resided at Wilmington, where he practiced his profession, in which he was a leading scholar and authority. In 1856 he accompanied as surgeon the relief expedition to rescue his brother and party. His wife was the sister of Secretary Bayard.

IN OTHER POLITICAL DAYS

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR SHERIFF AND HIS FAMILY

Dallas Sanders, the Democratic nominee for sheriff, comes of an historical political family, blue-blooded and Democratic from away back. His father was Captain John Sanders, of the United States Army, and his mother one of the daughters of William Wilkins, United States Senator from this State in 1831-34, Secretary of War under Polk from 1844-45, subsequently Minister to Russia, and late in life member of the Pennsylvania Legislature. There was no more prominent man in the politics of this State in his day than William Wilkins, whose residence was Homewood, near Pittsburgh, for the greater part of his life and where he died in 1865. William Wilkins was born in Carlisle in 1779 and early went

West to grow up with the country, settling in Pittsburgh, where he became its leading citizen and remained such till his death, at the close of the war, at the advanced age of eighty-six. His first wife was Catherine Holmes, of Baltimore; his second Miss Dallas, second daughter of Alexander J. Dallas, Secretary of the Treasury under Madison, and sister of George M. Dallas, United States Senator from this State from 1831-34 and Vice-President with Polk.

On both sides of his maternal ancestors young Sanders draws an hereditary political predilection. Alexander J. Dallas was first secretary of this State under Thomas Mifflin, the first Governor under the Constitution of 1790. No doubt out of the close political affiliation between Governor Mifflin and Mr. Dallas he called his son George Mifflin, which has descended to the present eminent lawyer of the name. George M. Dallas, the elder, was attorney general of this State under Governor Wolf and succeeded Senator Barnard in the United States Senate during Jackson's second term. He went out of this body in 1834, but returned ten years later to preside over it with much grace and dignity as the Vice-President under Polk.

William Wilkins was, of course, brother-in-law to Dallas, and both were in the United States Senate at the same time from this State, and again in the Polk régime one was Vice-President and the other Secretary of State. Living respectively at east and west end of this State and having large family influences and connections, imbued with the Jacksonian doctrine and worshiping that political chief, one has only to be acquainted with some old family history to know that Dallas and Wilkins ran the politics of this Commonwealth for a number of years—always, however, ably and gracefully at all times.

The name of Dallas always calls up some queer political reminiscences, and to old Whigs and their descendants, Henry Clay and strong tariff men, it was like

a red rag to a bull, as Vice-President Dallas was always charged with sacrificing Pennsylvania interests to the South in his casting vote in the United States Senate repealing the tariff of 1842. The more so as he was elected in 1844 on the tariff issue.

Polk, as is well known, was an unknown dark horse, taken up at the Baltimore convention of 1844 to defeat the little magician Van Buren. The latter had been licked out of his boots in the "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" victory of 1840. He desired vindication, but some expressions let fall in the Texas annexation question in a public speech in the spring of 1844 rendered him obnoxious to the annexationists and strong pro-slavery men of the South, who formed a cabal, in which Robert J. Walker, a native of this State but a free trader and Southern man afterward through his marital relations in Mississippi, was a leading, if not the leading spirit. Van Buren had a majority of the delegates, but the two-thirds rule had been previously adopted to kill him. It was successful, as he never got above a majority, and after long balloting, Polk, of Tennessee, was trotted out by "some original Polk man," and by a deep-laid plan stampeded through.

To conciliate the friends of the Kinderhook Fox, the anti-Van Buren faction, as the Garfield anti-Grant men did at Chicago, nominated Silas Wright, of New York, a very popular and able Democrat and close ally of the defeated Van Buren, for second place. He declined, and with the general queries of "Who is Polk?" the disgruntled Van Burenites and the enthusiastic Whigs, under their idol, Clay, things looked blue when Dallas was selected to fill the second place on the ticket. His selection was a concession to Pennsylvania—as a few years before she had cast her electoral vote for Wilkins for this place —and the tariff feeling.

The 1844 campaign in this State was fought by the Democrats on the cry of "Polk and Dallas, Shunk and the tariff of '42." Polk, who had no views on the tariff, had

a letter to Judge Kane, of this city, cooked up for him, and this letter, with the local impulse of Dallas' nomination and Clay's unfortunate Tuscaloosa letter, helped to carry the State for Polk, so when Dallas gave the casting vote in 1846 against what it was thought by the Whigs he was pledged against in the campaign in which he was elected they were naturally much incensed.

The defeat of Van Buren by Polk led to a strange sequence of political events. Wright went home and ran for Governor in his State and was elected by a much larger majority than the Presidential ticket—the latter barely getting through—the Liberty party vote holding the balance of power. He died shortly after. Van Buren did not get over his defeat for a long time—even went into a lot of "side shows," such as the Free-Soil movement. It was his vengeance in remembrance of defeat at Baltimore that defeated the Democratic national ticket and Cass in 1848. Van Buren lost his nomination in 1844 by a speech on the Texas question. Clay by writing a letter on the same subject lost the election. Van Buren was the greatest boss politician and spoilsman this country so far has produced. He held more offices and higher ones than any American citizen since the formation of the Government. At the same time he was one of the original Mugwumps, as his action in 1848 proves.

Vice-President Dallas died in this city in 1864 before Judge Wilkins, his distinguished mentor and relative. Mrs. Wilkins lived until a short time ago, highly respected in this city, full of years and political reminiscences of past events. Another daughter, sister of Mrs. Sanders, was the wife of the late James A. Hutchinson, of Pittsburgh, and his sister was Mrs. Edwin M. Stanton, wife of the great war minister. Another was the wife of the late Captain Carr, of the United States Army. A brother of young Dallas Sanders, Paymaster Cary Sanders, was lost off the Carolina coast in the memorable wreck of the United States sloop of war *Huron,* in November, 1877.

THE SIXTH DISTRICT

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE JOHN HICKMAN. INCIDENTS IN THE CAREER OF A CONGRESSMAN OF NATIONAL REPUTATION IN THE ANTI-SLAVERY DAYS

The bold fling into independence of Hon. James B. Everhart against the nomination of Smedley Darlington recalls the great Hickman contests in the anti-slavery days, the only point of divergence being in the personality of the men, Everhart being quite the reverse of the noted recalcitrant who so worried the Pierce and Buchanan administrations and gave himself and the Sixth Congressional district of this State a national reputation. Hickman was jovial, popular and inimitable on the hustings, and knew almost every man and child in the district by name. Everhart, on the contrary, is retired, lacks *bonhomie* and geniality, preferring his library retreat at West Chester and the fellowship of his books to mingling with his constituency. His integrity and learning have never been questioned in the district, but he is best described by the common aphorism referring to literary persons and lacks the art to please the "boys."

Mr. Everhart was in the State Senate, being upon his second term when elected in 1882 to serve the Sixth district in Congress. He is in person very small, and wears high heels upon his shoes to build up his stature. By inheritance he is the possessor of a large fortune, and in his quiet home at West Chester has surrounded himself with all the accessories of a man of refined literary tastes —a magnificent library, articles of vertu, relics of the war, in which he served, and remembrances of his European travels. Though a bachelor, it is not thought he has altogether given over hopes of the married state, as both in the legislative and Congressional directories he has always invariably refused to give his age, which is upward of sixty years.

Smedley Darlington, the regular opponent of Everhart and the almost certain successor, is more of a Hickman in personality than his rival. He is quite popular, the friend of almost every one in the two counties of the district, whole-souled and hale-fellow-well-met with the yeomanry. All over the district he is known familiarly as "Smed," and many of his most ardent followers would walk from West Chester to Washington to have him seated. He is a large man, weighing nigh 200 pounds, has a quick business snap about him and is a good off-hand speaker. Mr. Darlington also is quite wealthy, having acquired a fortune by robust industry and fortunate Western investments.

The first Whig battle for Congress in the district after it was formed was in 1852, when William Everhart, father of the present bolting candidate, carried off the nomination and election. At that time the district was strongly Whig, but the Democrats, on the tide that swept General Pierce into the White House by the electoral votes of all but four States, looked around in this district for some prominent or available person to wrest it from the Whigs. They found the man without difficulty, but he proved in the sequel to be the greatest thorn in the Democracy's side, as it moved to the destruction of 1860.

The Sixth district of this State is, perhaps, next to the Seventeenth Ohio—Garfield's old district, and Giddings' —one where the average intelligence ranks very high. Nearly all the voters come of Quaker stock, and the stalwart devotion of this sect to principle is proverbial. It was represented in old Federal days by Samuel Edwards; in the anti-Masonic times by Hon. Ed. Darlington, and later by Everhart, Hickman, Broomall, Townsend, Ward and Everhart, Jr. It always had an able representative, but in Hickman it acquired one whose reputation became as wide as the country, and who had the exceptional honor of serving his district consecutively out of one

great party as its regular nominee through all the vicissitudes of its disintegration into another party equally great, and holding his election each time. No man who ever had a political career in this country had in the same space of time as stormy a one as Hickman. He won all but the first and last of his fights against either party machinery or combined opposition and through his own distinctive abilities.

In 1852 John Hickman, just turned his fortieth year, was a prominent member of the Chester County Bar, fluent of speech, popular and fearless. He was a Democrat, and ran as district attorney shortly after the new elective system was established and was elected in that strong Whig county. This at once gave him note in his party, and in 1854 he easily secured the honor of the Congressional nomination. On the Delaware side of the district John M. Broomall, who at the time was also a leading young attorney, got the Whig nomination, his nomination being a triumph of the young Whig element over the "old fogies." Broomall's election would have been reasonably certain but for Hickman's ability and the Know-Nothing excitement, which was then rampant. A large Whig contingent had slipped into this delusion. For this vote Hickman and Broomall, through their friends, maneuvered. Hickman was successful in getting the great bulk of it, even in Broomall's own county, and ran ahead of him there nearly 100 votes, and in Chester County nearly 2500 votes, turning upside down the Whig majority of the district in a perfect Waterloo; and campaigners say that Hickman could talk so adroitly on the stump as to make the oath-bound Americans believe (although he never joined) he was a full initiate of their lodges.

This overwhelming return gave Hickman a prestige and hearing when he went to Washington, and he availed himself of it to make war on the Territorial policy of Pierce's administration, stepping to the front at once

in his first term by the power and fearlessness of his utterances, the "still small voice" of the conscience of his district cordially supporting him in his bold stand against the then almost omnipotent slave power. When he came up, in 1856, for renomination he found a defection in his own party, but it was more than made up by the Anti-Slavery Whigs, who came to him enthusiastically. He received the regular Democratic nomination this year. John S. Bowen, of Chester County, got the Whig nomination, and John Larkin, late mayor of Chester City, in Delaware County, was put up by the moribund American party, then backing Fillmore for President. Larkin polled about 500 votes. Bowen, who was not a very strong man, got within 86 votes of Hickman in their own county, and in Delaware Hickman's majority was 87, so he just squeezed through with 173 plurality. It was evident the anti-Hickman administration Democrats had put the knife as near to him as possible.

The canvass was a memorable one in the district. The slow-to-wrath Quaker vengeance had been thoroughly aroused by the imprisonment of Passmore Williamson, the repeal of the great compromise and the brutal attack of Bully Brooks on Senator Sumner.

This last raised a frenzy of excitement in the district. One of the largest indignation meetings ever held in the county took place at Media that summer, and Dr. William Elder, of Philadelphia, among others, spoke. Henry Wilson, Anson Burlingame and many other prominent early Republicans came into the district and addressed large meetings. Hickman spoke with his formidable power and popularity at every school house and cross roads in the two counties. Although supporting Buchanan and avowing his purpose to vote for him, he spit on the platform generally and was fearless and aggressive in proclaiming the most bitter opposition to the Southern slave encroachments on free soil.

A union of the Fillmore and Fremont county tickets, made shortly before the election, swept the Democrats completely out of all the court house offices in the district, but Hickman was returned over Bowen by the narrow margin above.

By some it is said the Buchanan influence, led by Forney, kept Hickman to the support of the Democratic ticket this year, and in return the State Committee aided him to defeat Bowen. Some go so far as to allege the latter won on the merits, and that fraudulent naturalization papers, bearing the broad seal of the United States Court and Ross Snowden's signature, flooded the district. These fraudulent papers were out, as some are yet extant and in possession of old stagers in Media and West Chester.

Senator Cooper, then a young man just of age, was the active secretary of the fusion committee in Delaware County, and his paper, then in its initial career, supported the Fillmore national ticket, but was friendly to Hickman. Hickman went down to the closing session of the Thirty-fourth Congress vindicated, and became more outspoken and denunciatory than ever against the slavocrats and their Northern subservients. In the organization of the Thirty-fifth Congress he did not support the caucus nominee for speaker, and came very shortly to an open rupture with Buchanan. He poured hot shot into the Lecompton iniquity in a great speech, and, with Henry Chapman, of this State, John B. Haskin and Horace F. Clarke, of New York, and eight others, broke from the party on the English bill. For this he got the praise of every free-soil vote in his district and a national distinction, though all the power and patronage of an administration—the head of it from his own State and neighbor county—was used to bring him over.

In 1858 Hickman ran as an independent, and had another exciting canvass. The Democratic nominee was a Media lawyer—now dead—of ability and popularity,

Charles D. Manley. John M. Broomall was the Republican candidate, but has often asserted he would have declined in Hickman's favor had the latter accepted the principles and nomination of the new party, and he only kept on the ticket to preserve the party coherency and name. Stephen A. Douglas, John W. Forney and other leaders of the time visited Hickman and counseled him in this canvass. It was up-hill work, but he finally won by a clever plurality, beating both Broomall and Manley in his own county and running even with his Democratic opponent in Delaware.

Both Manley and Hickman were in Media to hear the returns on the night of the election, the latter having come down from Chester County. Manley was confident, as he read off the figures and scored them, showing he had done better than he expected in Delaware, and said to the crowd and his opponent, "I have won. John, you are beaten; you had better go home!" Hickman listened, and as he turned to go away said to a bystander, "Well, Manley is confident. He *is* Congressman, but it is only for one night. He will go to sleep a Congressman, but he will wake up and find another fellow in the bed." He had returns from his own county sufficient to show the result before he came down, and the morning proved his political sagacity and election by over 1500 majority, his own county standing by him cordially.

Hickman was a warm admirer and friend of Douglas. The two were great, as well as genial, and ever fond of the food of the gods. Although his stanch friend, Hickman often used to twit the Little Giant, and tell him he never would be President. "The seat of your breeches is too near the ground, Steve," he would say, in his hearty, bluff, familiar way to the great Senator; yet he supported the Illinoisan's ambition with loyal devotion—the devotion that sprang from admiration of his intellect as well as love for the man—and was for him in 1860 as against Lincoln, though a Republican to every one else

and the nominee that year of the party in the district where his fight had now settled into the level sea of a complete triumph of principles. Forney and Hickman were also close friends, and he used often to nag the great editor for holding out so long and refusing to break with Buchanan long after he and others had quit the administration. But Forney had made the Lancaster statesman President, and hoped against hope for his reward, which was no less a plum than the ministry to St. James. A letter is still remembered—"private and confidential," of course—which Forney used to carry, and which he showed to Hickman once, from the then occupant of the White House: "Be patient, you shall yet represent us abroad."

Hickman used to put his hand on the shoulder of his brilliant editorial friend and say, hissing it between his teeth when he came to the last, as if to show the scorn of the power and name he once attained to from a party standpoint: "Yes, John, be patient, be patient, and the d—d old imbecile will give you something; but, come with us, and you will never feel your honor grip." Forney finally did go with them, and used all his powers for the victory of the new party of freedom.

Hickman was succeeded by John M. Broomall in 1862. Though yet a young man comparatively, he refused to be again considered a candidate. Never a strong man physically, he was prematurely broken in health. He lived about a decade later, and died at the early age of 63, being once elected to the State Legislature in 1868, and going to the Cincinnati Liberal Convention of 1872, his last political service. He was born on the old Brandywine battlefield, and sleeps after the fitful fever of his political career in the beautiful cemetery near by his native place and town. A nephew, John W. Hickman, was one of the nominees on the Republican legislative ticket in Chester County in 1884, the family being a large and influential one in the two counties.

COLONEL R. B. ROBERTS AND THE FIRST PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES

The recent death of Colonel R. Biddle Roberts recalls some other notable men in his regiment. The First Reserves were made up of companies from all over the eastern part of the State. General Lemuel Todd brought a company down from Cumberland County, many of them grandsons of patriotic sires who had fought for old Carlisle in the Pennsylvania line. Edward McPherson brought another one, composed of Adams County boys, who little thought, on that muster day in Everhart's Grove, that two years later on the soil of their own native county and State the greatest battle of modern times would be fought and the fate of the Union determined. Captain Henry McIntire came with some farmer boys from Chester County and he was elected lieutenant colonel under Roberts. Poor fellow, he was severely wounded at Charles City cross roads and died in 1863. A braver Pennsylvania soldier never lived. Colonel W. Cooper Tally brought a mixed company of men from the farming and manufacturing district of Aston, in Delaware County, and on the death of McIntire became the colonel of the regiment and after by brevet a brigadier general. Tally brought the thinned regiment and tattered banners which Curtin had intrusted to their honor and valor back to the State when the First was mustered out in 1864. Colonel Tally, in 1874, was elected a member of the Legislature in his native county—a strong Republican district—although a Democrat, showing the regard some of his old comrades in arms bore for him. He is at present in the United States Government employ at the capital. The late Colonel Samuel A. Dyer. a prominent banker of the city of Chester, and Major Joseph R. T. Coates, of that city, brought a company from that locality to muster into this gallant regiment which the late Roberts commanded. Both gentlemen stood as high in these piping times of peace in the muni-

cipality where they resided as they did in the estimation of the boys of the old First five-and-twenty years ago. Ed. McPherson, who brought the Adams County company down to the West Chester muster, did not like soldiering as well as holding office, and resigned the next month after going into Uncle Sam's service, retiring to more congenial duties in the legislative halls at the capital. No regiment in the State has a better war record than the Old First Reserves, and much of this is due to the care and intelligent soldierly attention bestowed on it in the early days of its organization by Colonel Roberts.

One member of the Philadelphia Biddle family—a brother of Nicholas Biddle, of United States Bank notoriety—went West in the early part of this century, studied law in Pittsburgh, entered practice there and became one of the most prominent citizens of that place. Besides the law, for which, like all his celebrated kin, he had a thorough taste and aptitude, he dabbled both in politics and literature. He wrote a curious biography of Sebastian Cabot, the navigator of Venice, who settled in Bristol, England, and from there, with a brother, made several voyages of discovery to this country. In 1837 the people of the Pittsburgh district sent Richard Biddle to Congress and continued him there two or three terms. Judge Wilkins succeeded him in this district, and when Tyler called the latter to his cabinet as Secretary of War Cornelius Darragh, a brilliant and genial Pittsburgh lawyer, afterward attorney general of the State under Governor Johnston, was elected. It was after this lawyer, politician and scholar, Richard Biddle—who died in 1847—that the late Colonel Roberts got his name.

A glance backward shows how gloomily peculiar in its isolation is the presence of Jefferson Davis at any historic scene in this era. Although not nearly as old a man as General Cameron, Davis has seen one by one all his old companions in the stupendous folly of 1861 go over to the great assize. Toombs, Stephens, Wigfall, Floyd, Mason, Slidell, Iverson, Judah P. Benjamin, Brecken-

ridge, Sebastian Pierre Soule and the elder Butler, of South Carolina, who were political confrères of the once powerful Southern leader, have preceded him into the "great still country." Quietly living in this city, passing away a serene old age—his offspring enjoying the favor of the present Democratic supremacy, as he enjoyed the same favor and honor more than a generation ago—is a gentleman who probably could give the world many interesting facts relative to Jefferson Davis, as his intimacy with him in the cabinet councils of the nation permitted the opportunity for their collection.

Judge James Campbell, who was a law judge in our Common Pleas before the war, was with Jefferson Davis for four years in the cabinet of President Franklin Pierce —Davis as Secretary of War, Campbell as Postmaster General. Pierce's cabinet enjoys the unique distinction in our national history of being the only one that remained unchanged through the entire four years' incumbency of the President appointing it. This speaks well for the entente cordiale of the Constitutional family. There was only one vacancy in the Pierce administration during its term—that of the Vice-President, William R. King, of Alabama, who died shortly after his election. He was in Cuba in feeble health when the time arrived to take the Constitutional oath, which was administered to him before the American consul there—the only instance of the kind in our history.

Jefferson Davis' birthday will not be quite so vociferously remembered by the American people as that of Washington, or of Lincoln, who was born a year later than Davis—1809, February 12th. Both these historic characters were born in Kentucky, one in Christian, the other in Hardin County, in the bluest of the blue-grass region of the State. Davis drifted South, Lincoln North, and their political courses diverged accordingly until culmination as opposing chieftains of great armies and governments in the irrepressible conflict. Davis was a year older than Lincoln, two years older than the fiery

Toombs, four years older than Alexander H. Stephens, five years older than the "Little Giant" Douglas, five years older than William L. Yancey, four years older than Judah P. Benjamin, two years older than Yulee, and twelve years older than that other brilliant young Kentuckian who followed him into the folly of the rebellion, John C. Breckenridge. All these died long before Davis, and the aged ex-President of the Confederacy could well lament and say with Ossian, "Where are the companions of my youth?"

It is true, as Governor Curtin says, "that the brave soldiers of the war are fast passing away." There has no braver or more chivalric soldier and gentleman gone over to the great majority since the war closed than R. Biddle Roberts, of Chicago, formerly of Pittsburgh, and well known in every quarter of Pennsylvania. Colonel Roberts had for a number of years resided in Chicago, where he had been counsel for that great leased branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad—the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad. Before the war Biddle Roberts, like E. M. Stanton, the great war minister, and Colonel Samuel W. Black, who was killed at Mechanicsville, was enjoying a quiet life, practicing law in the city of Pittsburgh. There were but few stood higher as lawyers than these three. Biddle Roberts was United States District Attorney for the Western district; Stanton had been counsel with an Illinois lawyer of some reputation named Lincoln, at Cincinnati, in a patent case of notoriety, and was also counsel for the Economite Company; Sam Black was the foremost criminal lawyer at the Pittsburgh Bar. All three were strong Douglas Democrats; but when the curious sequence of events which caused the war shaped itself into a question of the integrity of the Union, each of these Pennsylvanians knew instinctively where to take his stand and they threw all their individual energy and powers into the hands of the Government for its preservation.

Colonel Roberts organized the First and Seventh Penn-

sylvania Reserves—numerically the Thirtieth and Thirty-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers—at Camp Wayne, not far from West Chester, in the month of June, 1861. The war fervor was at its height and boys in blue, in answer to Uncle Abe's call, were pouring down from all parts of the Commonwealth in a great loyal stream to the recruiting camps and organizing posts. To Governor Curtin belongs the honor of establishing out of part of this element the Reserves, whose valor will be remembered to Pennsylvania's credit as long as the republic survives. Many Chester and Delaware County people recall a grand outpouring of the patriotic people, young and old, of these Quaker localities, where war is deprecated, on July 4, 1861. The occasion was the muster by Governor Curtin and his staff of the two regiments, the First and Seventh Reserves, in which so many brave boys of these two loyal counties were enlisted. There was the largest assemblage of the yeomanry ever gathered in one place in Chester County, and the muster took place before this throng in Everhart's Grove, a beautiful piece of woodland, not far from the borough. R. Biddle Roberts was elected colonel of the First Regiment and he served in this capacity—with the exception of a detail as assistant provost marshal of the Army of the Potomac while the army was organizing under McClellan—until November 1, 1862, when at the special order of Governor Curtin he was put upon his staff in the Executive Military Department of the State. Colonel Roberts led his regiment in all the severe and bloody fighting on the Peninsula and was several times commended specially on the field for gallantry. He was beloved by every man in his command, which sent him in the spring of 1864 from the field a beautiful gold corps badge, with the names of the battles the regiment had been in engraved upon it, and was at all times the courteous and courageous soldier and officer.

In person Colonel Biddle Roberts was in later years quite stout, his hair and face dark, but lit up by a keen,

searching black eye. His manners to all, high or low, rich or poor, were full of instinctive gentility. As a pleader he possessed a forcible, sometimes very eloquent, voice, and was always logical and profound. His movements and manners of late in court—his illness prevented him for some time from active work—reminded one very much of General Butler, although not resembling the latter at all in personal appearance. But he had Butler's swing and gait and was about his size and shape.

CHAPTER XXIV

CONCLUDING WORDS

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle,
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player;
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

—*Shakespeare.*

THE Bible says, somewhere, "Oh, that mine adversary had written a book!" Perhaps this is for the reason that it lays open the character and small details in a man's disposition so well that he is at the mercy of his enemies and the joints of his harness are somewhat open to the javelin darts of those who might wish to assail him. This would be the case in a book of the character of this one I have written. At the outset I mentioned that there would be many matters exceedingly personal, and that it was impossible otherwise to cover the space of time and the experiences I have gone through in many ways without bringing in myself. I trust, however, that I have made no enemies nor offended by "knocking" in any way, as it was not my intention. The idea in writing the book was to simply cover certain historic incidents coming within my ken, particularly those in which I was an actor and which might have otherwise been lost altogether had they not been put down in permanent form. I could have filled the book with a great many newspaper articles which would have been bright and readable, but of only current interest, and I could have written a great deal more about local politics and the actors in certain conten-

tions in the county; but as these have gone into the past and most of them been forgotten, and many of the characters and principals in them are deceased, I thought perhaps it would be better to omit such descriptions. I have tried to be frank and fair, and where I have made mistakes they have been of the head and not of the heart and are capable of being corrected by any reader who is familiar with the incidents described. Some of the dates and events perhaps are not accurately related, but so nearly so as my recollection of them now can carry me back. It is not an easy thing to summon from the past events that have occurred a half-century ago and write them out in detail with perfect accuracy. When it comes down to near the present it is not so difficult. The politics of to-day have changed entirely from the politics of the time when I first entered the arena of that great game of checkers with men. It was then all delegates, conventions and representative government. It has now become a craze for the primaries, the initiative, the referendum and recall. There is again a tinge of socialism in the air, and we hear the echo of it from the middle West, but hardly to such an extent as to be a great factor. Since the blowing up of the Los Angeles *Times* and the murders committed by the McNamaras and the labor troubles attendant upon this tragedy there has been an effacement of much of the bitterness of the strong labor movements. The big labor leaders are exceedingly quiet and tentative in their plans. At the last annual meeting of the Federation of Labor in Philadelphia the president, Mr. Gompers, surprised many of those who have been familiar with his past addresses with his very conservative attitude, holding as he did the Federation down to the most moderate and quiet projects and purposes.

The 1916 campaign, which is soon to be on, looks like a battle royal between the old parties. The Republican party has recovered its prestige and will "carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union," and all the Progressives who were carried away by the powerful

personality of Theodore Roosevelt will be back again in the ranks ready to do service and glad to return. As I have said, there is no doubt in my mind but what the President will be renominated by his party, as his control of the patronage is so active and resolute and he is so much of a politician now that he can easily secure to himself a renomination, but the question of election is another matter. He will have to reckon with the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, who left the cabinet for reasons which do not appear very clear on the surface, but which will probably be more in evidence to the public when the campaign is on next year. I am loath to send this book out without a more interesting and satisfactory relation and narrative, but I have done my best, and trust that it will meet with the approbation or at least with the appreciation, of my friends, a great many of whom have been so very kind in helping me toward getting it in shape to put before the printers and to put it in condition for the publisher. There must be an end to all things, and I end this by wishing this work will have the approval of those who have taken an interest in it and who will read it.

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